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ST. MARY.

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EDITION DE LUXE

THE LAWS OF FESOLE

A JOY FOREVER—OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US

AND

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

With Illustrations

NEW YORK
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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN, LL. D.

IN TWENTY-SIX VOLUMES

Volume Nineteen

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THE LAWS OF FÉSOLE

A FAMILIAR TREATISE ON THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF DRAWING AND PAINTING, AS DETERMINED BY THE TUSCAN MASTERS

PREFACE.

The publication of this book has been delayed by what seemed to me vexatious accident, or (on my own part) unaccountable slowness in work: but the delay thus enforced has enabled me to bring the whole into a form which I do not think there will be any reason afterwards to modify in any important particular, containing a system of instruction in art generally applicable in the education of gentlemen; and securely elementary in that of professional artists. It has been made as simple as I can in expression, and is specially addressed, in the main teaching of it, to young people (extending the range of that term to include students in our universities); and it will be so addressed to them, that if they have not the advantage of being near a master, they may teach themselves, by careful reading, what is essential to their progress. But I have added always to such initial principles, those which it is desirable to state for the guidance of advanced scholars, or the explanation of the practice of exemplary masters.

The exercises given in this book, when their series is completed, will form a code of practice which may advisably be rendered imperative on the youth of both sexes who show disposition for drawing. In general, youths and girls who do not wish to draw should not be compelled to draw; but when natural disposition exists, strong enough to render wholesome discipline endurable with patience, every well-trained youth and girl ought to be taught the elements of drawing, as of music, early, and accurately.

To teach them inaccurately is indeed, strictly speaking, not to teach them at all; or worse than that, to prevent the possi-

bility of their ever being taught. The ordinary methods of water-color sketching, chalk drawing, and the like, now so widely taught by second-rate masters, simply prevent the pupil from ever understanding the qualities of great art, through the whole of his after-life.

It will be found also that the system of practice here proposed differs in many points, and in some is directly adverse, to that which has been for some years instituted in our public schools of art. It might be supposed that this contrariety was capricious or presumptuous, unless I gave my reasons for it, by specifying the errors of the existing popular system.

The first error in that system is the forbidding accuracy of measurement, and enforcing the practice of guessing at the size of objects. Now it is indeed often well to outline at first by the eye, and afterwards to correct the drawing by measurement; but under the present method, the student finishes his inaccurate drawing to the end, and his mind is thus, during the whole progress of his work, accustomed to falseness in every contour. Such a practice is not to be characterized as merely harmful,—it is ruinous. No student who has sustained the injury of being thus accustomed to false contours, can ever recover precision of sight. Nor is this all: he cannot so much as attain to the first conditions of art judgment. For a fine work of art differs from a vulgar one by subtleties of line which the most perfect measurement is not, alone, delicate enough to detect; but to which precision of attempted measurement directs the attention; while the security of boundaries, within which maximum error *must* be restrained, enables the hand gradually to approach the perfectness which instruments cannot. Gradually, the mind then becomes conscious of the beauty which, even after this honest effort, remains inimitable; and the faculty of discrimination increases alike through failure and success. But when the true contours are voluntarily and habitually departed from, the essential qualities of every beautiful form are necessarily lost, and the student remains forever unaware of their existence.

The second error in the existing system is the enforcement of the execution of finished drawings in light and shade, be-

fore the student has acquired delicacy of sight enough to observe their gradations. It requires the most careful and patient teaching to develop this faculty; and it can only be developed at all by *rapid* and *various* practice from natural objects, during which the attention of the student must be directed only to the facts of the shadows themselves, and not at all arrested on methods of producing them. He may even be allowed to produce them as he likes, or as he can; the thing required of him being only that the shade be of the right darkness, of the right shape, and in the right relation to other shades round it; and not at all that it shall be prettily cross-hatched, or deceptively transparent. But at present, the only virtues required in shadow are that it shall be pretty in texture and picturesquely effective; and it is not thought of the smallest consequence that it should be in the right place, or of the right depth. And the consequence is that the student remains, when he becomes a painter, a mere manufacturer of conventional shadows of agreeable texture, and to the end of his life incapable of perceiving the conditions of the simplest natural passage of chiaroscuro.

The third error in the existing code, and in ultimately destructive power, the worst, is the construction of entirely symmetrical or balanced forms for exercises in ornamental design; whereas every beautiful form in this world, is varied in the minutiæ of the balanced sides. Place the most beautiful of human forms in exact symmetry of position, and curl the hair into equal curls on both sides, and it will become ridiculous, or monstrous. Nor can any law of beauty be nobly observed without occasional wilfulness of violation.

The moral effect of these monstrous conditions of ornament on the mind of the modern designer is very singular. I have found, in past experience in the Working Men's College, and recently at Oxford, that the English student must at present of necessity be inclined to one of two opposite errors, equally fatal. Either he will draw things mechanically and symmetrically altogether, and represent the two sides of a leaf, or of a plant, as if he had cut them in one profile out of a double piece of paper; or he will dash and scrabble for effect, with-

out obedience to law of any kind: and I find the greatest difficulty, on the one hand, in making ornamental draughtsmen draw a leaf of any shape which it could possibly have lived in; and, on the other, in making landscape draughtsmen draw a leaf of any shape at all. So that the process by which great work is achieved, and by which only it can be achieved, is in both directions antagonistic to the present English mind. Real artists are absolutely submissive to law, and absolutely at ease in fancy; while we are at once wilful and dull; resolved to have our own way, but when we have got it, we cannot walk two yards without holding by a railing.

The tap-root of all this mischief is in the endeavor to produce some ability in the student to make money by designing for manufacture. No student who makes this his primary object will ever be able to design at all: and the very words "School of Design" involve the profoundest of Art fallacies. Drawing may be taught by tutors: but Design only by Heaven; and to every scholar who thinks to sell his inspiration, Heaven refuses its help.

To what kind of scholar, and on what conditions, that help has been given hitherto, and may yet be hoped for, is written with unevadable clearness in the history of the Arts of the Past. And this book is called "The Laws of Fésole" because the entire system of possible Christian Art is founded on the principles established by Giotto in Florence, he receiving them from the Attic Greeks through Cimabue, the last of their disciples, and engrafting them on the existing art of the Etruscans, the race from which both his master and he were descended.

In the centre of Florence, the last great work of native Etruscan architecture, her Baptistery, and the most perfect work of Christian architecture, her Campanile, stand within a hundred paces of each other: and from the foot of that Campanile, the last conditions of design which preceded the close of Christian art are seen in the dome of Brunelleschi. Under the term "laws of Fésole," therefore, may be most strictly and accurately arranged every principle of art, practised at its purest source, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century inclusive.

And the purpose of this book is to teach our English students of art the elements of these Christian laws, as distinguished from the Infidel laws of the spuriously classic school, under which, of late, our students have been exclusively trained.

Nevertheless, in this book the art of Giotto and Angelico is not taught because it is Christian, but because it is absolutely true and good: neither is the Infidel art of Palladio and Giulio Romano forbidden because it is Pagan; but because it is false and bad; and has entirely destroyed not only our English schools of art, but all others in which it has ever been taught, or trusted in.

Whereas the methods of draughtsmanship established by the Florentines, in true fulfilment of Etruscan and Greek tradition, are insuperable in execution, and eternal in principle; and all that I shall have occasion here to add to them will be only such methods of their application to landscape as were not needed in the day of their first invention; and such explanation of their elementary practice as, in old time, was given orally by the master.

It will not be possible to give a sufficient number of examples for advanced students (or on the scale necessary for some purposes) within the compass of this hand-book; and I shall publish therefore together with it, as I can prepare them, engravings or lithographs of the examples in my Oxford schools, on folio sheets, sold separately. But this hand-book will contain all that was permanently valuable in my former "Elements of Drawing," together with such further guidance as my observance of the result of those lessons has shown me to be necessary. The work will be completed in twelve numbers, each containing at least two engravings, the whole forming, when completed, two volumes of the ordinary size of my published works; the first, treating mostly of drawing, for beginners; and the second, of color, for advanced pupils. I hope also that I may prevail on the author of the excellent little treatise on Mathematical Instruments (Weale's Rudimentary Series, No. 82), to publish a lesson-book with about one-fourth of the contents of that formidably comprehensive volume, and in larger print, for the use of students of art; omitting there-

from the descriptions of instruments useful only to engineers, and without forty-eight pages of advertisements at the end of it. Which, if I succeed in persuading him to do, I shall be able to make permanent reference to his pages for elementary lessons on construction.

Many other things I meant to say, and advise, in this Preface; but find that were I to fulfil such intentions, my Preface would become a separate book, and had better therefore end itself forthwith, only desiring the reader to observe, in sum, that the degree of success, and of pleasure, which he will finally achieve, in these or any other art exercises on a sound foundation, will virtually depend on the degree in which he desires to understand the merit of others, and to make his own talents permanently useful. The folly of most amateur work is chiefly in its selfishness, and self-contemplation; it is far better not to be able to draw at all, than to waste life in the admiration of one's own littlenesses;—or, worse, to withdraw, by merely amusing dexterities, the attention of other persons from noble art. It is impossible that the performance of an amateur can ever be otherwise than feeble in itself; and the virtue of it consists only in having enabled the student, by the effect of its production, to form true principles of judgment, and direct his limited powers to useful purposes.

BRANTWOOD, 31*st July*, 1877.

THE LAWS OF FÉSOLE.

CHAPTER I.

ALL GREAT ART IS PRAISE.

1. The art of man is the expression of his rational and disciplined delight in the forms and laws of the creation of which he forms a part.

2. In all first definitions of very great things, there must be some obscurity and want of strictness; the attempt to make them too strict will only end in wider obscurity. We may indeed express to our friend the rational and disciplined pleasure we have in a landscape, yet not be artists: but it is true, nevertheless, that all art is the skilful expression of such pleasure; not always, it may be, in a thing seen, but only in a law felt; yet still, examined accurately, always in the Creation, of which the creature forms a part; and not in itself merely. Thus a lamb at play, rejoicing in its own life only, is not an artist;—but the lamb's shepherd, carving the piece of timber which he lays for his door-lintel into beads, is expressing, however unconsciously, his pleasure in the laws of time, measure, and order, by which the earth moves, and the sun abides in heaven.

3. So far as reason governs, or discipline restrains, the art even of animals, it becomes human, in those virtues; but never, I believe, perfectly human, because it never, so far as I have seen, expresses even an unconscious delight in divine laws. A nightingale's song is indeed exquisitely divided; but only, it seems to me, as the ripples of a stream, by a law of which the waters and the bird are alike unconscious. The

bird is conscious indeed of joy and love, which the waters are not; but (thanks be to God) joy and love are not Arts; nor are they limited to Humanity. But the love-*song* becomes Art, when, by reason and discipline, the singer has become conscious of the ravishment in its divisions to the lute.

4. Farther to complete the range of our definition, it is to be remembered that we express our delight in a beautiful or lovely thing no less by lament for its loss, than gladness in its presence, much art is therefore tragic or pensive; but all true art is praise.*

5. There is no exception to this great law, for even caricature is only artistic in conception of the beauty of which it exaggerates the absence. Caricature by persons who cannot conceive beauty, is monstrous in proportion to that dulness; and, even to the best artists, perseverance in the habit of it is fatal.

6. Fix, then, this in your mind as the guiding principle of all right practical labor, and source of all healthful life energy,—that your art is to be the praise of something that you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone; it may be the praise of a hero; it may be the praise of God: your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love; but, be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing, better than the art. You may think, perhaps, that a bird's nest by William Hunt is better than a real bird's nest. We indeed pay a large sum for the

* As soon as the artist forgets his function of praise in that of imitation, his art is lost. His business is to give, by any means, however imperfect, the idea of a beautiful thing; not, by any means, however perfect, the realization of an ugly one. In the early and vigorous days of Art, she endeavored to praise the saints, though she made but awkward figures of them. Gradually becoming able to represent the human body with accuracy, she pleased herself greatly at first in this new power, and for about a century decorated all her buildings with human bodies in different positions. But there was nothing to be praised in persons who had no other virtue than that of possessing bodies, and no other means of expression than unexpected manners of crossing their legs. Surprises of this nature necessarily have their limits, and the Arts founded on Anatomy expired when the changes of posture were exhausted.

one, and scarcely care to look for, or save, the other. But it would be better for us that all the pictures in the world perished, than that the birds should cease to build nests.

And it is precisely in its expression of this inferiority that the drawing itself becomes valuable. It is because a photograph cannot condemn itself, that it is worthless. The glory of a great picture is in its shame; and the charm of it, in speaking the pleasure of a great heart, that there is something better than picture. Also it speaks with the voices of many: the efforts of thousands dead, and their passions, are in the pictures of their children to-day. Not with the skill of an hour, nor of a life, nor of a century, but with the help of numberless souls, a beautiful thing must be done. And the obedience, and the understanding, and the pure natural passion, and the perseverance, *in secula seculorum*, as they must be given to produce a picture, so they must be recognized, that we may perceive one.

7. This is the main lesson I have been teaching, so far as I have been able, through my whole life: Only that picture is noble, which is painted in love of the reality. It is a law which embraces the highest scope of Art; it is one also which guides in security the first steps of it. If you desire to draw, that you may represent something that you care for, you will advance swiftly and safely. If you desire to draw, that you may make a beautiful drawing, you will never make one.

8. And this simplicity of purpose is farther useful in closing all discussions of the respective grace or admirableness of method. The best painting is that which most completely represents what it undertakes to represent, as the best language is that which most clearly says what it undertakes to say.

9. Given the materials, the limits of time, and the conditions of place, there is only one proper method of painting.* And since, if painting is to be entirely good, the materials of

* In sculpture, the materials are necessarily so varied, and the circumstances of place so complex, that it would seem like an affected stretching of principle to say there is only one proper method of sculpture: yet this is also true, and any handling of marble differing from that of Greek workmen is inferior by such difference.

it must be the best possible, and the conditions of time and place entirely favorable, there is only one manner of entirely good painting. The so-called 'styles' of artists are either adaptations to imperfections of material, or indications of imperfection in their own power, or the knowledge of their day. The great painters are like each other in their strength, and diverse only in weakness.

10. The last aphorism is true even with respect to the dispositions which induce the preference of particular characters in the subject. Perfect art perceives and reflects the whole of nature: imperfect art is fastidious, and impertinently prefers and rejects. The foible of Correggio is grace, and of Mantegna, precision: Veronese is narrow in his gayety, Tintoret in his gloom, and Turner in his light.

11. But, if we *know* our weakness, it becomes our strength; and the joy of every painter, by which he is made narrow, is also the gift by which he is made delightful, so long as he is modest in the thought of his distinction from others, and no less severe in the indulgence, than careful in the cultivation, of his proper instincts. Recognizing his place, as but one quaintly-veined pebble in the various pavement,—one richly-fused fragment, in the vitrail of life,—he will find, in his distinctness, his glory and his use; but destroys himself in demanding that all men should stand within his compass, or see through his color.

12. The differences in style instinctively caused by personal character are however of little practical moment, compared to those which are rationally adopted, in adaptation to circumstance.

Of these variously conventional and inferior modes of work, we will examine such as deserve note in their proper place. But we must begin by learning the manner of work which, from the elements of it to the end, is completely right, and common to all the masters of consummate schools. In whom these two great conditions of excellence are always discernible, —that they conceive more beautiful things than they can paint, and desire only to be praised in so far as they can represent these, for subjects of higher praising.

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE DIVISIONS OF THE ART OF PAINTING.

1. In order to produce a completely representative picture of any object on a flat surface, we must outline it, color it, and shade it. Accordingly, in order to become a complete artist, you must learn these three following modes of skill completely. First, how to outline spaces with accurate and delicate lines. Secondly, how to fill the outlined spaces with accurate, and delicately laid, color. Thirdly, how to gradate the colored spaces, so as to express, accurately and delicately, relations of light and shade.

2. By the word 'accurate' in these sentences, I mean nearly the same thing as if I had written 'true;' but yet I mean a little more than verbal truth: for in many cases, it is possible to give the strictest truth in words without any painful care; but it is not possible to be true in lines, without constant care or *accuracy*. We may say, for instance, without laborious attention, that the tower of Garisenda is a hundred and sixty feet high, and leans nine feet out of the perpendicular. But we could not draw the line representing this relation of nine feet horizontal to a hundred and sixty vertical, without extreme care.

In other cases, even by the strictest attention, it is not possible to give complete or strict truth in words. We could not, by any number of words, describe the color of a riband so as to enable a mercer to match it without seeing it. But an 'accurate' colorist can convey the required intelligence at once, with a tint on paper. Neither would it be possible, in language, to explain the difference in gradations of shade which the eye perceives between a beautifully rounded and dimpled chin, and a more or less determinedly angular one. But on the artist's 'accuracy' in distinguishing and representing their relative depths, not in one feature only, but in the harmony of all, depend his powers of expressing the charm of

beauty, or the force of character; and his means of enabling us to know Joan of Arc from Fair Rosamond.

3. Of these three tasks, outline, color, and shade, outline, in perfection, is the most difficult; but students must begin with that task, and are masters when they can see to the end of it, though they never reach it.

To color is easy if you can see color; and impossible if you cannot.*

To shade is very difficult; and the perfections of light and shadow have been rendered by few masters; but in the degree sufficient for good work, it is within the reach of every student of fair capacity who takes pains.

5. The order in which students usually learn these three processes of art is in the inverse ratio of their difficulty. They begin with outline, proceed to shade, and conclude in color. While, naturally, any clever house decorator can color, and any patient Academy pupil shade; but Raphael at his full strength is plagued with his outline, and tries half a dozen backwards and forwards before he pricks his chosen one down.†

Nevertheless, both the other exercises should be practised with this of outline, from the beginning. We *must* outline the space which is to be filled with color, or explained by shade; but we cannot handle the brush too soon, nor too long continue the exercises of the lead ‡ point. Every system is imperfect which pays more than a balanced and equitable attention to any one of the three skills, for all are necessary in equal perfection to the completeness of power. There will indeed be found great differences between the faculties of different pupils to express themselves by one or other of these methods; and the natural disposition to give character by delineation, charm by color, or force by shade, may be dis-

* A great many people do not know green from red; and such kind of persons are apt to feel it their duty to write scientific treatises on color, edifying to the art-world.

† Beautiful and true shade can be produced by a machine fitted to the surface, but no machine can outline.

‡ See explanation of term, p. 28.

creetly encouraged by the master, after moderate skill has been attained in the collateral exercises. But the first condition of steady progress for every pupil—no matter what their gifts, or genius—is that they should be taught to draw a calm and true outline, entirely decisive, and admitting no error avoidable by patience and attention.

7. We will begin therefore with the simplest conceivable practice of this skill, taking for subject the two elementary forms which the shepherd of Fésole gives us (Fig. 1), supporting the desk of the master of Geometry.

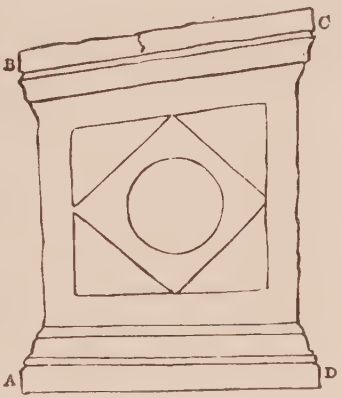


Fig. 1.

You will find the original bas-relief represented very sufficiently in the nineteenth of the series of photographs from the Tower of Giotto, and may thus for yourself ascertain the accuracy of this outline, which otherwise you might suppose careless, in that the suggested square is not a true one, having two acute and two obtuse angles; nor is it set upright, but with the angle on your right hand higher than the opposite one, so as partly to comply with the slope of the desk. But this is one of the first signs that the sculpture is by a master's hand. And the first thing a modern restorer would do, would be to "correct the mistake," and give you, instead, the, to him, more satisfactory arrangement. (Fig. 2.)

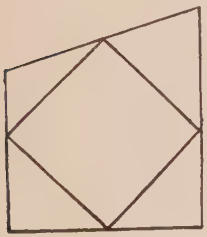


Fig. 2.

8. We must not, however, permit ourselves, in the beginning of days, to draw inaccurate squares; such liberty is only the final reward of obedience, and the generous breaking of law, only to be allowed to the loyal.

Take your compasses, therefore, and your ruler, and smooth

paper over which your pen will glide unchecked. And take above all things store of patience ; and then,—but for what is to be done then, the directions had best be reserved to a fresh chapter, which, as it will begin a group of exercises of which you will not at once perceive the intention, had better, I think, be preceded by this following series of general aphorisms, which I wrote for a young Italian painter, as containing what was likely to be most useful to him in briefest form ; and which for the same reason I here give, before entering on specific practice.

APHORISMS.

I.

The greatest art represents every thing with absolute sincerity, as far as it is able. But it chooses the best things to represent, and it places them in the best order in which they can be seen. You can only judge of what is *best*, in process of time, by the bettering of your own character. What is *true*, you can learn now, if you will.

II.

Make your studies always of the real size of things. A man is to be drawn the size of a man, and a cherry the size of a cherry.

'But I cannot draw an elephant his real size'?

There is no occasion for you to draw an elephant.

'But nobody can draw Mont Blanc his real size'?

No. Therefore nobody can draw Mont Blanc at all; but only a distant view of Mont Blanc. You may also draw a distant view of a man, and of an elephant, if you like ; but you must take care that it is seen to be so, and not mistaken for a drawing of a pigmy, or a mouse, near.

'But there is a great deal of good miniature painting'?

Yes, and a great deal of fine cameo-cutting. But I am going to teach you to be a painter, not a locket-decorator, or medallist.

III.

Direct all your first efforts to acquire the power of drawing an absolutely accurate outline of any object, of its real size, as it appears at a distance of not less than twelve feet from the eye. All greatest art represents objects at not less than this distance ; because you cannot see the full stature and action of a man if you go nearer him. The difference between the appearance of any thing—say a bird, fruit, or leaf—at a distance of twelve feet or more, and its appearance looked at closely, is the first difference also between Titian's painting of it, and a Dutchman's.

IV.

Do not think, by learning the nature or structure of a thing, that you can learn to draw it. Anatomy is necessary in the education of surgeons ; botany in that of apothecaries ; and geology in that of miners. But none of the three will enable you to draw a man, a flower, or a mountain. You can learn to do that only by looking at them ; not by cutting them to pieces. And don't think you can paint a peach, because you know there's a stone inside ; nor a face, because you know a skull is.

V.

Next to outlining things accurately, of their true form, you must learn to color them delicately, of their true color.

VI.

If you can match a color accurately, and lay it delicately, you are a painter ; as, if you can strike a note surely, and deliver it clearly, you are a singer. You may then choose what you will paint, or what you will sing.

VII.

A pea is green, a cherry red, and a blackberry black, all round.

VIII.

Every light is a shade, compared to higher lights, till you come to the sun; and every shade is a light, compared to

deeper shades, till you come to the night. When, therefore, you have outlined any space, you have no reason to ask whether it is in light or shade, but only, of what color it is, and to what depth of that color.

IX.

You will be told that shadow is gray. But Correggio, when he has to shade with one color, takes red chalk.

X.

You will be told that blue is a retiring color, because distant mountains are blue. The sun setting behind them is nevertheless farther off, and you must paint it with red or yellow.

XI.

"Please paint me my white cat," said little Imelda. "Child," answered the Bolognese Professor, "in the grand school, all cats are gray."

XII.

Fine weather is pleasant; but if your picture is beautiful, people will not ask whether the sun is out or in.

XIII.

When you speak to your friend in the street, you take him into the shade. When you wish to think you can speak to him in your picture, do the same.

XIV.

Be economical in every thing, but especially in candles. When it is time to light them, go to bed. But the worst waste of them is drawing by them.

XV.

Never, if you can help it, miss seeing the sunset and the dawn. And never, if you can help it, see any thing but dreams between them.

XVI.

'A fine picture, you say?' "The finest possible; St. Jerome, and his lion, and his arm-chair. St. Jerome was painted by a saint, and the lion by a hunter, and the chair by an upholsterer."

My compliments. It must be very fine; but I do not care to see it.

XVII.

'Three pictures, you say? and by Carpaccio!' "Yes—St. Jerome, and his lion, and his arm-chair. Which will you see?" 'What does it matter? The one I can see soonest.'

XVIII.

Great painters defeat Death; the vile, adorn him, and adore.

XIX.

If the picture is beautiful, copy it as it is; if ugly, let it alone. Only Heaven, and Death, know what it *was*.

XX.

'The King has presented an Etruscan vase, the most beautiful in the world, to the Museum of Naples. What a pity I cannot draw it!'

In the meantime, the housemaid has broken a kitchen teacup; let me see if you can draw one of the pieces.

XXI.

When you would do your best, stop, the moment you begin to feel difficulty. Your drawing will be the best you can do; but you will not be able to do another so good to-morrow.

XXII.

When you would do *better* than your best, put your full strength out, the moment you feel a difficulty. You will spoil your drawing to-day; but you will do better than your to-day's best, to-morrow.

XXIII.

"The enemy is too strong for me to-day," said the wise young general. "I won't fight him; but I won't lose sight of him."

XXIV.

"I can do what I like with my colors, now," said the proud young scholar. "So could I, at your age," answered the master; "but now, I can only do what other people like."

CHAPTER III.

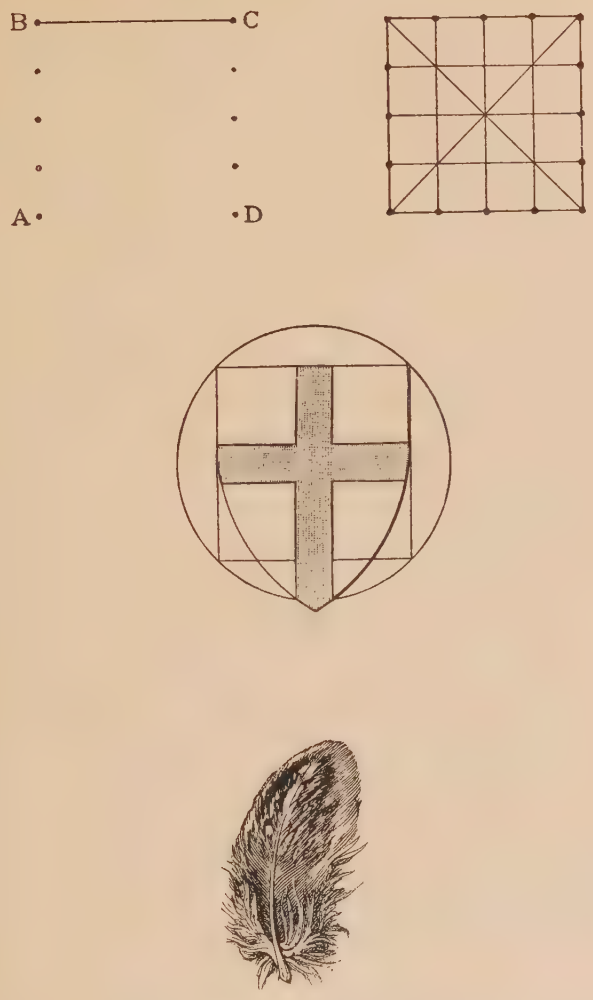
FIRST EXERCISE IN RIGHT LINES, THE QUARTERING OF ST. GEORGE'S SHIELD.

1. TAKE your compasses,* and measuring an inch on your ivory rule, mark that dimension by the two dots at B and C (see the uppermost figure on the left in Plate 1), and with your black ruler draw a straight line between them, with a fine steel pen and common ink.† Then measure the same length, of an inch, down from B, as nearly perpendicular as you can, and mark the point A; and divide the height A B into four equal parts with the compasses, and mark them with dots, drawing every dot as a neatly circular point, clearly visible. This last finesse will be an essential part of your drawing practice; it is very irksome to draw such dots patiently, and very difficult to draw them well.

Then mark, not now by measure, but by eye, the remaining corner of the square, D, and divide the opposite side C D, by dots, opposite the others as nearly as you can guess. Then draw four level lines without a ruler, and without raising your

*I have not been able yet to devise a quite simple and sufficient case of drawing instruments for my schools. But, at all events, the complete instrument-case must include the ivory scale, the black parallel rule, a divided quadrant (which I will give a drawing of when it is wanted), one pair of simple compasses, and one fitted with pen and pencil.

†Any dark color that will wash off their fingers may be prepared for children



THE TWO SHIELDS.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing. Plate I.

pen, or stopping, slowly, from dot to dot, across the square. The four lines altogether should not take less,—but not much more,—than a quarter of a minute in the drawing, or about four seconds each. Repeat this practice now and then, at leisure minutes, until you have got an approximately well-drawn group of five lines ; the point D being successfully put in accurate corner of the square. Then similarly divide the lines A D and B C, by the eye, into four parts, and complete the figure as on the right hand at the top of Plate 1, and test it by drawing diagonals across it through the corners of the squares, till you can draw it true.

2. Contenting yourself for some time with this square of sixteen quarters for *hand* practice, draw also, with extremest accuracy of measurement possible to you, and finely ruled lines such as those in the plate, the inch square, with its side sometimes divided into three parts, sometimes into five, and sometimes into six, completing the interior nine, twenty-five, and thirty-six squares with utmost precision ; and do not be satisfied with these till diagonals afterwards drawn, as in the figure, pass precisely through the angles of the square.

Then, as soon as you can attain moderate precision in instrumental drawing, construct the central figure in the plate, drawing, first the square ; then, the lines of the horizontal bar, from the midmost division of the side divided into five. Then draw the curves of the shield, from the uppermost corners of the cross-bar, for centres ; then the vertical bar, also one-fifth of the square in breadth ; lastly, find the centre of the square, and draw the enclosing circle, to test the precision of all. More advanced pupils may draw the inner line to mark thickness of shield ; and lightly tint the cross with rose-color.

In the lower part of the plate is a first study of a feather, for exercise later on ; it is to be copied with a fine steel pen and common ink, having been so drawn with decisive and visible lines, to form steadiness of hand.*

* The original drawings for all these plates will be put in the Sheffield Museum ; but if health remains to me, I will prepare others of the same

3. The feather is one of the smallest from the upper edge of a hen's wing; the pattern is obscure, and not so well adapted for practice as others to be given subsequently, but I like best to begin with this, under St. George's shield; and whether you can copy it or not, if you have any natural feeling for beauty of line, you will see, by comparing the two, that the shield form, mechanically constructed, is meagre and stiff; and also that it would be totally impossible to draw the curves which terminate the feather below by any mechanical law; much less the various curves of its filaments. Nor can we draw even so simple a form as that of a shield beautifully, by instruments. But we may come nearer, by a more complex construction, to beautiful form; and define at the same time the heraldic limits of the bearings. This finer method is given in Plate 2, on a scale twice as large, the shield being here two inches wide. And it is to be constructed as follows.

4. Draw the square A B C D, two inches on the side, with its diagonals A C, B D, and the vertical P Q through its centre O; and observe that, henceforward, I shall always use the words 'vertical' for 'perpendicular,' and 'level' for 'horizontal,' being shorter, and no less accurate.

Divide O Q, O P, each into three equal parts by the points, K, *a*; N, *d*.

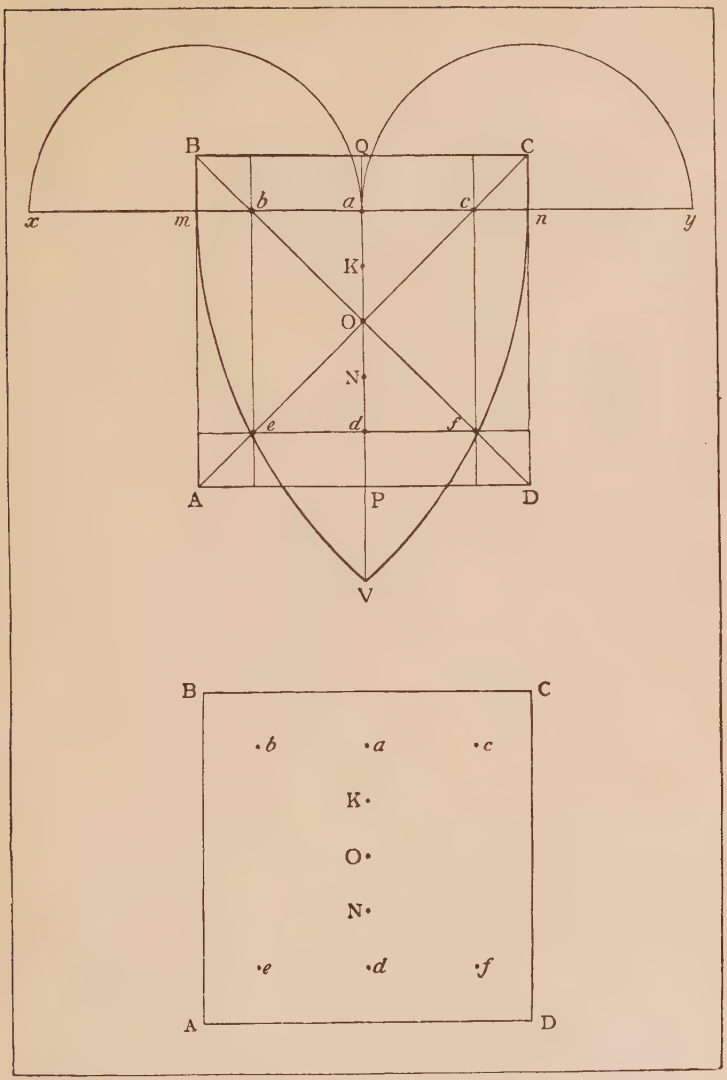
Through *a* and *d* draw the level lines, cutting the diagonals in *b*, *c*, *e*, and *f*; and produce *b c*, cutting the sides of the square in *m* and *n*, as far towards *x* and *y* as you see will be necessary.

With centres *m* and *n*, and the equal radii *m a*, *n a*, describe semicircles, cutting *x y* in *x* and *y*. With centres *x* and *y*, and the equal radii *x n*, *y m*, describe arcs *m* V, *n* V, cutting each other and the line Q P, produced, in V.

The precision of their concurrence will test your accuracy of construction.

5. The form of shield B C V, thus obtained, is not a per-

kind, only of different subjects, for the other schools of St. George. The engravings, by Mr. Allen's good skill, will, I doubt not, be better than the originals for all practical purposes; especially as my hand now shakes more than his, in small work.



Construction for Placing the Honor Points.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate II.

fect one, because no perfect form (in the artist's sense of the word 'perfectness') can be drawn geometrically; but it approximately represents the central type of English shield.

It is necessary for you at once to learn the names of the nine points thus obtained, called 'honor-points,' by which the arrangement and measures of bearings are determined.

All shields are considered heraldically to be square in the field, so that they can be divided accurately into quarters.

I am not aware of any formally recognized geometrical method of placing the honor-points in this field: that which I have here given will be found convenient for strict measurement of the proportions of bearings.

6. Considering the square A B C D as the field, and removing from it the lines of construction, the honor-points are seen in their proper places, in the lower part of the plate.

These are their names,—

a	Middle Chief	point.
b	Dexter Chief	
c	Sinister Chief	
K	Honor	
O	Fesse	
N	Numbril	
d	Middle Base	
e	Dexter Base	
f	Sinister Base	

I have placed these letters, with some trouble, as I think best for help of your memory.

The *a*, *b*, *c*; *d*, *e*, *f*, are, I think, most conveniently placed in upper and under series: I could not, therefore, put *f* for the Fesse point, but the O will remind you of it as the sign for a belt or girdle. Then K will stand for knighthood, or the honor-point, and putting N for the numbril, which is otherwise difficult to remember, we have, reading down, the syllable KON, the Teutonic beginning of KONIG or King, all which may be easily remembered.

And now look at the first plate of the large Oxford series.* It is engraved from my free-hand drawing in the Oxford schools; and is to be copied, as that drawing is executed, with pencil and color.

In which sentence I find myself face to face with a difficulty of expression which has long teased me, and which I must now conclusively, with the reader's good help, overcome.

7. In all classical English writing on art, the word 'pencil,' in all classical French writing the word 'pinceau,' and in all classical Italian writing the word 'pennello,' means the painter's instrument, the brush.†

It is entirely desirable to return, in England, to this classical use with constant accuracy, and resolutely to call the black-lead pencil, the 'lead-crayon;' or, for shortness, simply 'the lead.' In this book I shall generally so call it, saying, for instance, in the case of this diagram, "draw it first with the lead." 'Crayon,' from 'craie,' chalk, I shall use instead of 'chalk;' meaning when I say black crayon, common black chalk; and when I say white crayon, common white chalk; while I shall use indifferently the word 'pencil' for the instrument whether of water-color or oil painting.

8. Construct then the whole of this drawing, Plate 1, Oxford series, first with a light lead line; then take an ordinary ‡ camel's-hair pencil, and with free hand follow the lead lines

* See notice of this series in Preface.

† The Latin 'penicillum' originally meant a 'little tail,' as of the ermine. My friend Mr. Alfred Tylor informs me that Newton was the first to apply the word to light, meaning a pointed group of rays.

‡ That is to say, not a particularly small one; but let it be of good quality. Under the conditions of overflowing wealth which reward our national manufacturing industry, I find a curious tendency in my pupils to study economy especially in colors and brushes. Every now and then I find a student using a brush which bends up when it touches the paper, and remains in the form of a fish-hook. If I advise purchase of a better, he—or she—says to me, "Can't I do something with this?" "Yes,—something, certainly. Perhaps you may paste with it; but you can't draw. Suppose I was a fencing-master, and you told me you couldn't afford to buy a foil,—would you expect me to teach you to fence with a poker?"

in color. Indian red is the color generally to be used for practice, being cheap and sufficiently dark, but lake or carmine work more pleasantly for a difficult exercise like this.

9. In laying the color lines, you may go over and over again, to join them and make them even, as often as you like, but must not thicken the thin ones; nor interrupt the thickness of the stronger outline so as to confuse them at all with each other. Giotto, Durer, or Mantegna, would draw them at once without pause or visible error, as far as the color in the pencil lasted. Only two or three years ago I could nearly have done so myself, but my hand now shakes a little; the drawing in the Oxford schools is however very little retouched over the first line.

10. We will at this point leave our heraldry,§ because we cannot better the form of our shield until we can draw lines of more perfect, that is to say, more varied and interesting, curvature, for its sides. And in order to do this we must learn how to construct and draw curves which cannot be drawn with any mathematical instrument, and yet whose course is perfectly determined.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST EXERCISE IN CURVES. THE CIRCLE.

1. Among the objects familiarly visible to us, and usually regarded with sentiments of admiration, few are more classically representative of Giotto's second figure, inscribed in his

§ Under the general influence of Mr. Gradgrind, there has been lately published a book of "Heraldry founded on facts" (The Pursuivant of Arms,—Chatto & Windus), which is worth buying, for two reasons: the first, that its 'facts' are entirely trustworthy and useful (well illustrated in minor woodcut also, and, many, very curious and new); the second, that the writer's total ignorance of art, and his education among vulgar modernisms, have caused him to give figure illustrations, wherever he draws either man or beast, as at pages 62 and 106, whose horrible vulgarity will be of good future service as a type to us of the maximum in that particular. But the curves of shields are, throughout, admirably chosen and drawn, to the point mechanically possible.

square, than that by common consent given by civilized nations to their pieces of money. We may, I hope, under fortunate augury, limit ourselves at first to the outline (as, in music, young students usually begin with the song) of Sixpence.

2. Supposing you fortunate enough to possess the coin, may I ask you to lay it before you on a stiff card. Do you think it looks round? It does not, unless you look exactly down on it. But let us suppose you do so, and have to draw its outline under that simple condition.

Take your pen, and do it then, beside the sixpence.

"You cannot?"

Neither can I. Giotto could, and perhaps after working due time under the laws of Fésole, you may be able to do it, too, approximately. If I were as young as you, I should at least encourage that hope. In the meantime you must do it ignominiously, with compasses. Take your pen-compasses, and draw with them a circle the size of a sixpence.*

3. When it is done, you will not, I hope, be satisfied with it as the outline of a sixpence.† For, in the first place, it

* Not all young students can even manage their compasses; and it is well to get over this difficulty with deliberate and immediate effort. Hold your compasses upright, and lightly, by the joint at the top; fix one point quite firm, and carry the other round it any quantity of times without touching the paper, as if you were spinning a top without quitting hold of it. The fingers have to shift as the compasses revolve; and, when well practised, should do so without stopping, checking, or accelerating the motion of the point. Practise for five minutes at a time till you get skilful in this action, considering it equally disgraceful that the fixed point of the compasses should slip, or that it should bore a hole in the paper. After you are enough accustomed to the simple mechanism of the revolution, depress the second point, and draw any quantity of circles with it, large and small, till you can draw them throughout, continuously, with perfect ease.

† If any student object to the continued contemplation of so vulgar an object, I must pray him to observe that, vulgar as it may be, the idea of it is contentedly allowed to mingle with our most romantic ideals. I find this entry in my diary for 26th January, 1876: "To Crystal Palace, through squalor and rags of declining Dulwich: very awful. In palace afterwards, with organ playing above its rows of ghastly cream-colored amphitheatre seats, with 'SIXPENCE' in letters as large as the organ-

might just as well stand for the outline of the moon ; and in the second, though it is true, or accurate, in the mere quality of being a circle, either the space enclosed by the inner side of the black line must be smaller, or that enclosed by the outside larger, than the area of a sixpence. So the closer you can screw the compass-point, the better you will be pleased with your line : only it must always happen even with the most delicate line, so long as it has thickness at all, that its inner edge is too small, or its outer too large. It is best, therefore, that the error should be divided between these two excesses, and that the centre of the line should coincide with the contour of the object. In advanced practice, however, outline is properly to be defined as the narrowest portion which can be conveniently laid of a dark background round an object which is to be relieved in light, or of a light background round an object to be relieved in shade. The Venetians often leave their first bright outlines gleaming round their dark figures, after the rest of the background has been added.

4. The *perfect* virtue of an outline, therefore, is to be absolutely accurate with its inner edge, the outer edge being of no consequence. Thus the figures relieved in light on black Greek vases are first enclosed with a line of thick black paint about the eighth of an inch broad, afterwards melted into the added background.

In dark outline on white ground, however, it is often necessary to draw the extremities of delicate forms with lines which give the limit with their outer instead of their inner edge ; else the features would become too large. Beautiful examples of this kind of work are to be seen in face-drawing, especially of children, by Leech, and Du Maurier, in "Punch."

Loose lines, doubled or trebled, are sometimes found in work by great, never by the greatest, masters ; but these are

ist,—occupying the full field of sight below him. Of course, the names of Mendelssohn, Orpheus, Apollo, Julien, and other great composers, were painted somewhere in the panelling above. But the real inscription—meant to be practically, and therefore divinely, instructive—was 'SIXPENCE.'"

only tentative; processes of experiment as to the direction in which the real outline is to be finally laid.

5. The fineness of an outline is of course to be estimated in relation to the size of the object it defines. A chalk sketch on a wall may be a very subtle outline of a large picture; though Holbein or Bewick would be able to draw a complete figure within the width of one of its lines. And, for your own practice, the simplest instrument is the best; and the line drawn by any moderately well-cut quill pen, not crow quill, but sacred goose, is the means of all art which you have first to master; and you may be sure that, in the end, your progress in all the highest skill of art will be swift in proportion to the patience with which in the outset you persist in exercises which will finally enable you to draw with ease the outline of any object of a moderate size (plainly visible, be it understood, and firmly terminated),* with an unerring and continuous pen line.

6. And observe, once for all, there is never to be any scrawling, blotting, or splashing, in your work, with pen or any thing else. But especially with the pen, you are to avoid rapid motion, because you will be easily tempted to it. Remember, therefore, that no line is well drawn unless you can stop your hand at any point of it you choose. On the other hand, the motion must be consistent and continuous, otherwise the line will not be even.

7. It is not indeed possible to say with precision how fast the point may move, while yet the eye and fingers retain perfect attention and directing power over it. I have seen a great master's hand flying over the paper as fast as gnats over a pool; and the ink left by the light grazing of it, so pale, that it gathered into shade like gray lead; and yet the contours, and fine notes of character, seized with the accuracy of Holbein. But gift of this kind is a sign of the rarest artistic faculty and tact: you need not attempt to gain it, for if it is in you, and you work continually, the power will come of

* By 'firmly terminated,' I mean having an outline which *can* be drawn, as that of your sixpence, or a book, or a table. You can't outline a bit of cotton wool, or the flame of a candle.

itself ; and if it is not in you, will never come ; nor, even if you could win it, is the attainment wholly desirable. Drawings thus executed are always imperfect, however beautiful : they are out of harmony with the general manner and scheme of serviceable art ; and always, so far as I have observed, the sign of some deficiency of earnestness in the worker. Whatever your faculty may be, deliberate exercise will strengthen and confirm the good of it ; while, even if your natural gift for drawing be small, such exercise will at least enable you to understand and admire, both in art and nature, much that was before totally profitless or sealed to you.

8. We return, then, to our coin study. Now, if we are ever to draw a sixpence in a real picture, we need not think that it can always be done by looking down at it like a hawk, or a miser, about to pounce. We must be able to draw it lying anywhere, and seen from any distance.

So now raise the card, with the coin on it, slowly to the level of the eye, so as at last to look straight over its surface. As you do so, gradually the circular outline of it becomes compressed ; and between the position in which you look down on it, seeing its outline as a circle, and the position in which you look across it, seeing nothing but its edge, there are thus developed an infinite series of intermediate outlines, which, as they approach the circle, resemble that of an egg, and as they approach the straight line, that of a rolling-pin ; but which are all accurately drawn curves, called by mathematicians 'ellipses,' or curves that 'leave out' something ; in this first practice you see they leave out some space of the circle they are derived from.

9. Now, as you can draw the circle with compasses, so you can draw any ellipse with a bit of thread and two pins.* But as you cannot stick your picture over with pins, nor find out, for any given ellipse, without a long mathematical operation, where the pins should go, or how long the thread should be, there is now no escape for you from the necessity of drawing the flattened shape of the sixpence with free hand.

* No method of drawing it by points will give a finely continuous line, until the hand is free in passing through the points.

10. And, therefore, that we may have a little more freedom for it, we will take a larger, more generally attainable, and more reverendly classic coin; namely, the 'Soldo,' or solid thing, from whose Italian name, heroes who fight for pay were first called Soldiers, or, in English, Pennyworth-men. Curiously, on taking one by chance out of my pocket, it proves to be a Double Obolus (Charon's fare!—and back again, let us hope), or Ten Mites, of which two make a Five-thing. Inscribed to that effect on one side—

ΔΙΩΒΟΛΟΝ
ΙΟ
ΛΕΠΤΑ

while the other bears an effigy not quite so curly in the hair as an ancient Herakles, written around thus,—

ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ Α
ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ

I lay this on a sheet of white paper on the table; and, the image and superscription being, for our perspective purposes, just now indifferent, I will suppose you have similarly placed a penny before you for contemplation.

11. Take next a sheet of moderately thick note-paper, and folding down a piece of it sharply, cut out of the folded edge a small flat arch, which, when you open the sheet, will give you an oval aperture, somewhat smaller than the penny.

Holding the paper with this opening in it upright, adjust the opening to some given point of sight, so that you see the penny exactly through it. You can trim the cut edge till it fits exactly, and you will then see the penny apparently painted on the paper between you and it, on a smaller scale.

If you make the opening no larger than a grain of oats, and hold the paper near you, and the penny two or three feet back, you will get a charming little image of it, very pretty and quaint to behold; and by cutting apertures of different sizes, you will convince yourself that you don't see the penny

of any given size, but that you judge of its actual size by guessing at its distance, the real image on the retina of the eye being far smaller than the smallest hole you can cut in the paper.

12. Now if, supposing you already have some skill in painting, you try to produce an image of the penny which shall look exactly like it, seen through any of these openings, beside the opening, you will soon feel how absurd it is to make the opening small, since it is impossible to draw with fineness enough quite to imitate the image seen through any of these diminished apertures. But if you cut the opening only a hair's-breadth less wide than the coin, you may arrange the paper close to it by putting the card and penny on the edge of a book, and then paint the simple image of what you see (penny only, mind, not the cast shadow of it), so that you can't tell the one from the other; and that will be right, if your only object is to paint the penny. It will be right also for a flower, or a fruit, or a feather, or aught else which you are observing simply for its own sake.

13. But it will be *natural-history* painting, not great painter's painting. A great painter cares only to paint his penny while the steward gives it to the laborer, or his twopence while the Good Samaritan gives it to the host. And then it must be so painted as you would see it at the distance where you can also see the Samaritan.

14. *Perfectly*, however, at that distance. Not sketched or slurred, in order to bring out the solid Samaritan in relief from the aerial twopence.

And by being 'perfectly' painted at that distance, I mean, as it would be seen by the human eye in the perfect power of youth. That forever indescribable instrument, aidless, is the proper means of sight, and test of all laws of work which bear upon aspect of things for human beings.

15. Having got thus much of general principle defined, we return to our own immediate business, now simplified by having ascertained that our elliptic outline is to be of the width of the penny proper, within a hair's breadth, so that, practically, we may take accurate measure of the diameter, and on

that diameter practise drawing ellipses of different degrees of fatness. If you have a master to help you, and see that they are well drawn, I need not give you farther direction at this stage; but if not, and we are to go on by ourselves, we must have some more compass work; which reserving for next chapter, I will conclude this one with a few words to more advanced students on the use of outline in study from nature.

16. I. Lead, or silver point, outline.

It is the only one capable of perfection, and the best of all means for gaining intellectual knowledge of form. Of the degrees in which shade may be wisely united with it, the drawings of the figure in the early Florentine schools give every possible example: but the severe method of engraved outline used on Etruscan metal-work is the standard appointed by the laws of Fésole. The finest application of such method may be seen in the Florentine engravings, of which more or less perfect facsimiles are given in my "Ariadne Florentina." Raphael's silver point outline, for the figure, and Turner's lead outline in landscape, are beyond all rivalry in abstract of graceful and essential fact. Of Turner's lead outlines, examples enough exist in the National Gallery to supply all the schools in England, when they are properly distributed.*

17. II. Pen, or woodcut, outline. The best means of primal study of composition, and for giving vigorous impression to simple spectators. The woodcuts of almost any Italian books towards 1500, most of Durer's (*a*),—all Holbein's; but especially those of the 'Dance of Death' (*b*), and the etchings by Turner himself in the "Liber Studiorum," are standards of

* My kind friend Mr. Burton is now so fast bringing all things under his control into good working order at the National Gallery, that I have good hope, by the help of his influence with the Trustees, such distribution may be soon effected.

(*a*) I have put the complete series of the life of the Virgin in the St. George's Museum, Sheffield.

(*b*) First edition, also in Sheffield Museum.

it (*c*). With a light wash of thin color above, it is the noblest method of intellectual study of composition; so employed by all the great Florentine draughtsmen, and by Mantegna (*d*). Holbein and Turner carry the method forward into full chiaroscuro; so also Sir Joshua in his first sketches of pictures (*e*).

18. III. Outline with the pencil. Much as I have worked on illuminated manuscripts, I have never yet been able to distinguish, clearly, pencilled outlines from the penned rubrics. But I shall gradually give large examples from thirteenth century work which will be for beginners to copy with the pen, and for advanced pupils to follow with the pencil.

19. The following notes, from the close of one of my Oxford lectures on landscape, contain the greater part of what it is necessary farther to say to advanced students * on this subject.

When forms, as of trees or mountain edges, are so complex that you cannot follow them in detail, you are to enclose them with a careful outside limit, taking in their main masses. Suppose you have a map to draw on a small scale, the kind of outline which a good geographical draughtsman gives to the generalized capes and bays of a country, is that by which you are to define too complex masses in landscapes.

An outline thus perfectly made, with absolute decision, and with a wash of one color above it, is the most masterly of all

* I find this book terribly difficult to arrange; for if I did it quite rightly, I should make the exercises and instructions progressive and consecutive; but then, nobody would see the reason for them till we came to the end; and I am so encumbered with other work that I think it best now to get this done in the way likeliest to make each part immediately useful. Otherwise, this chapter should have been all about right lines only, and then we should have had one on the arrangement of right lines, followed by curves, and arrangement of curves.

(*c*) 'Æsacus and Hesperie,' and 'The Falls of the Reuss,' in Sheffield Museum.

(*d*) 'The Triumph of Joseph.' Florentine drawing in Sheffield Museum.

(*e*) Two, in Sheffield Museum.

methods of light and shade study, with limited time, when the forms of the objects to be drawn are clear and unaffected by mist.

But without any wash of color, such an outline is the most valuable of all means of obtaining such memoranda of any scene as may explain to another person, or record for yourself, what is most important in its features ; only when it is thus used, some modification is admitted in its treatment, and always some slight addition of shade becomes necessary in order that the outline may contain the utmost information possible. Into this question of added shade I shall proceed hereafter.

20. For the sum of present conclusions : observe that in all drawings in which flat washes of color are associated with outline, the first great point is entirely to suppress the influences of impatience and affectation, so that if you fail, you may know exactly in what the failure consists. Be sure that you spread your color as steadily as if you were painting a house wall, filling in every spot of white to the extremest corner, and removing every grain of superfluous color in nooks and along edges. Then when the tint is dry, you will be able to say that it is either too warm or cold, paler or darker than you meant it to be. It cannot possibly come quite right till you have long experience ; only, let there be no doubt in your mind as to the point in which it is wrong ; and next time you will do better.

21. I cannot too strongly, or too often, warn you against the perils of affectation. Sometimes color lightly broken, or boldly dashed, will produce a far better instant effect than a quietly laid tint ; and it looks so dexterous, or so powerful, or so fortunate, that you are sure to find everybody liking your work better for its insolence. But never allow yourself in such things. Efface at once a happy accident—let nothing divert you from the purpose you began with—nothing divert or confuse you in the course of its attainment ; let the utmost strength of your work be in its continence, and the crowning grace of it in serenity.

And even when you know that time will not permit you to

finish, do a little piece of your drawing rightly, rather than the whole falsely: and let the non-completion consist either in that part of the paper is left white, or that only a foundation has been laid up to a certain point, and the second colors have not gone on. Let your work be a good outline—or part of one; a good first tint—or part of one; but not, in any sense, a sketch; in no point, or measure, fluttered, neglected, or experimental. In this manner you will never be in a state of weak exultation at an undeserved triumph; neither will you be mortified by an inexplicable failure. From the beginning you will know that more than moderate success is impossible, and that when you fall short of that due degree, the reason may be ascertained, and a lesson learned. As far as my own experience reaches, the greater part of the fatigue of drawing consists in doubt or disappointment, not in actual effort or reasonable application of thought; and the best counsels I have to give you may be summed in these—to be constant to your first purpose, content with the skill you are sure of commanding, and desirous only of the praises which belong to patience and discretion.

CHAPTER V.

OF ELEMENTARY FORM.

1. In the 15th paragraph of the preceding chapter, we were obliged to leave the drawing of our ellipse till we had done some more compass work. For, indeed, all curves of subtle nature must be at first drawn through such a series of points as may accurately define them; and afterwards without points, by the free hand.

And it is better in first practice to make these points for definition very distinct and large; and even sometimes to consider them rather as beads strung upon the line, as if it were a thread, than as mere points through which it passes.

2. It is wise to do this, not only in order that the points

themselves may be easily and unmistakably set, but because all beautiful lines are beautiful, or delightful to sight, in *showing the directions in which material things may be wisely arranged, or may serviceably move.* Thus, in Plate 1, the curve which terminates the hen's feather pleases me, and ought to please *you*, better than the point of the shield, partly because it expresses such relation between the lengths of the filaments of the plume as may fit the feather to act best upon the air, for flight; or, in unison with other such softly inlaid armor, for covering.

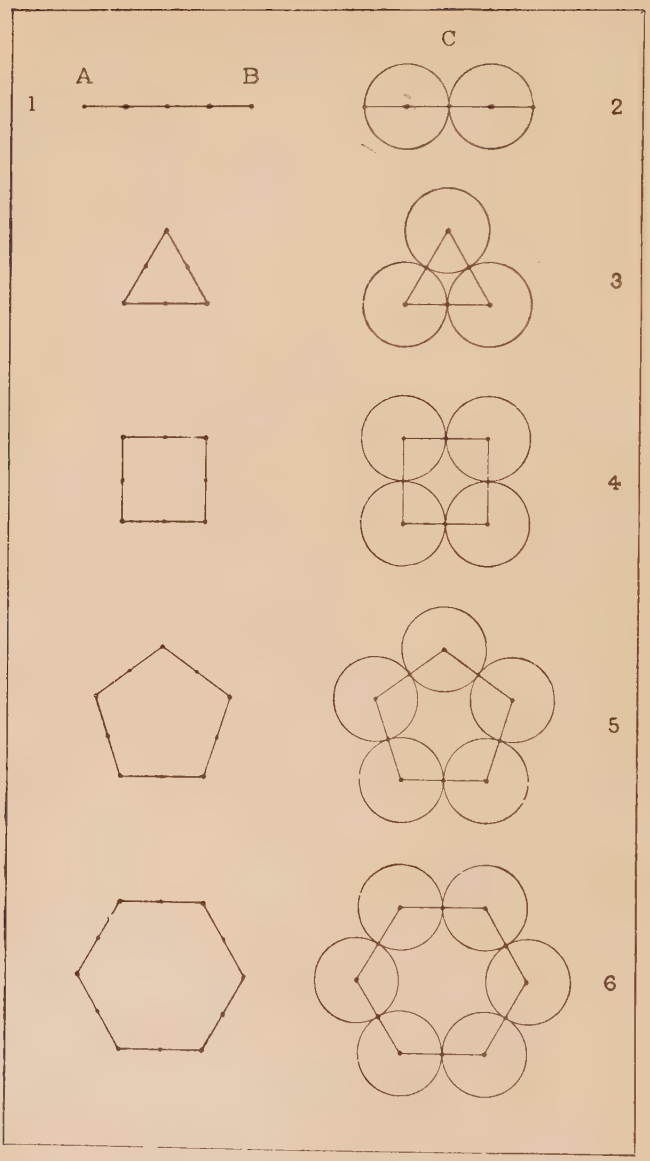
3. The first order of arrangement in substance is that of coherence into a globe; as in a drop of water, in rain, and dew,—or, hollow, in a bubble: and this same kind of coherence takes place gradually in solid matter, forming spherical knots, or crystallizations. Whether in dew, foam, or any other minutely beaded structure, the simple form is always pleasant to the human mind; and the 'pearl'—to which the most precious object of human pursuit is likened by its wisest guide—derives its delightfulness merely from its being of this perfect form, constructed of a substance of lovely color.

4. Then the second orders of arrangement are those in which several beads or globes are associated in groups under definite laws, of which of course the simplest is that they should set themselves together as close as possible.

Take, therefore, eight marbles or beads* about three-quarters of an inch in diameter; and place successively two, three, four, etc., as near as they will go. You can but let the first two touch, but the three will form a triangular group, the four a square one, and so on, up to the octagon. These are the first general types of all crystalline or inorganic grouping: you must know their properties well; and therefore you must draw them neatly.

5. Draw first the line an inch long, which you have already practised, and set upon it five dots, two large and three small,

* In St. George's schools, they are to be of pale rose-colored or amber-colored quartz, with the prettiest veins I can find it bearing: there are any quantity of tons of rich stone ready for us, waste on our beaches.



PRIMAL GROUPS OF THE CIRCLE.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate III.

dividing it into quarter inches,—A B, Plate 3. Then from the large dots as centres, through the small ones, draw the two circles touching each other, as at C.

The triangle, equal-sided, each side half an inch, and the square, in the same dimensions, with their dots, and their groups of circles, are given in succession in the plate ; and you will proceed to draw the pentagon, hexagon, heptagon, and octagon group, in the same manner, all of them half an inch in the side. All to be done with the lead, free hand, corrected by test of compasses till you get them moderately right, and finally drawn over the lead with common steel pen and ink.

The degree of patience with which you repeat, to perfection, this very tedious exercise, will be a wholesome measure of your resolution and general moral temper, and the exercise itself a discipline at once of temper and hand. On the other hand, to do it hurriedly or inattentively is of no use whatever, either to mind or hand.

6. While you are persevering in this exercise, you must also construct the same figures with your instruments, as delicately as you can ; but complete them, as in Plate 4, by drawing semicircles on the sides of each rectilinear figure ; and, with the same radius, the portions of circles which will include the angles of the same figures, placed in a parallel series, enclosing each figure finally in a circle.

7. You have thus the first two leading groups of what architects call Foils ; *i.e.*, trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, etc., their French names indicating the original dominance of French design in their architectural use.

The entire figures may be best called 'Roses,' the word rose, or rose window, being applied by the French to the richest groups of them. And you are to call the point which is the centre of each entire figure the 'Rose-centre.' The arcs, you are to call 'foils ;' the centres of the arcs, 'foil-centres ;' and the small points where the arcs meet, 'cusps,' from cuspis, Latin for a point.

8. From the group of circle-segments thus constructed, we might at once deduce the higher forms of symmetrical (or

equally measured*) architecture, and of symmetrical flowers, such as the rose, or daisy. But it will be better first, with only our simple groups of circles themselves, to examine the laws which regulate forms *not* equally measured in every direction.

In this inquiry, however, we should find our marbles run inconveniently about the table: we will therefore take to our coins again: they will serve admirably, as long as we keep clear of light and shade. We will at first omit the dual and

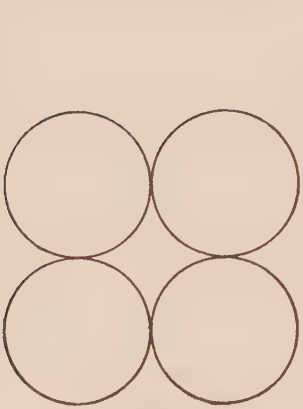


Fig. 3.

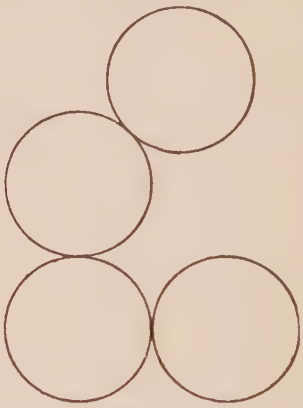


Fig. 4.

trine groups, being too simple for interesting experiment; and begin with Figure 4, Plate iii.

9. Take, accordingly, four sixpences, and lay then on a sheet of paper in this arrangement (Fig. 3), as evenly square as you can.

Now, lift one up out of its place, thus (Fig. 4), but still keeping it in contact with its next neighbor.†

You don't like that arrangement so well, do you? You

* As distinguished from the studiously varied design, executed in all its curves with the free hand, characteristic of less educated but more living schools. The south end of the western aisle of Bolton Abbey is an exquisite example of Early English of this kind.

† If you have the book, compare the exercises in "Ethics of the Dust," page 67.

ought not to like it so well. It is suggestive of one of the sixpences having got "liberty and independence." It is a form of dissolution.

Next push up one of the coins below, so as to touch the one already raised, as in Figure 5.

You dislike this group even more than the last, I should think. *Two* of the sixpences have got liberty and independence now! Two, if referred to the first quatrefoil; or, if the three upper ones are considered as a staggering trefoil, three.

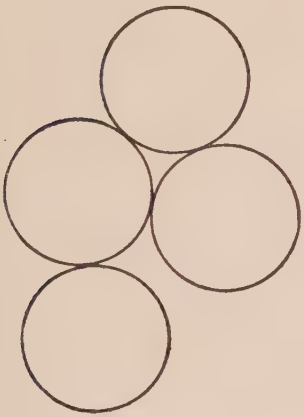


FIG. 5.

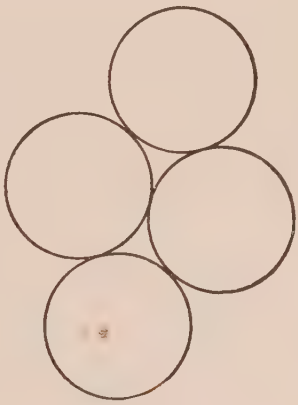


FIG. 6.

Push the lower one up to join them, then; Figure 6.

That is a little more comfortable, but the whole figure seems squinting or tumbling. You can't let it stay so!

Put it upright, then; Figure 7.

And now you like it as well as the original group, or, it may be, even better. You ought to like it better, for it is not only as completely under law as the original group, but it is under *two* laws instead of one, variously determining its height and width. The more laws any thing, or any creature, interprets, and obeys, the more beautiful it is (cæteris paribus).

10. You find then, for first conclusion, that you naturally like things to be under law; and, secondly, that your feeling

of the pleasantness in a group of separate, (and not living,) objects, like this, involves some reference to the great law of gravity, which makes you feel it desirable that things should stand upright, unless they have clearly some reason for stooping.

It will, however, I should think, be nearly indifferent to you whether you look at Figure 7 as I have placed it, or from the side of the page. Whether it is broad or high will not matter, so long as it is balanced. But you see the charm of it is increased, in either case, by *in*equality of dimension, in one di-

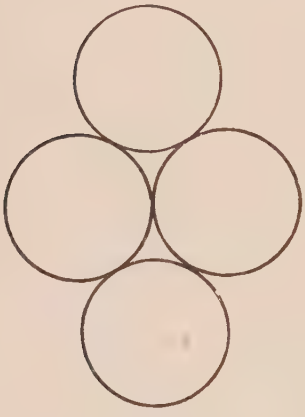


Fig. 7.

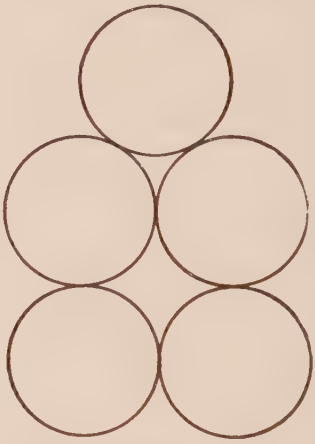


Fig. 8.

rection or another; by the introduction, that is to say, of another law, modifying the first.

11. Next, let us take *five* sixpences, which we see will at once fall into the pleasant equal arrangement, Figure 5, Plate iii.; but we will now break up that, by putting four together, as in our first quatre-foil here; and the fifth on the top, (Figure 8).

But you feel this new arrangement awkward. The uppermost circle has no intelligible connection with the group below, which, as a foundation, would be needlessly large for it. If you turn the figure upside-down, however, I think you will like it better; for the lowest circle now seems a little related

to the others, like a pendant. But the form is still unsatisfactory.

Take the group in Figure 7, above, then, and add the fifth sixpence to the top of that (Figure 9).

Are you not better pleased? There seems now a unity of

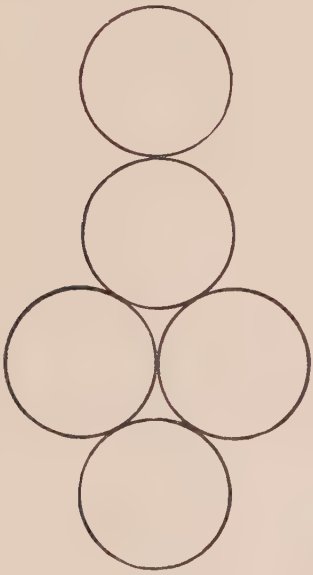


Fig. 9.

vertical position in three circles, and of level position in two: and you get also some suggestion of a pendant, or if you turn the page upside-down, of a statant,* cross.

If, however, you now raise the two level circles, and the

* Clearly, this Latin derivative is needed in English, besides our own 'standing;' to distinguish, on occasion, a permanently fixed 'state' of anything, from a temporary pause. Stant, (as in extant,) would be merely the translation of 'standing;' so I assume a participle of the obsolete 'statare' to connect the adopted word with Statina, (the goddess,) Statue, and State.

lowest, so as to get the arrangement in Figure 10, the result is a quite balanced group; more pleasing, if I mistake not, than any we have arrived at yet, because we have here perfect order, with an unequal succession of magnitudes in mass and interval, between the outer circles.

12. By now gradually increasing the number of coins, we can deduce a large variety of groups, more or less pleasing, which you will find, on the whole, throw themselves either into *garlanded* shapes,—seven, eight, and so on, in a circle,

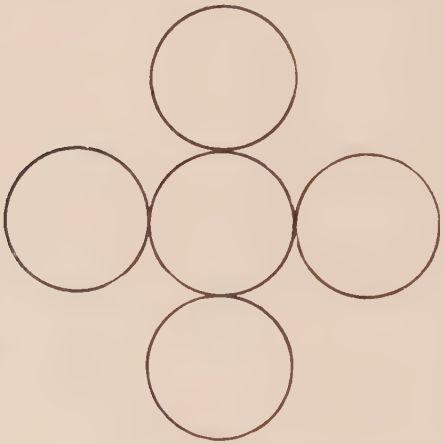


Fig. 10.

with differences in the intervals;—or into *stellar* shapes, of which the simplest is the cross, and the more complex will be composed of five, six, seven, or more rays, of various length. Then farther, successive garlands may be added to the garlands, or crossing rays, producing chequers, if we have unlimited command of sixpences. But by no artifice of arrangement shall we be able to produce any perfectly interesting or beautiful form, as long as our coins *remain of the same size.*

13. But now take some fourpenny and threepenny pieces also; and, beginning with the cross, of five orbs (Fig. 10), try first a sixpence in the middle, with four fourpenny pieces

round it; and then a fourpenny piece in the middle, with four sixpences round it. Either group will be more pleasing to you than the original one: and by varying the intervals, and removing the surrounding coins to greater or less distances, you may pleasantly vary even this single group to a curious extent; while if you increase the number of coins, and farther vary their sizes, adding shillings and half-crowns to your original resources, you will find the producible variety of pleasant figures quite infinite.

14. But, supposing your natural taste and feeling moderately good, you will always feel some of the forms you arrive at to be pleasanter than others; for no explicable reason, but that there is relation between their sizes and distances which satisfies you as being under some harmonious law. Up to a certain point, I could perhaps show you logical cause for these preferences; but the moment the groups become really interesting, their relations will be found far too complex for definition, and our choice of one or another can no more be directed by rule, or explained by reason, than the degrees of enjoyment can be dictated, or the reasons for admiration demonstrated, as we look from Cassiopeia to Orion, or from the Pleiades to Arcturus with his sons.

15. Three principles only you will find certain:

A, That perfect dependence of every thing on every thing else, is necessary for pleasantness.

B, That such dependence can only become perfect by means of differences in magnitude (or other qualities, of course, when others are introduced).

C, That some kind of balance, or 'equity,' is necessary for our satisfaction in arrangements which are clearly *subjected to human interference.*

You will be perhaps surprised, when you think of it, to find that this last condition—human interference,—is very greatly involved in the principles of contemplative pleasure; and that your eyes are both metaphysical, and moral, in their approval and blame.

Thus, you have probably been fastidious, and found it ne-

cessary to be so, before you could please yourself with enough precision in balance of coin against coin, and of one division of each coin-group against its fellow. But you would not, I think, desire to arrange any of the constellations I have just named, in two parallel parts; or to make the rock-forms on one side of a mountain valley, merely the reversed images of those upon the other?

16. Yet, even among these, you are sensible of a kind of order, and rejoice in it; nay, you find a higher pleasure in the mystery of it. You would not desire to see Orion and the Pleiades broken up, and scattered over the sky in a shower of equal-sized stars, among which you could no more trace group, or line, or pre-eminence. Still less would you desire to see the stars, though of different magnitudes, arrested on the vault of heaven in a chequer-pattern, with the largest stars at the angles, or appointed to rise and set in erected ranks, the same at zenith and horizon; never bowed, and never supine.

17. The beautiful passage in Humboldt's "Personal Narrative" in which he describes the effect on his mind of the first sight of the Southern Cross, may most fitly close, confirm, and illumine, a chapter too wearisome; by which, however, I trust that you will be led into happier trust in the natural likings and dislikings which are the proper groundwork of taste in all things, finding that, in things *directly prepared for the service of men*, a quite palpable order and symmetry are felt by him to be beautiful; but in the things which involve interests wider than his own, the mystery of a less comprehensible order becomes necessary for their sublimity, as, for instance, the forms of mountains, or balances of stars, expressing their birth in epochs of creation during which man had no existence, and their functions in preparing for a future state of the world, over which he has no control.

"We saw distinctly for the first time the Cross of the South only, in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the sixteenth degree of latitude; it was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silver light.

"*If a traveller may be permitted to speak of his personal*

*emotions,** I shall add, that in this night I saw one of the reveries of my earliest youth accomplished.

* * * * * *

"At a period when I studied the heavens, *not with the intention of devoting myself to astronomy*, but only to acquire *a knowledge of the stars*, † I was agitated by a fear unknown to those who love a sedentary life. It seemed painful to me to renounce the hope of beholding those beautiful constellations which border the southern pole. Impatient to rove in the equinoctial regions, I could not raise my eyes toward the starry vault without thinking of the Cross of the South, and without recalling the sublime passage of Dante, which the most celebrated commentators have applied to this constellation :

'Io mi volsi a man destra, e posi ment
All' altro polo ; e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente
Goder parea lo ciel di lor fiammelle ;
O settentrional vedovo sito,
Poi che privato se' di mirar quelle !'

"The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows hence that the constellation is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect, or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day ; and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guide exclaim, in the savannahs of the Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend !' How

* I italicise, because the reserve of the "Personal Narrative," in this respect, is almost majestic ; and entirely exemplary as compared with the explosive egotism of the modern tourist

† Again note the difference between modestly useful, and vainly ambitious, study.

often those words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Latainers, conversed together for the last time, and where the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate!"

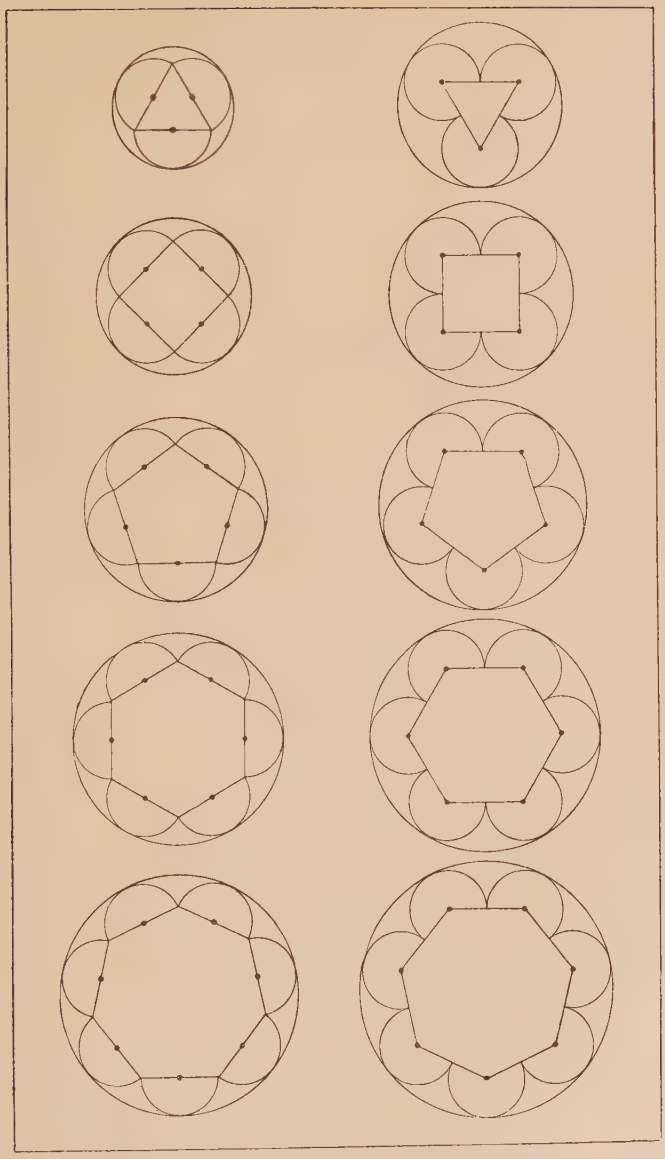
CHAPTER VI.

OF ELEMENTARY ORGANIC STRUCTURE.

1. Among the various arrangements made of the coins in our last experiment, it appeared that those were on the whole pleasantest which fell into some crosslet or stellar disposition, referred to a centre. The reader might perhaps suppose that, in making him feel this, I was preparing the way for assertion of the form of the cross, as a beautiful one, for religious reasons. But this is not so. I have given the St. George's cross for first practice, that our art-work might be thus early associated with the other studies of our schools; but not as in any wise a dominant or especially beautiful form. On the contrary, if we reduce it into perfectly simple lines, the pure cross (a stellar group of four lines at right angles) will be found to look meagre when compared with the stellar groups of five, six, or seven rays; and, in fact, its chief use, when employed as a decoration, is not in its possession of any symbolic or abstract charm, but as the simplest expression of accurate, and easy, mathematical division of space. It is thus of great value in the decoration of severe architecture, where it is definitely associated with square masonry: but nothing could be more painful than its substitution, in the form of tracery bars, for the stellar tracery of any fine rose window; though, in such a position, its symbolic office would be perfect. The most imaginative and religious symbolist will, I think, be surprised to find, if he thus tries it fairly, how little symbolism can please, if physical beauty be refused.

2 Nor do I doubt that the author of the book on heraldry above referred to,* is right in tracing some of the earliest

* "Pursuivant of Arms," p. 48.



PRIMAL GROUPS OF FOILS WITH ARC CENTRES.
Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate IV.

forms of the heraldic cross itself "to the metal clamps or braces required to strengthen and protect the long, kite-shaped shield of the eleventh and twelfth centuries." The quartering of the field, which afterwards became the foundation of the arrangement of bearings, was thus naturally suggested by the laws of first construction. But the "Somerset Herald" pushes his modern mechanics too far, when he confuses the Cross Fleury with an "ornamental clamp"? (p. 49). It is directly traceable to the Byzantine Fleur-de-lys, and that to Homer's Iris.

3. So also with respect to the primary forms of crystals, the pleasure of the eye in perceiving that the several lines of a group may be traced to some common centre is partly referable to our mere joy in orderly construction: but, in our general judgment of design, it is founded on our sense of the nature of radiant light and heat as the strength of all organic life, together with our interest in noticing either growth from a common root in plants, or dependence on a nervous or otherwise vital centre in animal organism, indicating not merely order of construction, but process or sequence of animation.

4. The smallest number of lines which can completely express this law of radiation* is five; or if a completely opposite symmetry is required, six; and the families of all the beautiful flowers prepared for the direct service and delight of man are constructed on these two primary schemes,—the rose representing the cinqfold radiation, and the lily the sixfold, (produced by the two triangles of the sepals and petals, crossed, in the figure called by the Arabs 'Solomon's Seal'); while the fourfold, or cruciform, are on the whole restricted to more servile utility. One plant only, that I know of, in the Rose family,—the tormentilla,—subdues itself to the cruciform type with a grace in its simplicity which makes it, in mountain pastures, the fitting companion of the heathbell and thyme.

* The groups of three, though often very lovely, do not clearly express radiation, but simply cohesion; because by merely crowding three globes close to each other, you at once get a perfect triune form; but to put them in a circle of five or more, at equal distances from a centre, requires an ordering and proportionate force.

5. I shall have occasion enough, during the flower study carried on in "Proserpina," to analyze the laws of stellar grouping in flowers. In this book I shall go on at once to the more complex forms produced by radiation under some continually altering force, either of growth from a root, or of motion from some given point under given law.

We will therefore return to our feather from the hen's wing, and try to find out, by close examination, why we think it, and other feathers, pretty.

6. You must observe first that the feathers of all birds fall into three great classes:

(1) The Feathers for Clothing.
(2) The Feathers for Action.
(3) The Feathers for Ornament.

(1) Feathers for clothing are again necessarily divided into (A) those which clothe for warmth, (down,) which are the bird's blankets and flannel; and (B) those which clothe it for defence against weather or violence; these last bearing a beautiful resemblance partly to the tiles of a house, partly to a knight's armor. They are imbricated against rain and wind, like tiles; but they play and move over each other like mail, actually becoming effective armor to many of the warrior birds; as in the partial protection of others from impact of driven boughs, or hail, or even shot.

(2) Feathers for action. These are essentially, again, either (A) feathers of force, in the wing, or (B) of guidance, in the tail, and are the noblest in structure which the bird possesses.

(3) Feathers for ornament. These are, again, to be divided into (A), those which modify the bird's form, (being then mostly imposed as a crest on the head, or expanded as a fan at the tail, or floating as a train of ethereal softness,) and (B) those which modify its color; these last being, for the most part, only finer conditions of the armor feathers on the neck, breast, and back, while the force-feathers usually are reserved and quiet in color, though more or less mottled, clouded, or barred.

7. Before proceeding to any closer observation of these

three classes of feathers, the student must observe generally how they must *all* be modified according to the bird's size. Chiefly, of course, the feathers of action, since these are strictly under physical laws determining the scale of organic strength. It is just as impossible for a large bird to move its wings with a rapid stroke, as for the sail of a windmill, or of a ship, to vibrate like a lady's fan. Therefore none but small birds can give a vibratory (or insect-like) motion to their wings. On the other hand, none but large birds can *sail* without stroke, because small wings cannot rest on a space of air large enough to sustain the body.

8. Therefore, broadly, first of all, birds range—with relation to their flight—into three great classes: (A) the *sailing* birds, who, having given themselves once a forward impulse, can rest, merely with their wings open, on the winds and clouds; (B) the properly so-called *flying* birds, who must *strike* with their wings, no less to sustain themselves than to advance; and, lastly, (C) the *fluttering* birds, who can keep their wings quivering like those of a fly, and therefore pause at will, in one spot in the air, over a flower, or over their nest. And of these three classes, the first are necessarily large birds (frigate-bird, albatross, condor and the like); the second, of average bird-size, falling chiefly between the limiting proportions of the swallow and seagull; for a smaller bird than the swift has not power enough over the air, and a larger one than the seagull has not power enough over its wings, to be a perfect flyer.

Finally, the birds of vibratory wing are all necessarily minute, represented chiefly by the humming-birds; but sufficiently even by our own smaller and sprightlier pets: the robin's quiver of his wing in leaping, for instance, is far too swift to be distinctly seen.

9. These are the three main divisions of the birds for whom the function of the wing is mainly *flight*.

But to us, human creatures, there is a class of birds more pathetically interesting—those in whom the function of the wing is essentially, not flight, but the protection of their young.

Of these, the two most familiar to us are the domestic fowl

and the partridge; and there is nothing in arrangement of plumage approaching the exquisiteness of that in the vaulted roofs of their expanded *covering* wings; nor does any thing I know in decoration rival the consummate art of the minute cirrus-clouding of the partridge's breast.

10. But before we can understand either the structure of the striking plumes, or the tincture of the decorative ones, we must learn the manner in which all plumes whatsoever are primarily made.

Any feather—(as you know, but had better nevertheless take the first you can find in your hand to look at, as you read on)—is composed of a central quill, like the central rib of a leaf, with fine rays branching from it on each side, united, if the feather be a strong one, into a more or less silky tissue or 'web,' as it has hitherto been called by naturalists.* Not un-

* So far as one can make out what they call any thing! The following lucid passage is all that in the seven hundred closely printed pages of Mr. Swainson's popular ornithology, the innocent reader will find vouchsafed to him in description of feathers (§ 71, p. 77, vol. 1):—"The regular *external feathers* of the body, like those of the wings and tail, are very differently constructed from such as are called the down; they are externally composed of three parts or substances: 1. The down; 2. The laminæ, *or webs* (!); and, 3. The shaft, or quill, on the sides of which the two former are arranged. The downy laminæ, or webs of these feathers, are very different from the substance we have just described, since they not only have a distinct shaft of their own, but the laminæ which spring from both sides of it are perceptibly and regularly arranged, although, from being devoid of all elasticity, (!) like true down, they do not unite and repose parallel to each other. The soft downy laminæ are always situated close to the insertion of the quill into the skin; and although, for obvious reasons, they are more developed on those feathers which cover the body, they likewise exist on such as are employed in flight, as shown in the quill of a goose; and as they are always concealed from sight when the plumage is uninjured, and are not exposed to the action of the air, so they are always colorless. The third part of a feather consists in the true *external* laminæ, which are arranged in two series, one on each side the shaft; and these sides are called the *external* and the *internal* (! !) webs. To outward appearance, the form of the laminæ which compose these webs appears to be much the same as that of down, which has been just described, with this difference only, that the laminæ are stronger

reasonably, in some respects; for truly it is a woven thing, with a wrap and woof, beautiful as Penelope's or Arachne's tapestry; but with this of marvel beyond beauty in it, that it is a web which reweaves itself when you tear it! Closes itself as perfectly as a sea-wave torn by the winds, being indeed nothing else than a wave of silken sea, which the winds trouble enough; and fret along the edge of it, like fretful Benacus at its shore; but which, tear it as they will, closes into its unruffled strength again in an instant.

11. *There* is a problem for you, and your engines,—good my Manchester friends! What with Thirlmere to fill your boilers, and cotton grown by free niggers, surely the forces of the universe must be favorable to you,—and, indeed, wholly at your disposal. Yet of late I have heard that your various tissues tear too easily;—how if you could produce them such as that they could mend themselves again without help from a sewing-machine! (for I find my glove-fingers, sewn up the seam by that great economist of labor, split down all at once like walnut-shells). But even that Arabian web which could be *packed* in a walnut-shell would have no chance of rivalling with yours if you could match the delicate spirit that weaves —a sparrow's wing. (I suppose you have no other birds to look at now—within fifty miles.)

However, from the bodies of birds, plucked for eating—or the skins of them, stuffed for wearing, I do not doubt but the reader, though inhabitant of modern English towns, may still possess himself, or herself, of a feather large enough to be easily studied; * nay, I believe British Law still indites itself with

and elastic, and seem to stick together, and form a parallel series, which the downy laminæ do not. Now, this singular adhesiveness is seen by the microscope to be occasioned by the filaments on each side of these laminæ being hooked into those of the next laminæ, so that one supports the other in the same position; while their elasticity (!) makes them return to their proper place in the series, if by any accident they are discomposed. This will be sufficient to give the reader a correct idea of the general construction of a feather, without going into further details on the microscopic appearance of the parts."

* My ingenious friend, Mr. W. E. Dawes, of 72 Denmark Hill, will attend scrupulously to a feather, to any orders sent him from Fésole.

the legitimate goose-feather. If that be attainable, with grateful reverence to law, in general, and to real Scripture, which is only possible with quill or reed; and to real music, of Doric eagerness, touched of old for the oaks and rills, while the still morn went out with sandals gray—we will therewith begin our inquiry into the weaving of plumes.

12. And now, for convenience of description, observe, that as all feathers lie backwards from the bird's head towards its tail, when we hold one in our hand by the point of the quill so as to look at its upper surface, we are virtually looking from the bird's head towards the tail of it: therefore, unless with warning of the contrary, I shall always describe the feathers which belong to the bird's right side, which, when we look down on its back and wing, with the head towards us, curve for the most part with the convex edge to our own left; and when we look down on its throat and breast, with the head towards us, curve for the most part with the convex edge to our right.

13. Choosing, therefore, a goose-feather from the bird's right wing, and holding it with the upper surface upwards, you see it curves to your own right, with convex edge to the left; and that it is composed mainly of the rapidly tapering quill, with its two so-called 'webs,' one on each side, meeting in a more or less blunt point at the top, like that of a kitchen carving-knife.

14. But I do not like the word 'web' for these tissues of the feather, for two reasons: the first, that it would get confused with the word we *must* use for the membrane of the foot; and the second, that feathers of force continually resemble swords or scimitars, striking both with flat and edge; and one cannot rightly talk of striking with a web! And I have been a long time (this number of Fésole having, indeed, been materially hindered by this hesitation) in deciding upon any name likely to be acceptable to my readers for these all-important parts of the plume structure. The one I have at last fixed upon, 'Fret,' * will not on the instant approve itself

* 'Vane' is used in the English translation of Cuvier; but would be too apt to suggest rotation in the quill, as in a weathercock.

to them; but they will be content with it, I believe, in use. I take it from the constant fretting or rippling of the surface of the tissue, even when it is not torn along its edge, * and one can fancy a sword 'fretted' at its edge, easily enough.

15. The two frets are composed, you see, each of—(I was going to write, innumerable; but they are quite numerable, though many,)—smaller feathers; for they are nothing less, each of them, than a perfect little feather in its own way. You will find it convenient to call these the 'rays.' In a goose's feather there are from thirty to forty in an inch of the fret; three or four hundred, that is to say, on each side of the quill. You see—and much more, may feel—how firmly these plumelets fasten themselves together to form the continuous strength of silken tissue of the fret.

16. Pull one away from the rest, and you find it composed of a white piece of the substance of the quill, extended into a long, slightly hollowed strip, something like the awn of a grain of oats—each edge of this narrow white strip being fringed with an exquisitely minute series of minor points, or teeth, like the teeth of a comb, becoming softer and longer towards the end of the ray, where also the flat, chaff-like strip of quill becomes little more than a fine rod.

Again, for names clear and short enough to be pleasantly useful, I was here much at a loss, and cannot more satisfactorily extricate myself than by calling the awnlike shaft simply the 'Shaft;' and the fine points of its serrated edges, (and whatever, in other feathers, these become,) 'Barbs.'

17. If, with a sharp pair of scissors, you cut the two frets away from the quill, down the whole length of it, you will find the frets still hold together, inlaid, woven together by their barbs into a white soft riband,—feeling just like satin to the finger, and looking like it on the under surface, which is exquisitely lustrous and smooth. And it needs a lens of some power to show clearly the texture of the fine barbs that weave the web, as it used to be called, of the whole.

Nevertheless, in the goose feather, the rays terminate somewhat irregularly and raggedly; and it will be better now to

* See "Love's Meinie," Lecture I., page 33.

take for further examination the plume of a more strongly flying bird. I take that of the common seagull,* where, in exquisite gray and dark-brown, the first elements of variegation are also shown at the extremity of the plume.

18. And here the edge of the fret is rippled indeed, but not torn; the quill tapers with exquisite subtlety; and another important part of plumage occurs at the root of it. There the shafts of the rays lose their stiffness and breadth; they become mere threads, on which the barbs become long and fine like hairs; and the whole plumelet becomes a wavy, wild-wandering thing, each at last entangled with its fluttering neighbors, and forming what we call the 'down' of the feather, where the bird needs to be kept warm.

19. When the shafts change into these wandering threads, they will be called filaments; and the barbs, when they become fine detached hairs, will be called cilia. I am very sorry to have all this nomenclature to inflict at once; but it is absolutely needful, all of it; nor difficult to learn, if you will only keep a feather in your hand as you learn it. A feather always consists of the quill and its rays; a ray, of the shaft and its barbs. Flexible shafts are filaments; and flexible barbs, cilia.

20. In none of the works which I at present possess on ornithology, is any account given of the general form or nature of any of these parts of a plume; although of all subjects for scientific investigation, supremely serviceable to youth, this is, one should have thought, the nearest and most tempting, to any person of frank heart. To begin with it, we must think of all feathers first as exactly intermediate between the fur of animals and scales of fish. They are fur, made strong, and arranged in scales or plates, partly defensive armor, partly active instruments of motion or action.† And there are defi-

* Larus Canus, (Linnæus,) 'White Seamew.' St. George's English name for it.

† Compare "Love's Meinie," Lecture I., pp. 28, 29; but I find myself now compelled to give more definite analysis of structure by the entirely inconceivable, (till one discovers it,) absence of any such analysis in books on birds. Their writers all go straight at the bones, like hungry dogs; and spit out the feathers as if they were choked by them.

nitely three textures of this strengthened fur, variously pleasurable to the eye : the first, a dead texture like that of simple silk in its cocoon, or wool ; receptant of pattern colors in definite stain, as in the thrush or partridge ; secondly, a texture like that of lustrous shot silk, soft, but reflecting different colors and different lights, as in the dove, pheasant, and peacock ; thirdly, a quite brilliant texture, flaming like metal—nay, sometimes more brightly than any polished armor ; and this also reflective of different colors in different lights, as in the humming-bird. Between these three typical kinds of lustre, there is every gradation ; the tender lustre of the dove's plumage being intermediate between the bloomy softness of the partridge, and the more than rainbow iridescence of the peacock ; while the semi-metallic, unctuous, or pitchy lustre of the raven, is midway between the silken and metallic groups.

21. These different modes of lustre and color depend entirely on the structure of the barbs and cilia. I do not often invite my readers to use a microscope ; but for once, and for a little while, we will take the tormenting aid of it.

In all feathers used for flight, the barbs are many and minute, for the purpose of locking the shafts well together. But in covering and decorative plumes, they themselves become principal, and the shafts subordinate. And, since of flying plumes we have first taken the seagull's wing feather, of covering plumes we will first take one from the seagull's breast.

22. I take one, therefore, from quite the middle of a seamew's breast, where the frets are equal in breadth on each side. You see, first, that the whole plume is bent almost into the shape of a cup ; and that the soft white lustre plays variously on its rounded surface, as you turn it more or less to the light. This is the first condition of all beautiful forms. Until you can express this rounded surface, you need not think you can draw them at all.

23. But for the present, I only want you to notice the structure and order of its rays. Any single shaft with its lateral barbs, towards the top of the feather, you will find approximately of the form Fig. 11, the central shaft being so fine that towards the extremity it is quite lost sight of ; and the end

of the rays being not formed by the extremity of the shaft, with barbs tapering to it, but by the forked separation, like the notch of an arrow, of the two ultimate barbs. Which,

Fig. 11.

please, observe to be indeed the normal form of all feathers, as opposed to that of leaves; so that the end of a feather, however finely disguised, is normally as at A, Fig. 12; but of a leaf, as at B; the arrow-like form of the feather being developed into the most lovely duplicated symmetries of outline and pattern, by which, throughout, the color designs of feathers, and of floral petals, (which are the sign of the dual or married life in the flower, raising it towards the rank of animal nature,) are distinguished from the color designs in minerals, and in merely wood-forming, as opposed to floral, or seed-forming, leaves.

Fig. 12.

24. You will observe also, in the detached ray, that the barbs lengthen downwards, and most distinctly from the middle downwards; and now taking up the wing-feather again, you will see that its frets being constructed by the imbrication, or laying over each other like the tiles of a house, of the edges of the successive rays,—on the upper or outer surface of the plume, the edges are overlaid *towards* the plume-*point*, like breaking waves over each other towards shore; and of course, on the under surface, reversed, and overlaid towards the root of the quill. You may understand this in a moment by cutting out roughly three little bits of cardboard, of this shape (Fig. 13), and drawing the directions of the

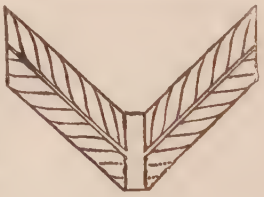


Fig. 13.

barbs on them : I cut their ends square because they are too short to represent the lengths of real rays, but are quite long enough to illustrate their imbrication. Lay first the three of them in this position, (Fig. 14, A,) with their points towards you, one above the other ; then put the edge of the lowest *over* the edge of that above it, and the edge of that over the third, so as just to show the central shaft, and you will get three edges, with their barbs all vertical, or nearly so : that is the structure of the plume's *upper* surface. Then put the edges of the farther off ones over the nearer, and you get three edges with their barbs all transverse, (Fig. 14, B,) which is the structure

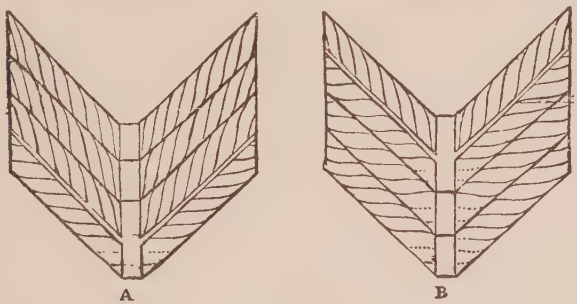


FIG. 14.

of the plume's *lower* surface. There are, of course, endless subtleties and changes of adjustment, but that is the first general law to be understood.

25. It follows, as a necessary consequence of this arrangement, that we may generally speak of the barbs which form the upper surface of the feather as the upper, or longitudinal, barbs, meaning those which lie parallel to the quill, pointing to the end of the feather ; and of those which form the under surface of the feather as the lower, or transverse, barbs,—lying, that is to say, nearly transversely across the feather, at right angles to the quill. And farther, as you see that the quill shows itself clearly projecting from the under surface of the plume, so the shafts show themselves clearly projecting, in a corduroy fashion, on the under surface of the fret, the transverse barbs being seen only in the furrows between them.

26. Now, I should think, in looking carefully at this close structure of quill and shaft, you will be more and more struck by their resemblance to the beams and tiles of a roof. The feather is, in fact, a finely raftered and tiled roof to throw off wind and rain; and in a large family of birds the wing has indeed chiefly a roof's office, and is not only raftered and tiled, but *vaulted*, for the roof of the nursery. Of which hereafter; in the meantime, get this clearly into your head, that on the upper surface of the plume the tiles are overlaid from the bird's head backward—so as to have their edges *away* from the wind, that it may slide over them as the bird flies;—and the furrows formed by the barbs lie parallel with the quill, so as to give the least possible friction. The under side of the plume, you may then always no less easily remember, has the *transverse* barbs; and tile-edges towards the bird's head. The beauty and color of the plume, therefore, depend mainly on the formation of the longitudinal barbs, as long as the fret is close and firm. But it is kept close and firm throughout only in the wing feathers; expanding in the decorative ones, under entirely different conditions.

27. Looking more closely at your seamew's breast-feather, you will see that the rays lock themselves close only in the middle of it; and that this close-locked space is limited by a quite definite line, outside of which the rays contract their barbs into a thick and close thread, each such thread detached from its neighbors, and forming a snowy fringe of pure white, while the close-locked part is toned, by the shades which show you its structure, into a silver gray.

Finally, at the root of the feather, not only do its own rays change into down, but underneath, you find a supplementary plume attached, composed of nothing else but down.

28. I find no account, in any of my books on birds, of the range of these supplementary under-plumes,—the bird's body-clothing. I find the seagull has them nearly all over its body, neck, breast, and back alike; the small feathers on the head are nothing else than down. But besides these, or in the place of these, some birds have down covering the skin itself; with which, however, the painter has nothing to do,

nor even with the supplementary plumes : and already indeed I have allowed the pupil, in using the microscope at all, to go beyond the proper limits of artistic investigation. Yet, while we have the lens in our hand, put on for once its full power to look at the separate cilia of the down. They are all jointed like canes ; and have, doubtless, mechanism at the joints which no eye nor lens can trace. The same structure, modified, increases the lustre of the true barbs in colored plumes.

One of the simplest of these I will now take, from the back of the peacock, for a first study of plume-radiation.

29. Its general outline is that of the Norman shield P A V B, Fig. 15 ; but within this outline, the frets are close-woven only within the battledore-shaped space P *a* V *b;* and between A *a*, and *b* B, they expand their shafts into filaments, and their barbs into cilia, and become 'down.'

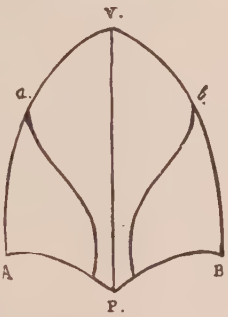


FIG. 15.

We are only able to determine the arrangement of the shafts within this closely-woven space P *a* V *b*, which you will find to be typically thus. The shafts remaining parallel most of the way up, towards the top of the plume, gradually throw themselves forward so as to get round without gap. But as, while they are thus getting round, they are not fastened on a central pivot like the rays of a fan, but have still to take, each its *ascending* place on the sides of the quill, we get a method of radiation which you will find convenient henceforward to call 'plume-radiation,' (Fig. 16, B,) which is precisely intermediate between two other great modes of structure—shell radiation, A, and frond-radiation, C.

30. You may perhaps have thought yourself very hardly treated in being obliged to begin your natural history drawing with so delicate a thing as a feather. But you should rather be very grateful to me, for not having given you, instead, a bit of moss, or a cockle-shell ! The last, which you might perhaps fancy the easiest of the three, is in reality quite hope-

lessly difficult, and in its ultimate condition, inimitable by art. Bewick can engrave feathers to the point of deceptive similitude; and Hunt can paint a bird's-nest built of feathers, lichen, and moss. But neither the one nor the other ever attempted to render the diverging lines which have their origin in the hinge of the commonest bivalve shell.

31. These exactly reverse the condition of frond-radiation; in that, while the frond-branch is thick at the origin, and diminishes to the extremity, the shell flutings, infinitely minute at the origin, expand into vigorous undulation at the edge. But the essential point you have now to observe is, that the shell-radiation is from a central *point*, and has no

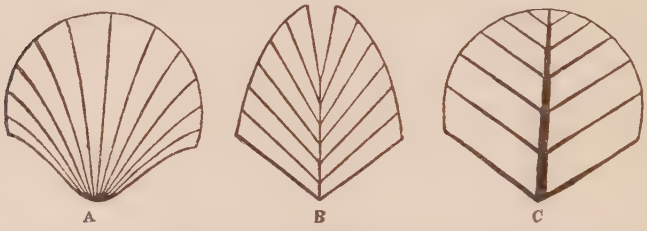
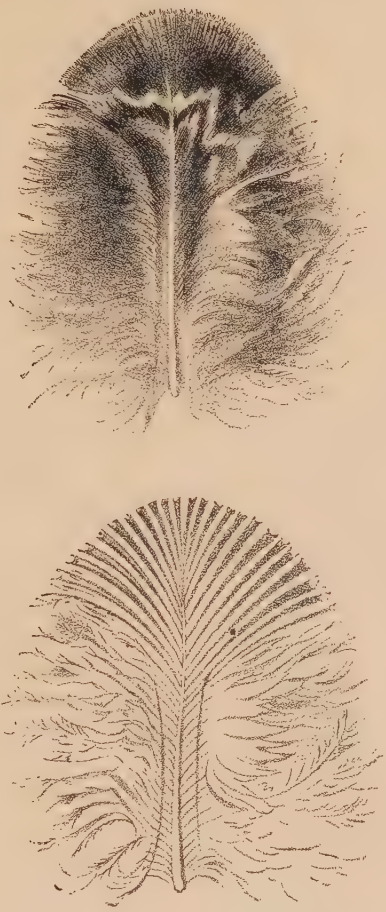


Fig. 16.

supporting or continuous stem; that the plume-radiation is a combination of stem and centre; and that the frond-radiation has a stem throughout, all the way up. It is to be called frond, not tree, radiation, because trees in great part of their structure are like plumage, whereas the fern-frond is entirely and accurately distinct in its structure.

32. And now, at last, I draw the entire feather as well as I can in lampblack, for an exercise to you in that material; putting a copy of the first stage of the work below it, Plate V. This lower figure may be with advantage copied by beginners; with the pencil and rather dry lampblack, over slight lead outline; the upper one is for advanced practice, though such minute drawing, where the pattern is wrought out with separate lines, is of course only introductory to true painter's work. But it is the best possible introduction, being exactly intermediate between such execution as Durer's, of the wing



DECORATIVE PLUMAGE.—I. PEACOCK.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate V.

Black Sheep's Trotters. Pen Outline with Single Wash.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate VI.

in the greater Fortune, and Turner's or Holbein's with the broad pencil,—of which in due time.

33. Respecting the two exercises in Plate V., observe, the lower figure is not an outline of the feather, to be filled up; it is the first stage of the drawing completed above it. In order to draw the curves of the shafts harmoniously, you must first put in a smaller number of guiding lines, and then fill in between. But in this primary state, the radiant lines cannot but remind you, if you are at all familiar with architecture, of a Greek 'honey-suckle' ornament, the fact being that the said ornament has nothing at all to do with honey-suckles; but is a general expression of the radiate organic power of natural forms, evermore delightful to human eyes; and the beauty of it depends on just as subtle care in bringing the curves into harmonious flow, as you will have to use in drawing this plume.

34. Nevertheless, that students possessing some already practised power may not be left without field for its exercise, I have given in Plate VI. an example of the use of ink and lampblack with the common pen and broad wash. The outline is to be made with common ink in any ordinary pen—steel or quill does not matter, if not too fine—and, after it is thoroughly dry, the shade put on with a single wash, adding the necessary darks, or taking out light with the dry brush, as the tint dries, but allowing no retouch after it is once dry. The reason of this law is, first, to concentrate the attention on the fullest possible expression of forms by the tint first laid, which is always the pleasantest that *can* be laid, and, secondly, that the shades may be all necessarily gradated by running into the wet tint, and no edge left to be modified afterwards. The outline, that it may be indelible, is made with common ink; its slight softening by the subsequent wash being properly calculated on: but it must not be washed twice over.

35. The exercise in the lower figure of Plate I. is an example of Durer's manner; but I do not care to compel the pupil to go through much of this, because it is always unsatisfactory at its finest. Durer himself has to indicate the sweep of his plume with a current external line; and even Bewick could

not have done plume patterns in line, unless he had had the advantage of being able to cut out his white; but with the pencil, and due patience in the use of it, every thing linear in plumes may be rightly indicated, and the pattern followed all the time.

The minute moss-like *fringe* at the edge of the feather in Plate V. introduces us, however, to another condition of decorative plumage, which, though not bearing on our immediate subject of radiation, we may as well notice at once.

If you examine a fine tail-feather of the peacock, above the eye of it, you will find a transparent space formed by the *cessation* of the barbs along a certain portion of the shaft. On the most scintillant of the rays, which have green and golden barbs, and in the lovely blue rays of the breast-plumes, these cessations of the barbs become alternate cuts or jags; while at the end of the long brown wing-feathers, they *comply* with the colored pattern: so that, at the end of the clouded plume, its pattern, instead of being constructed of brown and *white* barbs, is constructed of brown—and *no* barbs,—but vacant spaces. The decorative use of this transparency consists in letting the color of one plume *through* that of the other, so that not only every possible artifice is employed to obtain the most lovely play of color on the plume itself; but, with mystery through mystery, the one glows and flushes through the other, like cloud seen through cloud. But now, before we can learn how either glow, or flush, or bloom are to be painted, we must learn our alphabet of color itself.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE TWELVE ZODIACAL COLORS.

1. In my introductory Oxford lectures you will find it stated (§ 130) that "*all objects appear to the eye merely as masses of color;*" and (§§ 134, 175) that shadows are as full in color as lights are, every possible shade being a light to the shades below it, and every possible light, a shade to the lights

above it, till you come to absolute darkness on one side, and to the sun on the other. Therefore, you are to consider all the various pieces either of shaded or lighted color, out of which any scene whatsoever is composed, simply as the patches of a Harlequin's jacket—of which some are black, some red, some blue, some golden; but of which you are to imitate every one, *by the same methods.*

2. It is of great importance that you should understand how much this statement implies. In almost all the received codes of art-instruction, you will be told that shadows should be transparent, and lights solid. You will find also, when you begin drawing yourselves, that your shadows, whether laid with lead, chalk, or pencil, will for the most part really look like dirt or blotches on the paper, till you cross-hatch or stipple them, so as to give them a look of network; upon which they instantly become more or less like shade; or, as it is called, 'transparent.' And you will find a most powerful and attractive school of art founded on the general principle of laying a literally transparent brown all over the picture, for the shade; and striking the lights upon it with opaque white.

3. Now the statement I have just made to you (in § 1) implies the falseness of all such theories and methods.* And I mean to assert that falsity in the most positive manner. Shadows are not more transparent than lights, nor lights than shadows; both are transparent, when they express space; both are opaque, when they express substance; and both are to be imitated in precisely the same manner, and with the same quality, of pigment. The only technical law which is indeed constant, and which requires to be observed with strictness, is precisely that the method *shall be* uniform. You may take a white ground, and lay darks on it, leaving the white for lights; or you may take a dark ground, and lay lights on it, leaving the dark for darks: in either case you must go on as you begin, and not introduce the other method where it suits you. A

* Essentially, the use of transparent brown by Rubens, (followed by Sir Joshua with asphaltum,) ruined the Netherland schools of color, and has rendered a school of color in England hitherto impossible.

glass painter must make his *whole* picture transparent; and a fresco painter, his whole picture opaque.

4. Get, then, this plain principle well infixed in your minds. Here is a crocus—there is the sun—here a piece of coal—there, the hollow of the coal-scuttle it came out of. They are every one but patches of color,—some yellow, some black; and must be painted in the same manner, with whatever yellow or black paint is handy.

5. Suppose it, however, admitted that lights and shades are to be produced in the same manner; we have farther to ask, what that manner may best be?

You will continually hear artists disputing about grounds, glazings, vehicles, varnishes, transparencies, opacities, oleaginousnesses. All that talk is as idle as the east wind. Get a flat surface that won't crack,—some colored substance that will stick upon it, and remain always of the color it was when you put it on,—and a pig's bristle or two, wedged in a stick; and if you can't paint, you are no painter; and had better not talk about the art.

The one thing you have to learn—the one power truly called that of 'painting'—is to lay on any colored substance, whatever its consistence may be, (from mortar to ether,) *at once*, of the exact tint you want, in the exact form you want, and in the exact quantity you want. *That* is painting.

6. Now, you are well aware that to play on the violin well, requires some practice. Painting is playing on a color-violin, seventy-times-seven stringed, and inventing your tune as you play it! That is the easy, simple, straightforward business you have to learn. Here is your catgut and your mahogany, —better or worse quality of both of course there may be,— Cremona tone, and so on, to be discussed with due care, in due time;—you cannot paint miniature on the sail of a fishing-boat, nor do the fine work with hog's bristles that you can with camel's hair:—all these catgut and bristle questions shall have their place; but, the primary question of all is—*can* you *play?*

7. Perfectly, you never can, but by birth-gift. The entirely first-rate musicians and painters are born, like Mercury;—

their words are music, and their touch is gold ; sound and color wait on them from their youth ; and no practice will ever enable other human creatures to do any thing like them. The most favorable conditions, the most docile and apt temper, and the unwearied practice of life, will never enable any painter of merely average human capacity to lay a single touch like Gainsborough, Velasquez, Tintoret, or Luini. But to understand that the matter must still depend on practice *as well* as on genius,—that painting is not one whit less, but more, difficult than playing on an instrument,—and that your care as a student, on the whole, is not to be given to the quality of your piano, but of your touch,—this is the great fact which I have to teach you respecting color ; this is the root of all excellent doing and perceiving.

And you will be utterly amazed, when once you begin to feel what color means, to find how many qualities which appear to result from peculiar method and material do indeed depend only on loveliness of execution ; and how divine the law of nature is, which has so connected the immortality of beauty with patience of industry, that by precision and rightness of laborious art you may at last literally command the rainbow to stay, and forbid the sun to set.

8. To-day, then, you are to begin to learn your notes—to hammer out, steadily, your first five-finger exercises ; and as in music you have first to play in true time, with stubborn firmness, so in color the first thing you have to learn is to lay it flat, and well within limits. You shall have it first within linear limits of extreme simplicity, and you must be content to fill spaces so enclosed, again and again and again, till you are perfectly sure of your skill up to that elementary point.

9. So far, then, of the manner in which you are to lay your color ;—next comes the more debatable question yet, what kind of color you are thus to lay,—sober, or bright. For you are likely often to have heard it said that people of taste like subdued or dull colors, and that only vulgar persons like bright ones.

But I believe you will find the standard of color I am going to give you, an extremely safe one—the morning sky. Love

that rightly with all your heart, and soul, and eyes ; and you are established in foundation-laws of color. The white, blue, purple, gold, scarlet, and ruby of morning clouds, are meant to be entirely delightful to the human creatures whom the 'clouds and light' sustain. Be sure you are always ready to see *them*, the moment they are painted by God for you.

But you must not rest in these. It is possible to love them intensely, and yet to have no understanding of the modesty or tenderness of color.

Therefore, next to the crystalline firmament over you, the crystalline earth beneath your feet is to be your standard.

Flint, reduced to a natural glass containing about ten per cent of water, forms the opal ; which gives every lower hue of the prism in as true perfection as the clouds ; but not the scarlet or gold, both which are crude and vulgar in opal. Its perfect hues are the green, blue, and purple. Emerald and lapis-lazuli give central green and blue in fulness ; and the natural hues of all true gems, and of the marbles, jaspers, and chalcedonies, are types of intermediate tint : the oxides of iron, especially, of reds. All these earth-colors are curiously prepared for right standards : there is no misleading in them.

10. Not so when we come to the colors of flowers and animals. Some of these are entirely pure and heavenly ; the dove can contend with the opal, the rose with the clouds, and the gentian with the sky ; but many animals and flowers are stained with vulgar, vicious, or discordant colors. But all those intended for the service and companionship of man are typically fair in color ; and therefore especially the fruits and flowers of temperate climates ;—the purple of the grape and plum ; the red of the currant and strawberry, and of the expressed juices of these,—the wine that "giveth his color in the cup," and the "lucent syrup tinct with cinnamon." With these, in various subordination, are associated the infinitudes of quiet and harmonized color on which the eye is intended to repose ; the softer duns and browns of birds and animals, made quaint by figured patterns ; and the tender green and gray of vegetation and rock.

11. No science, but only innocence, gayety of heart, and

ordinary health and common sense, are needed, to enable us to enjoy all these natural colors rightly. But the more grave hues, which, in the system of nature, are associated with danger or death, have become, during the later practice of art, pleasing in a mysterious way to the most accomplished artists: so that the greatest masters of the sixteenth century may be recognized chiefly by their power of producing beauty with subdued colors. I cannot enter here into the most subtle and vital question of the difference between the subdued colors of Velasquez or Tintoret, and the daubed gray and black of the modern French school;* still less into any analysis of the grotesque inconsistency which makes the foreign modern schools, generally, repaint all sober and

* One great cause of the delay which has taken place in the publication of this book has been my doubt of the proper time and degree in which study in subdued color should be undertaken. For though, on the one hand, the entirely barbarous glare of modern colored illustration would induce me to order practice in subdued color merely for antidote to it; on the other, the affectation,—or morbid reality,—of delight in subdued color, are among the fatallest errors of semi-artists. The attacks on Turner in his greatest time were grounded in real feeling, on the part of his adversaries, of the solemnity in the subdued tones of the schools of classic landscape.

To a certain extent, therefore, the manner of study in color required of any student must be left to the discretion of the master, who alone can determine what qualities of color the pupil is least sensible to; and set before him examples of brightness, if he has become affectedly grave, —and of subdued harmony, if he errs by crudeness and discord. But the general law must be to practise first in pure color, and then, as our sense of what is grave and noble in life and conduct increases, to express what feeling we have of such things in the hues belonging to them, remembering, however, always, that the instinct for grave color is not at all an index of a grave mind. I have had curious proof of this in my own experience. When I was an entirely frivolous and giddy boy, I was fondest of what seemed to me 'sublime' in gloomy art, just in proportion as I was insensible to crudeness and glare in the bright colors which I enjoyed for their own sake: and the first old picture I ever tried to copy was the small Rembrandt in the Louvre, of the Supper at Emmaus. But now, when my inner mind is as sad as it is well possible for any man's to be, and my thoughts are for the most part occupied in very earnest manner, and with very grave subjects, my ideal of color is

tender pictures with glaring colors, and yet reduce the pure colors of landscape to drab and brown. In order to explain any of these phenomena, I should have first to dwell on the moral sense which has induced us, in ordinary language, to use the metaphor of 'chastity' for the virtue of beautifully subdued color; and then to explain how the chastity of Britomart or Perdita differs from the vileness of souls that despise love. But no subtle inquiries or demonstrations can be admitted in writing primal laws; nor will they ever be needed, by those who obey them. The things which are naturally pleasant to innocence and youth, will be forever pleasant to us, both in this life and in that which is to come; and the same law which makes the babe delight in its coral, and the girl in the carnelian pebble she gathers from the wet and shining beach, will still rule their joy within the walls whose light shall be "like a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."

12. These things, then, above named, without any debate, are to be received by you as *standards* of color: by admiration of which you may irrefragably test the rightness of your sense, and by imitation * of which you can form and order all the principles of your practice. The morning sky, primarily, I repeat; and that from the dawn onwards. There are no grays nor violets which can come near the perfectness of a pure dawn; no gradations of other shade can be compared

that which I now assign for the standard of St. George's schools,—the color of sunrise, and of Angelico.

Why not, then, of the rainbow, simply?

Practically, I *must* use those of the rainbow to begin with. But, for standards, I give the sunrise and Angelico, because the sun and he both use gold for yellow. Which is indeed an infinite gain; if poor Turner had only been able to use gold for yellow too, we had never heard any vulgar jests about him. But, in cloud-painting, nobody can use gold except the sun himself,—while, on angel's wings, it can but barely be managed, if you have old Etruscan blood in your fingers,—not here, by English ones, cramped in their clutch of Indian or Californian gold.

* 'Imitation'—I use the word advisedly. The last and best lesson I ever had in color was a vain endeavor to estimate the time which Angelico must have taken to paint a small amethyst on the breast of his St. Laurence.

with the tenderness of its transitions. Dawn, with the waning moon, (it is always best so, because the keen gleam of the thin crescent shows the full depth of the relative gray,) determines for you all that is lovely in subdued hue and subdued light. Then the passages into sunrise determine for you all that is best in the utmost glory of color. Next to these, having constant office in the pleasures of the day, come the colors of the earth, and her fruits and flowers; the iron ochres being the standards of homely and comfortable red, always ruling the pictures of the greatest masters at Venice, as opposed to the vulgar vermilion of the Dutch; hence they have taken the general name of *Venetian* red: then, gold itself, for standard of lustrous yellow, tempered so wisely with gray in the shades; silver, of lustrous white, tempered in like manner; marble and snow, of pure white, glowing into various amber and rose under sunlight: then the useful blossoms and fruits;—peach and almond blossom, with the wild rose, of the paler reds; the clarissas, of full reds, etc.; and the fruits, of such hues modified by texture or bloom. Once learn to paint a peach, an apricot, and a greengage, and you have nothing more to know in the modes of color enhanced by texture. Corn is the standard of brown,—moss of green; and in general, whatever is good for human life is also made beautiful to human sight, not by "association of ideas," but by appointment of God that in the bread we rightly break for our lips, we shall best see the power and grace of the Light he gave for our eyes.

13. The perfect order of the colors in this gentle glory is, of course, normal in the rainbow,—namely, counting from outside to inside, red, yellow, and blue, with their combinations,*—namely, scarlet, formed by yellow with red; green, formed by blue with yellow; and purple, formed by red with blue.

* Strictly speaking, the rainbow is *all* combination; the primary colors being only lines of transition, and the bands consisting of scarlet, green, and purple; the scarlet being not an especially pure or agreeable one in its general resultant hue on cloud-gray. The green and violet are very lovely when seen over white cloud.

14. But neither in rainbow, prism, nor opal, are any of these tints seen in separation. They pass into each other by imperceptible gradation, nor can any entirely beautiful color exist without this quality. Between each secondary, therefore, and the primaries of which it is composed, there are an infinite series of tints; inclining on one side to one primary, on the other to the other; thus green passes into blue through a series of bluish greens, which are of great importance in the painting of sea and sky;—and it passes into yellow through a series of golden greens, which are of no less importance in painting earth and flowers. Now it is very tiresome to have to mix names as well as colors, and always say 'bluish green,' or 'reddish purple,' instead of having proper special names for these intermediate tints. Practically we have such names for several of them; 'orange,' for instance, is the intermediate between scarlet and yellow; 'lilac' one of the paler tints between purple and red; and 'violet' that between purple and blue. But we must now have our code of names complete; and that we may manage this more easily, we will put the colors first in their places.

15. Take your sixpence again; and, with that simple mathematical instrument, draw twelve circles of its size, or at least as closely by its edge as you can,* on a piece of Bristol board, so that you may be able to cut them out, and place them variously. Then take carmine, cobalt, gamboge, orange vermilion, and emerald green; and, marking the circles with the twelve first letters of the alphabet, color '*a*' with pure gamboge, '*b*' with mixed gamboge and emerald green, '*c*' with emerald green, '*d*' with emerald green and cobalt, '*e*' with cobalt pure, '*f*' with two-thirds cobalt and one-third carmine, '*g*' with equally mixed cobalt and carmine, '*h*' with two-thirds carmine and one-third cobalt, '*i*' with carmine pure, '*j*' with carmine and vermilion, '*k*' with vermilion, '*l*' with vermilion and gamboge.

* It is really in practice better to do this than to take compasses, which are nearly sure to slip or get pinched closer, in a beginner's hands, before the twelve circles are all done. But if you like to do it accurately, see Fig. 17, p. 77.

16. But how is all this to be done smoothly and rightly, and how are the thirds to be measured? * Well,—for the doing of it, I must assume, that in the present artistic and communicative phase of society, the pupil can, at some chance opportunity, see the ordinary process of washing with water-color; or that the child in more happy circumstances may be allowed so to play with 'paints' from its earliest years, as to be under no particular difficulty in producing a uniform stain on a piece of pasteboard. The quantity of pigment to be used cannot be yet defined;—the publication of these opening numbers of Fésole has already been so long delayed that I want now to place them in the student's hand, with what easily explicable details I can give, as soon as possible; and the plates requiring care in coloring by hand, which will finally be given as examples, are deferred until I can give my readers some general idea of the system to be adopted. But, for present need, I can explain all that is wanted without the help of plates, by reference to flower-tints; not that the student is to be vexed by any comparisons of his work with *these*, either in respect of brilliancy or texture: if he can bring his sixpenny circles to an approximate resemblance of as many old-fashioned wafers, it is all that is required of him. He

* I have vainly endeavored to persuade Messrs. Winsor and Newton to prepare for me powder-colors, of which I could direct half or a quarter grain to be mixed with a measured quantity of water; but I have not given up the notion. In the meantime, the firm have arranged at my request a beginner's box of drawing materials,—namely, colors, brushes, ruler, and compasses fitted with pencil-point. (As this note may be read by many persons, hurriedly, who have not had time to look at the first number, I allow once more, but for the last time in this book, the vulgar use of the words 'pencil' and 'brush.') The working pencil and penknife should be always in the pocket, with a small sketch-book, which a student of drawing should consider just as necessary a part of his daily equipment as his watch or purse. Then the color-box, thus composed, gives him all he wants more. For the advanced student, I add the palette, with all needful mathematical instruments and useful colors. I give *him* colors, of finest quality,—being content, for beginners, with what I find one of the best practical colorists in England, my very dear friend Professor Westwood, has found serviceable all his life,—children's colors.

will not be able to do this with one coat of color; and had better allow himself three or four than permit the tints to be uneven.

17. The first tint, pure gamboge, should be brought, as near as may be, up to that of the yellow daffodil,—the buttercup is a little too deep. In fine illumination, and in the best decorative fresco painting, this color is almost exclusively represented by gold, and the student is to give it, habitually, its heraldic name of 'Or.'

The second tint, golden-green, which is continually seen in the most beautiful skies of twilight, and in sunlighted trees and grass, is yet unrepresented by any flower in its fulness; but an extremely pale hue of it, in the primrose, forms the most exquisite opposition, in spring, to the blue of the wood-hyacinth; and we will therefore keep the name, 'Primrose,' for the hue itself.

The third tint, pure green, is, in heraldry, 'verd,' on the shields of commoners, and 'Emerald' on those of nobles. We will take for St. George's schools the higher nomenclature, which is also the most intelligible and convenient; and as we complete our color zodiac, we shall thus have the primary and secondary colors named from gems, and the tertiary from flowers.

18. The next following color, however, the tertiary between green and blue, is again not represented distinctly by any flower; but the blue of the Gentiana Verna is so associated with the pure green of Alpine pasture, and the color of Alpine lakes, which is precisely the hue we now want a name for, that I will call this beautiful tertiary 'Lucia;' (that being the name given in "Proserpina" to the entire tribe of the gentians,) and especially true to our general conception of luminous power or transparency in this color, which the Greeks gave to the eyes of Athena.

19. The fifth color, the primary blue, heraldic 'azure,' or 'sapphire,' we shall always call 'Sapphire;' though, in truth, the sapphire itself never reaches any thing like the intensity of this color, as used by the Venetian painters, who took for its representative pure ultramarine. But it is only seen in

perfect beauty in some gradations of the blue glass of the twelfth century. For ordinary purposes, cobalt represents it with sufficient accuracy.

20. The sixth color, the tertiary between sapphire and purple, is exactly the hue of the Greek sea, and of the small Greek iris, Homer's *ἰον*, commonly translated 'violet.' We will call it 'Violet;' our own flower of that name being more or less of the same hue, though paler. I do not know what the 'syrup of violets' was, with which Humboldt stained his test-paper, ("Personal Narrative," i., p. 165,) but I am under the impression that an extract of violets may be obtained which will represent this color beautifully and permanently. Smalt is one of its approximate hues.

21. The seventh color, the secondary purple, is the deepest of all the pure colors; it is the heraldic 'purpure,' and 'jacinth;' by us always to be called 'Jacinth.' It is best given by the dark pansy; see the notes on that flower in the seventh number of "Proserpina," which will I hope soon be extant.

22. The eighth color, the tertiary between purple and red, corresponds accurately to the general hue and tone of bell-heather, and will be called by us therefore 'Heath.' In various depths and modifications, of which the original tint cannot be known with exactness, it forms the purple ground of the most stately missals between the seventh and twelfth century, such as the Psalter of Boulogne. It was always, however, in these books, I doubt not, a true heath-purple, not a violet.

23. The ninth color, the primary red, heraldic 'gules' and 'ruby,' will be called by us always 'Ruby.' It is not represented accurately by any stable pigment; but crimson lake, or, better, carmine, may be used for it in exercises; and rose madder in real painting.

24. The tenth color, the tertiary between red and scarlet, corresponds to the most beautiful dyes of the carnation, and other deeper-stained varieties of the great tribe of the pinks. The mountain pink, indeed, from which they all are in justice named, is of an exquisitely rich, though pale, ruby: but the

intense glow of the flower leans towards fiery scarlet in its crimson ; and I shall therefore call this tertiary, 'Clarissa,' the name of the pink tribe in "Proserpina."

25. The eleventh color, the secondary scarlet, heraldic 'tenny' and 'jasper,' is accurately represented by the aluminous silicas, colored scarlet by iron, and will be by us always called 'Jasper.'

26. The twelfth color, the tertiary between scarlet and gold, is most beautifully represented by the golden crocus,—being the color of the peplus of Athena. We shall call it 'Crocus ;' thus naming the group of the most luminous colors from the two chief families of spring flowers, with gold (for the sun) between them.

This, being the brightest, had better be placed uppermost in our circle, and then, taking the rest in the order I have named them, we shall have our complete zodiac thus arranged. (Fig. 17.*)

27. However rudely the young student may have colored his pieces of cardboard, when he has placed them in contact with each other in this circular order, he will at once see that they form a luminous gradation, in which the uppermost, Or, is the lightest, and the lowest, Jacinth, the darkest hue.

Every one of the twelve zodiacal colors has thus a pitch of intensity at which its special hue becomes clearly manifest, and above which, or below which, it is not clearly recognized, and may, even in ordinary language, be often spoken of as another color. Crimson, for instance, and pink, are only the dark and light powers of the central Clarissa, and 'rose' the pale power of the central Ruby. A pale jacinth is scarcely ever, in ordinary terms, called purple, but 'lilac.'

28. Nevertheless, in strictness, each color is to be held as ex-

* If you choose to construct this figure accurately, draw first the circle x y, of the size of a sixpence, and from its diameter x y, take the angles m a x, n a y, each = the sixth of the quadrant, or fifteen degrees. Draw the lines a b, a l, each equal to x y : and l and b are the centres of the next circles. Then the perpendiculars from m and n will cut the perpendicular from a in the centre of the large circle. And if you get it all to come right, I wish you joy of it.

tending in unbroken gradation from white to black, through a series of tints, in some cases recognizable throughout for the same color; but in all the darker tones of Jasper, Crocus and Or, becoming what we call 'brown;' and in the darker tints of Lucia and Primrose passing into greens, to which artists have long given special titles of 'Sap,' 'Olive,' 'Prussian,' and the like.

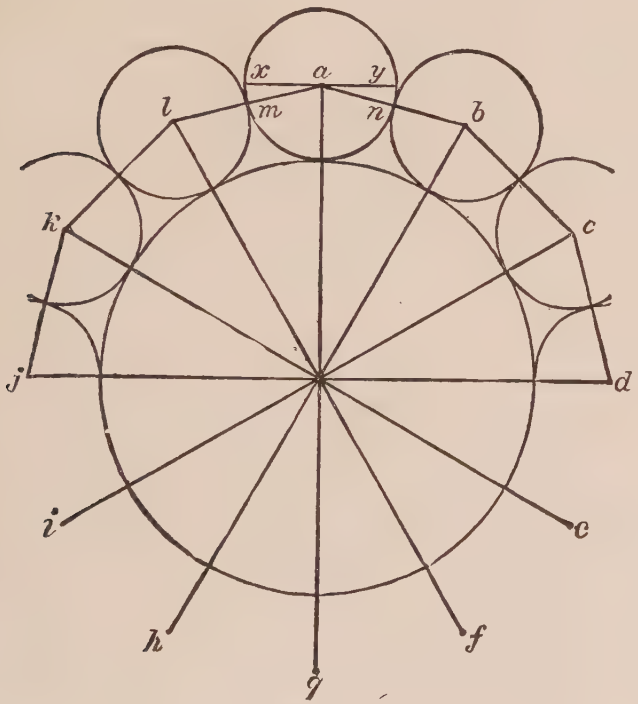


FIG. 17.

29. After we have studied the modifications of shade itself, in neutral gray, we will take up the gradated scales of each color; dividing them always into a hundred degrees, between white and black; of which the typical or representative hue will be, in every one of the zodiacal colors, at a different height

in the scale—the representative power of Or being approximately 20; of Jasper, 30; of Ruby, 50; and of Jacinth, 70. But, for the present, we must be content with much less precise ideas of hue; and begin our practice with little more than the hope of arriving at some effective skill in producing the tints we want, and securing some general conclusions about their effects in companionship with, or opposition to, each other; the principal use of their zodiacal arrangement, above given, being that each color is placed over against its proper opponent;—Jacinth being the hue which most perfectly relieves Or, and Primrose the most lovely opponent to Heath. The stamens and petals of the sweet-william present the loveliest possible type of the opposition of a subtle and subdued Lucia to dark Clarissa. In central spring on the higher Alps, the pansy, (or, where it is wanting, the purple ophryds,) with the bell gentian, and pale yellow furred anemone, complete the entire chord from Or to Jacinth in embroideries as rich as those of an Eastern piece of precious needlework on green silk.* The chord used in the best examples of glass and illumination is Jasper, Jacinth, and Sapphire, on ground of Or: being the scarlet, purple, and blue of the Jewish Tabernacle, with its clasps and furniture of gold.

30. The best Rubrics of ecclesiastical literature are founded on the opposition of Jasper to Sapphire, which was the principal one in the minds of the illuminators of the thirteenth century. I do not know if this choice was instinctive, or scientific; many far more beautiful might have been adopted; and I continually, and extremely, regret the stern limitation of the lovely penmanship of all minor lettering, for at least a hundred years through the whole of literary Europe, to these two alternating colors. But the fact is that these do quite centrally and accurately express the main opposition of what artists call, and most people feel to be truly called, *warm* colors as opposed to cold; pure blue being the coldest, and pure scarlet the warmest, of abstract hues.

31. Into the mystery of Heat, however, as affecting color-sensation, I must not permit myself yet to enter, though I

* Conf. Lane's "Arabian Nights," vol. i., p. 480, and vol. ii., p. 395.

believe the student of illumination will be enabled at once, by the system given in this chapter, to bring his work under more consistent and helpful law than he has hitherto found written for his use. My students of drawing will find the subject carried on as far as they need follow, in tracing the symbolic meanings of the colors, from the 28th to the 40th paragraph of the seventh chapter of "Deucalion;" (compare also "Eagle's Nest," p. 134;) and, without requiring, in practice, the adoption of any nomenclature merely fanciful, it may yet be found useful, as an aid to memory for young people, to associate in their minds the order of the zodiacal colors with that of the zodiacal signs. Taking Jacinth for Aries, Or will very fitly be the color of Libra, and blue of Aquarius; other associations, by a little graceful and careful thought, may be easily instituted between each color and its constellation; and the motion of the Source of Light through the heavens, registered to the imagination by the beautiful chord of his own divided rays.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE RELATION OF COLOR TO OUTLINE.

1. My dear reader,—If you have been obedient, and have hitherto done all that I have told you, I trust it has not been without much subdued remonstrance, and some serious vexation. For I should be sorry if, when you were led by the course of your study to observe closely such things as are beautiful in color, (feathers, and the like, not to say rocks and clouds,*) you had not longed to paint them, and felt considerable difficulty in complying with your restriction to the use of black, or blue, or gray. You *ought* to love color, and to think nothing quite beautiful or perfect without it; and if you really do love it, for its own sake, and are not merely desirous to

* The first four paragraphs of this chapter, this connecting parenthesis excepted, are reprinted from the "Elements of Drawing." Read, however, carefully, the modifying notes.

color because you think painting a finer thing than drawing, there is some chance you may color well. Nevertheless, you need not hope ever to produce anything more than pleasant helps to memory, or useful and suggestive sketches in color, unless you mean to be wholly an artist. You may, in the time which other vocations leave at your disposal, produce finished, beautiful, and masterly drawings in light and shade. But to color well, requires your life. It cannot be done cheaper. The difficulty of doing right is increased—not twofold nor threefold, but a thousandfold, and more—by the addition of color to your work. For the chances are more than a thousand to one against your being right both in form and color with a given touch: it is difficult enough to be right in form, if you attend to that only; but when you have to attend, at the same moment, to a much more subtle thing than the form, the difficulty is strangely increased;—and multiplied almost to infinity by this great fact, that, while form is absolute, so that you can say at the moment you draw any line that it is either right or wrong, color is (wholly) *relative*.* Every hue throughout your work is altered by every touch that you add in other places; so that what was warm † a minute ago, becomes cold when you have put a hotter color in another place; and what was in harmony when you left it,

* No, not 'wholly' by any means. This is one of the over-hasty statements which render it impossible for me to republish, without more correction than they are worth, the books I wrote before the year 1860. Color is no less positive than line, considered as a representation of fact; and you either match a given color, or do not, as you either draw a given ellipse or square, or do not. Nor, on the other hand, are lines, in their grouping, destitute of relative influence;—they exalt or depress their individual powers by association; and the necessity for the correction of the above passage in this respect was pointed out to me by Miss Hill, many and many a year ago, when she was using the Elements in teaching design for glass. But the influence of lines on each other is restricted within narrow limits, while the sequences of color are like those of sound, and susceptible of all the complexity and passion of the most accomplished music.

† I assumed in the "Elements of Drawing" the reader's acquaintance with this and other ordinary terms of art. But see § 30 of the last chapter.

becomes discordant as you set other colors beside it: so that every touch must be laid, not with a view to its effect at the time, but its effect in futurity, the result upon it of all that is afterwards to be done being previously considered. You may easily understand that, this being so, nothing but the devotion of life, and great genius besides, can make a colorist.

2. But though you cannot produce finished colored drawings of any value, you may give yourself much pleasure, and be of great use to other people, by occasionally sketching with a view to color only; and preserving distinct statements of certain color facts—as that the harvest-moon at rising was of such and such a red, and surrounded by clouds of such and such a rosy gray; that the mountains at evening were, in truth, so deep in purple; and the waves by the boat's side were indeed of that incredible green. This only, observe, if you have an eye for color; but you may presume that you have this, if you enjoy color.

3. And, though of course you should always give as much form to your subject as your attention to its color will admit of, remember that the whole value of what you are about depends, in a colored sketch, on the color merely. If the color is wrong, every thing is wrong: just as, if you are singing, and sing false notes, it does not matter how true the words are. If you sing at all, you must sing sweetly; and if you color at all, you must color rightly. Give up all the form, rather than the slightest part of the color: just as, if you felt yourself in danger of a false note, you would give up the word and sing a meaningless sound, if you felt that so you could save the note. Never mind though your houses are all tumbling down,—though your clouds are mere blots, and your trees mere knobs, and your sun and moon like crooked sixpences,—so only that trees, clouds, houses, and sun or moon, are of the right colors.

4. Of course, the collateral discipline to which you are submitting—(if you are)—will soon enable you to hint something of form, even in the fastest sweep of the brush; but do not let the thought of form hamper you in the least, when you begin to make colored memoranda. If you want the form of

the subject, draw it in black and white. If you want its color, take its color, and be sure you *have* it; and not a spurious, treacherous, half-measured piece of mutual concession, with the colors all wrong, and the forms still anything but right. It is best to get into the habit of considering the colored work merely as supplementary to your other studies; making your careful drawings of the subject first, and then a colored memorandum separately, as shapeless as you like, but faithful in hue, and entirely minding its own business. This principle, however, bears chiefly on large and distant subjects; in foregrounds, and near studies, the color cannot be got without a good deal of definition of form. For if you do not shape the mosses on the stones accurately, you will not have the right quantity of color in each bit of moss pattern, and then none of the colors will look right; but it always simplifies the work much if you are clear as to your point of aim, and satisfied, when necessary, to fail of all but that.

5. Thus far I have repeated, with modification of two sentences only, the words of my old "Elements of Drawing;"—words which I could not change to any good purpose, so far as they are addressed to the modern amateur, whose mind has been relaxed, as in these days of licentious pursuit of pleasurable excitement all our minds must be, more or less, to the point of not being able to endure the stress of wholesome and errorless labor,—(errorless, I mean, of course, only as far as care can prevent fault). But the laws of Fésole address themselves to no person of such temper; they are written only for students who have the fortitude to do their best; and I am not minded any more, as will be seen in next chapter, while they have any store of round sixpences in their pockets, to allow them to draw their Sun, Earth, or Moon like crooked ones.

6. Yet the foregoing paragraphs are to be understood also in a nobler sense. They are right, and for evermore right, in their clear enunciation of the necessity of being true in color, as in music, note to note; and therefore also in their implied assertion of the existence of Color-Law, recognizable by all colorists, as harmony is by all musicians; and capable

of being so unanimously ascertained by accurate obedience to it, that an ill-colored picture could be no more admitted into the gallery of any rightly constituted Academy, or Society of Painters, than a howling dog into a concert.

7. I say, observe, that Color-Law may be ascertained by accurate *obedience* to it; not by theories concerning it. No musical philosophy will ever teach a girl to sing, or a master to compose ; and no color-philosophy will ever teach a man of science to enjoy a picture, or a dull painter to invent one. Nor is it prudent, in early practice, even to allow the mind to be influenced by its preferences and fancies in color, however delicate. The first thing the student has to do is to enable himself to match *any* color when he sees it ; and the effort which he must make constantly, for many a day, is simply to match the color of natural objects as nearly as he can.

And since the mightiest masters in the world cannot match these *quite*, nor any *but* the mightiest match them, even nearly ; the young student must be content, for many and many a day, to endure his own deficiencies with resolute patience, and lose no time in hopeless efforts to rival what is admirable in art, or copy what is inimitable in nature.

8. And especially, he must for a long time abstain from attaching too much importance to the beautiful mystery by which the blended colors of objects seen at some distance charm the eye inexplicably. The day before yesterday, as I was resting in the garden, the declining sunshine touched just the points of the withered snapdragons on its wall. They never had been any thing very brilliant in the way of snapdragons, and were, when one looked at them close, only wasted and much pitiable ruins of snapdragons ; but this Enid-like tenderness of their fading gray, mixed with what remnant of glow they could yet raise into the rosy sunbeams, made them, at a little distance, beautiful beyond all that pencil could ever follow. But you are not to concern yourself with such snapdragons yet, nor for a long while yet.

Attempt at first to color nothing but what is well within sight, and approximately copiable ;—but take a *group* of objects always, not a single one ; outline them with the utmost

possible accuracy, with the lead; and then paint each of its own color, with such light and shade as you can see in it, and produce, in the first wash, as the light and shade is produced in Plate VI., never retouching. This law will compel you to look well what the color is, before you stain the paper with any: it will lead you, through that attention, daily into more precision of eye, and make all your experience gainful and definite.

9. Unless you are very sure that the shadow is indeed of some different color from the light, shade simply with a deeper, and if you already know what the word means, a warmer, tone of the color you are using. Darken, for instance, or with crocus, ruby with clarissa, heath with ruby; and, generally, any color whatever with the one next to it, between it and the jasper. And in all mixed colors make the shade of them slightly more vivid in hue than the light, unless you assuredly see it in nature to be less so. But for a long time, do not trouble yourself much with these more subtle matters; and attend only to the three vital businesses;—approximate matching of the main color in the light,—perfect limitation of it by the outline, and flat, flawless laying of it over all the space within.

10. For instance, I have opposite me, by chance, at this moment, a pale brown cane-bottomed chair, set against a pale greenish wall-paper. The front legs of the chair are round; the back ones, something between round and square; and the cross-bar of the back, flat in its own section, but bent into a curve.

To represent these roundings, squarings, and flattenings completely, with all the tints of brown and gray involved in them, would take a forenoon's work, to little profit. But to outline the entire chair with extreme precision, and then tint it with two well-chosen colors, one for the brown wood, the other for the yellow cane, completing it, part by part, with gradation, such as could be commanded in the wet color; and then to lay the green of the wall behind, into the spaces left, fitting edge to edge without a flaw or an overlapping, would be progressive exercise of the best possible kind.

Again, on another chair beside me there is a heap of books, as the maid has chanced to leave them, lifting them off the table when she brought my breakfast. It is not by any means a pretty or picturesque group; but there are no railroad-stall bindings in it,—there are one or two of old vellum, and some sober browns and greens, and a bit of red; and, altogether, much more variety of color than anybody but an old Venetian could paint rightly. But if you see* any day such a pleasantly inconsiderate heap of old books, then outline them with perfect precision, and then paint each of its own color at once, to the best of your power, completely finishing that particular book, as far as you mean to finish it,† before you touch the white paper with the slightest tint of the next,—you will have gone much farther than at present you can fancy any idea, towards gaining the power of painting a Lombard tower, or a Savoyard precipice, in the right way also,—that is to say, joint by joint, and tier by tier.

11. One great advantage of such practice is in the necessity of getting the color quite even, that it may fit with precision, and yet without any hard line, to the piece next laid on. If there has been the least too much in the brush, it of course clogs and curdles at the edge, whereas it ought to be at the edge just what it is at the middle, and to end there, whatever its outline may be, as—Well, as you see it *does* end, if you look, in the thing you are painting. Hardness, so called, and myriads of other nameless faults, are all traceable, ultimately, to mere want of power or attention in keeping tints quiet at their boundary.

12. Quiet—and therefore keen; for with this boundary of them, ultimately, you are to draw, and not with a black-lead outline; so that the power of the crags on the far-away mountain crest, and the beauty of the fairest saint that stoops from heaven, will depend, for true image of them, utterly on

* You had better 'see' or find, than construct them;—else they will always have a constructed look, somehow.

† The drawing of the lines that show the edges of the leaves, or, in the last example, of the interlacing in the cane of the chair, is entirely a subsequent process, not here contemplated.

the last line that your pencil traces with the edge of its color, true as an arrow, and light as the air. In the meantime, trust me, everything depends on the lead outlines being clear and sufficient. After my own forty years' experience, I find nearly all difficulties resolve themselves at last into the want of more perfect outline : so that I say to myself—before any beautiful scene,—Alas, if only I had the outline of that, what a lovely thing I would make of it in an hour or two ! But then the outline would take, for the sort of things I want to draw, not an hour, but a year, or two !

13. Yet you need not fear getting yourself into a like discomfort by taking my counsel. This sorrow of mine is because I want to paint Rouen Cathedral, or St. Mark's, or a whole German town with all the tiles on the roofs, that one might know against what kind of multitude Luther threw his defiance. If you will be moderate in your desires as to subject, you need not fear the oppressiveness of the method ;—fear it, however, as you may, I tell you positively it is the only method by which you can ever force the Fates to grant you good success.

14. The opposite plate, VII., will give you an idea of the average quantity of lines which Turner used in any landscape sketch in his great middle time, whether he meant to color it or not. He made at least a hundred sketches of this kind for one that he touched with color : nor is it ever possible to distinguish any difference in manner between outlines (on white paper) intended for color, or only for notation : in every case, the outline is as perfect as his time admits ; and in his earlier days, if his leisure does not admit of its perfection, it is not touched with color at all. In later life, when, as he afterwards said of himself, in woful repentance, "he wanted to draw *every* thing," both the lead outline and the color dash became slight enough,—but never inattentive ; nor did the lead outline ever lose its governing proportion to all subsequent work.

15. And now, of this outline, you must observe three things. First, touching its subject ; that the scene was worth drawing at all, only for its human interest ; and that

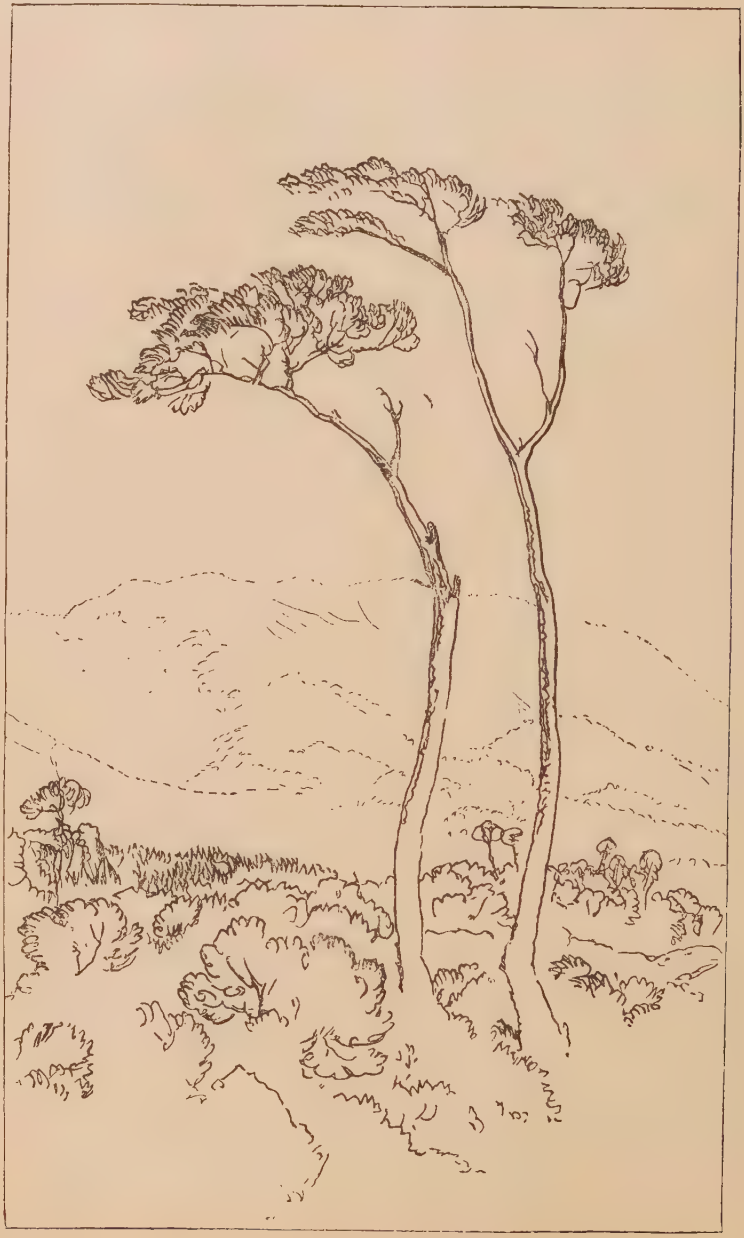


Fig. 56.

this charm of inhabitation was *always* first in Turner's mind. If he had only wanted what vulgar artists think picturesque, he might have found, in such an English valley as this, any quantity of old tree trunks, of young tree-branches, of lilied pools in the brook, and of grouped cattle in the meadows, For no such mere picture material he cares ; his time is given to seize and show the total history and character of the spot, and all that the people of England had made of it, and become in it. There is the ruined piece of thirteenth-century abbey ; the rector's house beside it ;* the gate-posts of the squire's avenue above ; the steep fourteenth or fifteenth-century bridge over the stream ; the low-roofed, square-towered village church on the hill ; two or three of the village houses and outhouses traced on the left, omitting, that these may be intelligible, the "row of old trees," which, nevertheless, as a part, and a principal part, of the landscape, are noted, by inscription, below ; and will be assuredly there, if ever he takes up the subject for complete painting ; as also the tall group of 'ash' on the right, of which he is content at present merely to indicate the place, and the lightness.

16. Do not carry this principle of looking for signs of human life or character, any more than you carry any other principle, to the point of affectation. Whatever pleases and satisfies you for the present, may be wisely drawn ; but remember always that the beauty of any natural object is relative to the creatures it has to please ; and that the pleasure of these is in proportion to their reverence and their understanding. There can be no natural 'phenomena' without the beings to whom they are 'phenomenal' (or, in plainer English, things cannot be apparent without some one to whom they may appear), and the final definition of Beauty is, the power in any thing of delighting an intelligent human soul by its appearance—power given to it by the Maker of Souls. The perfect beauty of Man is summed in the Arabian exclamation, "Praise be to Him who created thee!" and the per-

* Compare, if by chance you come across the book, the analysis of the design of Turner's drawing of 'Heysham' in my old 'Elements of Drawing,' page 325.

fect beauty of all natural things summed in the Angel's promise, "Goodwill towards men."

17. In the second place, observe, in this outline, that no part of it is darker or lighter than any other, except in the moment of ceasing or disappearing. As the edge becomes less and less visible to the eye, Turner's pencil line fades, and vanishes where also the natural outline vanished. But he does not draw his ash trees in the foreground with a darker line than the woods in the distance.

This is a great and constant law. Whether your outline be gray or black, fine or coarse, it is to be *equal* everywhere. Always conventional, it is to be sustained throughout in the frankness of its conventionalism; it no more exists in nature as a visible line, at the edge of a rose leaf near, than of a ridge of hills far away. Never try to express more by it than the limitation of forms; it has nothing to do with their shadows, or their distances.

18. Lastly, observe of this Turner outline, there are some conditions of rapid grace in it, and others of constructive effect by the mere placing of broken lines in relative groups, which, in the first place, can be but poorly rendered even by the engraver's most painstaking fac-simile; and, in the second, cannot be attained in practice but after many years spent in familiar use of the pencil. I have therefore given you this plate, not so much for an immediate model, as to show you the importance of outline even to a painter whose chief virtue and skill seemed, in his finished works, to consist in losing it. How little this was so in reality, you can only know by prolonged attention, not only to his drawings, but to the natural forms they represent.

19. For there were current universally during Turner's lifetime,* and there are still current very commonly, two great

* I conclude the present chapter with the statement given in the catalogue I prepared to accompany the first exhibition of his works at Marlborough House, in the year 1857, because it illustrates some points in water-color work, respecting which the student's mind may advisedly be set at rest before further procedure. I have also left the 17th paragraph without qualification, on account of its great importance; but the

PEN OUTLINE WITH ADVANCED SHADE.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate VIII.

errors concerning him ; errors which not merely *lose sight* of the facts, but which are point-blank *contradictory* of the facts. It was thought that he painted chiefly from imagination, when his peculiar character, as distinguished from all other artists, was in always drawing from memories of seen fact. And it was commonly thought that he was great only in coloring, and could not draw ; whereas, his eminent distinction above other artists, so far as regards execution, was in his marvellous precision of *graphic* touch, disciplined by practice of engraving, and by life-long work with the hard lead-pencil point on white paper.

20. Now there are many truths respecting art which cannot be rightly stated without involving an appearance of contradiction ; and those truths are commonly the most important. There are, indeed, very few truths in any science which can be fully stated without such an expression of their opposite sides, as looks, to a person who has not grasp of the subject enough to take in both the sides at once, like contradiction. This law holds down even to very small minutiæ in the physical sciences. For instance, a person ignorant of chemistry hearing it stated, perhaps consecutively, of hydrogen gas, that it was "in a high degree combustible," and "a non-supporter of combustion," would probably think the lecturer or writer was a fool ; and when the statement thus made embraces wide fields of difficult investigation on both sides, its final terms invariably appear contradictory to a person who has but a narrow acquaintance with the matter in hand.

Thus, perhaps, no two more apparently contradictory statements could be made in brief terms than these,—

1. The perfections of drawing and coloring are inconsistent with one another.
2. The perfections of drawing and coloring are dependent upon one another.

And yet both these statements are true.

student must be careful in reading it to distinguish between true outline, and a linear basis for future shadow, as in Plate VIII., which I put here for immediate reference.

21. The first is true, because, in order that color may be right, some of the markings necessary to express perfect form must be omitted; and also because, in order that it may be right, the intellect of the artist must be concentrated on that first, and must in some slight degree fail of the intenseness necessary to reach relative truth of form; and *vice versâ*.

The truth of the second proposition is much more commonly disputed. Observe, it is a two-fold statement. The perfections of drawing and coloring are reciprocally dependent upon each other, so that

A. No person can draw perfectly who is not a colorist.

B. No person can color perfectly who is not a draughtsman.

22. A. No person can draw perfectly who is not a colorist. For the effect of contour in all surfaces is influenced in nature by gradations of color as much as by gradations of shade: so that if you have not a true eye for color, you will judge of the shades wrongly. Thus, if you cannot see the changes of hue in red, you cannot draw a cheek or lip rightly; and if you cannot see the changes of hue in green or blue, you cannot draw a wave. All studies of form made with a despiteful or ignorant neglect of color lead to exaggerations and misstatements of the form-markings; that is to say, to bad drawing.

23. B. No person can color perfectly who is not a draughtsman. For brilliancy of color depends, first of all, on gradation; and gradation, in its subtleties, cannot be given but by a good draughtsman. Brilliancy of color depends next on decision and rapidity in laying it on; and no person can lay it on decisively, and yet so as to fall into, or approximately fall into, the forms required, without being a thorough draughtsman. And it is always necessary that it should fall into a predeterminate form, not merely that it may represent the intended natural objects, but that it may itself take the shape, as a patch of color, which will fit it properly to the other patches of color round about it. If it touches them more or less than is right, its own color and theirs will both be spoiled.

Hence it follows that all very great colorists must be also very great draughtsmen. The possession of the Pisani Veronese will happily enable the English public and the English artist to convince themselves how sincerity and simplicity of statements of fact, power of draughtsmanship, and joy in color, were associated in a perfect balance in the great workmen of Venice; while the series of Turner's studies which are now accessible in the same gallery will show them with what intensity of labor his power of draughtsmanship had to be maintained by the greatest colorist of the modern centuries.

24. One point only remains to be generally noticed,—that the command of means which Turner acquired by this perpetual practice, and the decision of purpose resulting from his vast power at once of memory and of design, enabled him nearly always to work straight forward upon his drawings, neither altering them, nor using any of the mechanical expedients for softening tints so frequently employed by inferior water-colour painters. Many traditions indeed are afloat in the world of art respecting extraordinary processes through which he carried his work in its earlier stages: and I think it probable that, in some of his elaborately completed drawings, textures were prepared, by various mechanical means, over the general surface of the paper, before the drawing of detail was begun. Also, in the large drawings of early date, the usual expedients of sponging and taking out color by friction have often been employed by him; but it appears only experimentally, and that the final rejection of all such expedients was the result of their trial; for in all the rest of the national collection the evidence is as clear as it is copious that he went straight to his mark: in early days finishing piece by piece on the white paper; and, as he advanced in skill, laying the main masses in broad tints, and working the details over these: never effacing or sponging, but taking every advantage of the wetness of the color, when first laid, to bring out soft lights with the point of the brush, or scratch out bright ones with the end of the stick, so driving the wet color in a dark line to the edge of the light,—a very favorite mode of execution with him, for three reasons: that it at once gave a dark

edge, and therefore full relief, to the piece of light; secondly, that it admitted of firm and angular drawing of forms; and, lastly, that as little color was removed from the whole mass (the quantity taken from the light being only driven into the dark), the quantity of hue in the mass itself, as broadly laid, in its first membership with other masses, was not much affected by the detailing process.

25. When these primary modifications of the wet color had been obtained, the drawing was proceeded with, exactly in the manner of William Hunt, of the old Water-color Society, (if worked in transparent hues,) or of John Lewis, if in opaque,—that is to say, with clear, firm, and unalterable touches one over another, or one into the interstices of another; NEVER disturbing them by any general wash; using friction only where roughness of surface was locally required to produce effects of granulated stone, mossy ground, and such like; and rarely even taking out minute lights, but leaving them from the first, and working round and up to them;—very frequently drawing thin, dark outlines merely by putting a little more water into the wet touches, so as to drive the color to the edge as it dried; the only difference between his manipulation and William Hunt's being in his inconceivably varied and dexterous use of expedients of this kind,—such, for instance, as drawing the broken edge of a cloud merely by a modulated dash of the brush, defining the perfect forms with a quiver of his hand; rounding them by laying a little more color into one part of the dash before it dried, and laying the warm touches of the light *after* it had dried, outside of the edges. In many cases, the instantaneous manipulation is quite inexplicable.

26. It is quite possible, however, that, even in the most advanced stages of some of the finished drawings, they may have been damped, or even fairly put under water, and wetted through; nay, they may even have been exposed to strong currents of water, so as to remove superfluous color without defiling the tints anywhere; only most assuredly they never received any friction such as would confuse or destroy the edges and purity of separate tints. And all I can *assert* is,

that in the national collection there is no evidence of any such processes. In the plurality of the drawings the evidence is, on the contrary, absolute, that nothing of the kind has taken place; the greater number being executed on leaves of books, neither stretched nor moistened in any way whatever; or else on little bits of gray paper, often folded in four, and as often with the colored drawings made on *both* sides of a leaf. The coarser vignettes are painted on sheets of thin drawing-paper; the finer ones on smooth cardboard, of course without washing or disturbing the edges, of which the perfect purity is essential to the effect of the vignette.

27. I insist on this point at greater length, because, so far as the direct copying of Turner's drawings can be useful to the student (working from nature with Turner's faithfulness being the *essential* part of his business), it will be so chiefly as compelling him to a decisive and straightforward execution. I observed that in the former exhibition the students generally selected those drawings for study which could be approximately imitated by the erroneous processes of modern water color; and which were therefore exactly those that showed them least of Turner's mind, and taught them least of his methods.

The best practice, and the most rapid appreciation of Turner, will be obtained by accurately copying his sketches in body color on gray paper; and when once the method is understood, and the resolution made to hold by it, the student will soon find that the advantage gained is in more directions than one. For the sum of work which he can do will be as much greater in proportion to his decision, as it will be in each case better, and, after the first efforts, more easily done. He may have been appalled by the quantity which he sees that Turner accomplished; but he will be encouraged when he finds how much any one may accomplish who does not hesitate, nor repent. An artist's nerve and power of mind are lost chiefly in deciding what to do, and in effacing what he has done: it is anxiety, not labor, that fatigues him; and vacillation, not difficulty that hinders him. And if the student feels doubt respecting his own decision of mind, and

grees of latitude to the pole, of which the first terms would quite fatally confuse themselves in a young student's mind with the wavering estimates given, as above quoted, in more elementary publications.

6. Under these circumstances, since in the form of the artificial globe we ignore the polar flatness of it, I shall also ignore it in practical measurement; and estimate the degrees of longitude at the equator, and of latitude everywhere, as always divided into Italian miles, one to the minute, sixty to the degree. The entire circumference of the earth at the equator will thus be estimated at 21,600 miles; any place on the equator having diurnal motion at the rate of 900 miles an hour. The reduction, afterwards, of any required distance into English miles, or French kilometres, will be easy arithmetic.

7. The twenty-four meridians drawn on our common globes will be retained on St. George's; but numbered consecutively round the globe, 1 to 24, from west to east. The first meridian will be that through Fésole, and called Galileo's line; the second, that approximately through Troy,* called the Ida line. The sixth, through the eastern edge of India, will be called 'the Orient line;' the eighteenth, through the Isthmus of Vera Cruz, 'the Occident line;' and the twenty-fourth, passing nearly with precision, through our English Davenport, and over Dartmoor, 'the Devon line.' Its opposite meridian, the twelfth, through mid-Pacific, will be called the Captain's line.

8. The meridians on ordinary globes are divided into lengths of ten degrees, by eight circles drawn between the equator and each of the poles. But I think this numeration confusing to the student, by its inconsistency with the divisions of the equator, and its multiplication of lines parallel to the Arctic and Tropic circles. On our St. George's globes, therefore, the divisions of latitude will be, as those of longitude, each fifteen degrees, indicated by five circles drawn between each pole and the equator.

Calling the equator by its own name, the other circles will

* Accurately, it passes through Tenedos, thus dividing the Ida of Zeus from the Ida of Poseidon in Samothrace. See 'Eothen,' Chapter IV.; and Dr. Schliemann's Troy, Plate IV.

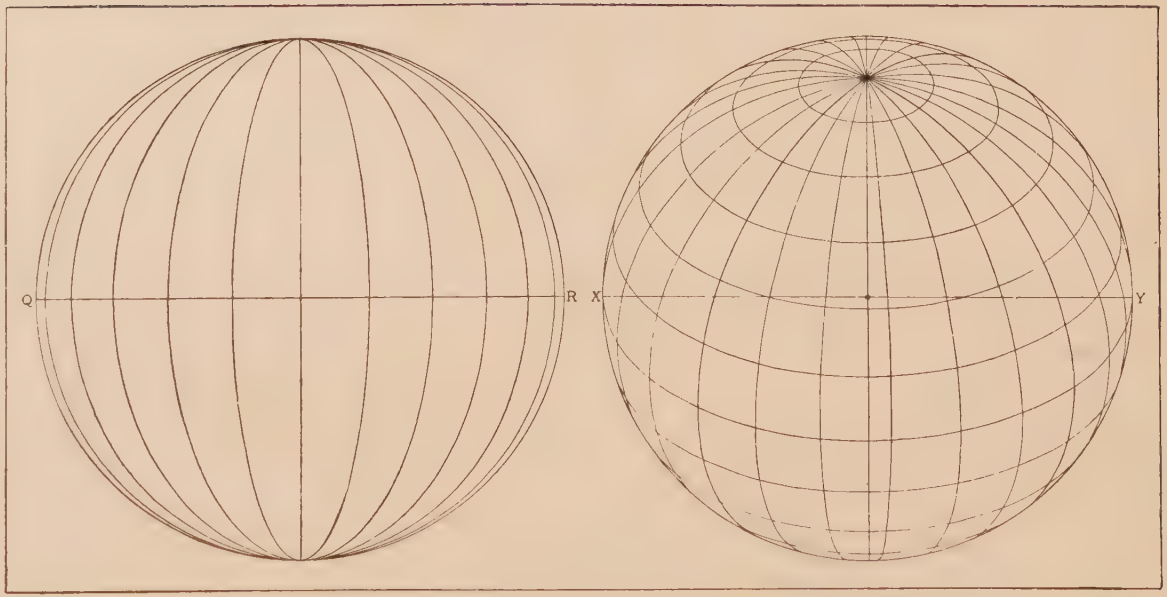


Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

PERSPECTIVE OF FIRST GEOMETRY.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate IX.

be numbered consecutively north and south; and called 1st, 2nd, etc., to the 5th, which will be that nearest the Pole. The first north circle will be found to pass through the Cape-de-Verde island of St. Jago; the second north circle will be the line of latitude on our present globes passing approximately through Cairo; the third will as nearly run through Venice; the fourth, almost with precision, through Christiania; and the fifth through Cape Fern, in Nova Zembla. I wish my students to call these circles, severally, the St. James's circle, the Arabian circle, the Venetian circle, the Christian circle, and the Fern circle. On the southern hemisphere, I shall call the first circle St. John's; thus enclosing the most glowing space of the tropics between the lines named from the two Sons of Thunder; the Natal circle will divide intelligibly the eastern coast of Africa, and preserve the title of an entirely true and noble,— therefore necessarily much persecuted,— Christian Bishop; the St. George's circle, opposite the Venetian, will mark the mid-quadrant, reminding the student, also, that in far South America there is a Gulf of St. George; the Thulë circle will pass close south of the Southern Thulë; and the Blanche circle (*ligne* Blanche, for French children), include, with Mounts Erebus and Terror, the supposed glacial space of the great Antarctic continent.

9. By this division of the meridians, the student, besides obtaining geographical tenure in symmetrical clearness, will be familiarized with the primary division of the circle by its radius into arcs of 60°, and with the subdivisions of such arcs. And he will observe that if he draws his circle representing the world with a radius of two inches, (in Figure 18, that it may come within my type, it is only an inch and a half,) lettering the Equator Q R, the North Pole P, the South Pole S, and the centre of the circle, representing that of the Earth O; then completing the internal hexagon and dodecagon, and lettering the points through which the Arabian and Christian circles pass, respectively A and C, since the chord Q C equals the radius Q O, it will also measure two inches, and the arc upon it, Q A C, somewhat more than two inches, so that the entire circle will be rather more than a foot round.

10. Now I want some enterprising map-seller * to prepare some school-globes, accurately of such dimension that the twenty-four-sided figure enclosed in their circle may be exactly half an inch in the side; and therefore the twenty-four meridians and eleven circles of latitude drawn on it with accurately horizontal intervals of half an inch between each of

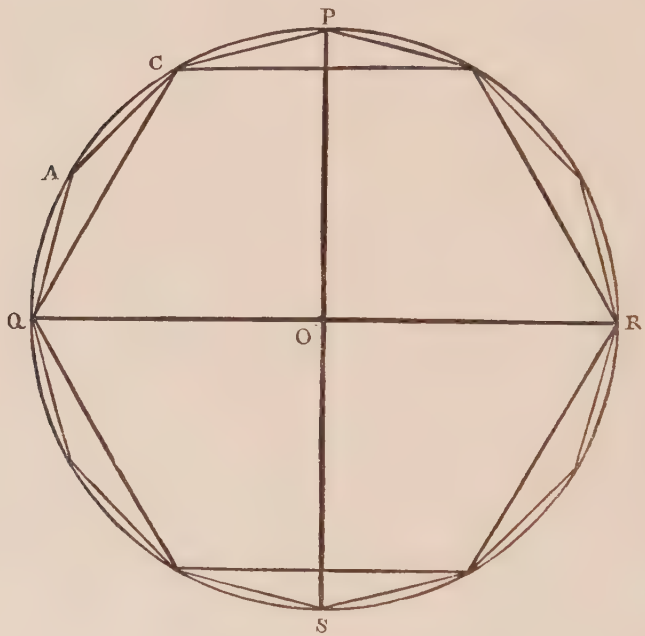


FIG. 18.

the meridians at the equator, and between the circles everywhere.

And, on this globe, I want the map of the world engraved in firm and simple outline, with the principal mountain

* I cannot be answerable, at present, for what such enterprise may produce. I will see to it when I have finished my book, if I am spared to do so.

chains; but no rivers,* and no names of any country; and this nameless chart of the world is to be colored, within the Arctic circles, the sea pale sapphire, and the land white; in the temperate zones, the sea full lucia, and the land pale emerald; and between the tropics, the sea full violet, and the land pale clarissa.

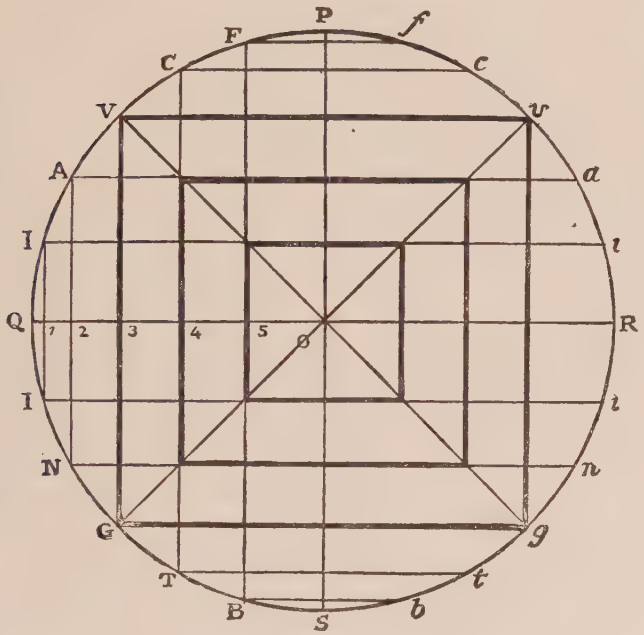


Fig. 19.

These globes I should like to see executed with extreme fineness and beauty of line and color; and each enclosed in a perfectly strong cubic case, with silk lining. And I hope that the time may come when this little globe may be just as

* My reason for this refusal is that I want children first to be made to *guess* the courses and sizes of rivers, from the formation of the land; and also, that nothing may disturb the eyes or thoughts in fastening on that formation.

necessary a gift from the parents to the children, in any gentleman's family, as their shoes or bonnets.

11. In the meantime, the letters by which the circles are distinguished, added, in Figure 19, to the complete series of horizontal lines representing them, will enable the student rapidly to read and learn their names from the equator up and down. "St. James's, Arabian, Venetian, Christian, Fern; St. John's, Natal, St. George's, Thulë, Blanche;"—these names being recognized always as belonging no less to the points in the arcs of the quadrant in any drawing, than to the globe circles; and thus rendering the specification of forms more easy. In such specification, however, the quadrant must always be conceived as a part of the complete circle; the lines O Q and O R are always to be called 'basic:' the letters Q P, R P, Q S, and R S, are always to be retained, each for their own arc of the quadrant; and the points of division in the arcs R P and R S distinguished from those in the arcs Q P and Q S by small, instead of capital, letters. Thus a triangle to be drawn with its base on St. George's circle, and its apex in the North Pole, will be asked for simply as the triangle G P g; the hexagon with the long and short sides, C P, P R, may be placed at any of the points by describing it as the hexagon Q A C,—J V V, or the like; and ultimately the vertical triangles on the great divisional lines for bases will need no other definition than the letters, B P, T P, C P, etc.

The lines F f V V, etc., taken as the diameters of their respective circles, may be conveniently called, in any geometrical figure in which they occur, the Fern line, the Venetian line, etc.; and they are magnitudes which will be of great constructive importance to us, for it may be easily seen, by thickening the lines of the included squares, that the square on the Venetian line, the largest that can be included in the circle, is half the square on the equator; the square on the Christian line, the square of the radius, is again half of that on the Venetian; and the square on the Fern line, a fifth diminishing term between the square of the equator and zero.

12. Next, I wish my pupils each to draw for themselves the miniature hemisphere, Plate IX., Figure 1, with a

radius of an inch and nine-tenths, which will give them approximately the twenty-four divisions of half an inch each. Then, verticals are to be let fall from the points J, A, etc., numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, as in Figure 19, and then the meridians in red, with the pencil, by hand, through the points 1, 2, etc., of the figure; observing that each meridian must be an elliptical, not a circular, arc. And now we must return, for a moment, to the fifteenth paragraph of the fourth chapter, where we had to quit our elliptic practice for other compass work.

13. The ellipse, as the perspective of the circle, is so important a natural line that it is needful to be perfectly familiar with the look of it, and perfectly at ease in the tracing of it, before the student can attempt with success the slightest architectural or landscape outline. Usually, the drawing of the ellipse is left to gather itself gradually out of perspective studies; but thus under a disadvantage, seldom conquered, that the curve at the narrow extremity, which is the only important part of it, is always confused with the right line enclosing the cylinder or circle to be drawn; and never therefore swept with delicacy or facility. I wish the student, therefore, to conquer all hesitation in elliptic drawing at once, by humbly constructing ellipses, in sufficiently various number, large and small, with two pins' heads and a thread; and copying these with the lead, first, very carefully, then fastening the lead line with pencil and color.

This practice should be especially directed to the extremities of the narrow and long elliptic curves, as the beauty of some of the finest architecture depends on the perspective of this form in tiers of arches; while those of the shores of lakes, and bending of streams, though often passing into other and more subtle curves, will never be possible at all until the student is at ease in this first and elementary one.

14. Returning to our globe work, on the assumption that the pupil will prepare for it by this more irksome practice, it is to be noted that, for geographical purposes, we must so far conventionalize our perspective as to surrender the modifications produced by looking at the globe from near points of

sight ; and assume that the perspectives of the meridians are orthographic, as they would be if the globe were seen from an infinite distance ; and become, practically, when it is removed to a moderate one. The real perspectives of the meridians, drawn on an orange six feet off, would be quite too subtle for any ordinary draughtsmanship ; and there would be no end to the intricacy of our map drawing if we were to attempt them, even on a larger scale. I assume, therefore, for our map work, that the globe may be represented, when the equator is level, with its eleven circles of latitude as horizontal lines ; and the eleven visible meridians, as portions of five vertical ellipses, with a central vertical line between the poles.

15. When the student has completely mastered the drawing, and, if it may be so called, the literature, of this elementary construction, he must advance another, and a great step, by drawing the globe, thus divided, with its poles at any angle, and with any degree of longitude brought above the point o.

The placing the poles at an angle will at once throw all the circles of latitude into visible perspective, like the meridians, and enable us, when it may be desirable, to draw both these and the meridians as on a transparent globe, the arcs of them being traceable in completeness from one side of the equator to the other.

16. The second figure in Plate IX. represents the globe-lines placed so as to make Jerusalem the central point of its visible hemisphere.* A map thus drawn, whether it include the entire hemisphere or not, will in future be called 'Polar' to the place brought above the point o ; and the maps which I wish my students to draw of separate countries will always be constructed so as to be polar to some approximately central point of chief importance in those countries ; generally, if possible, to their highest or historically most important mountain ;—otherwise, to their capital, or their oldest city, or the like. Thus the map of the British Islands will be polar

* The meridians in this figure are given from that of Fésole, roughly taking the long. of Jerusalem 35 E., from Greenwich ; and lat. 32 N.

to Scawfell Pikes, the highest rock in England: Switzerland will be polar to Monte Rosa, Italy to Rome, and Greece to Argos.

17. This transposition of the poles and meridians must be prepared for the young pupil, and for all unacquainted with the elements of mathematics, by the master: but the class of students for whom this book is chiefly written will be able, I think without difficulty, to understand and apply for themselves the following principles of construction.

If P and S, Figure 20, be the poles of the globe in its nor-

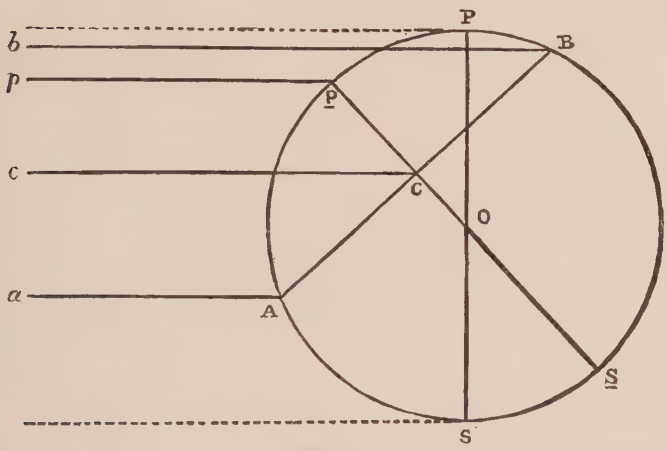


FIG. 20.

mal position, the line of sight being in the direction of the dotted lines, tangential to the circle at P and S; and if we then, while the line of sight remains unchanged, move the pole P to any point P, and therefore, (the centre of the globe remaining fixed at O,) the pole S to the opposite extremity of the diameter, S; and if A B be the diameter of any circle of latitude on the globe thus moved, such diameter being drawn between the highest and lowest points of that circle of latitude in its new position, it is evident that on the hemispherical surface of the globe commanded by the eye, the declined pole P will be seen at the level of the line p P; the levels b B,

a A will be the upper and lower limits of the perspective arc of the given circle of latitude; the centre of that curve will be at the level c c; and its lateral diameter, however we change the inclination of its vertical one, will be constant.*

18. On these data, the following construction of a map of the hemisphere to be made polar to a given place, will be, I think, intelligible,—or at the very least, practicable; which is all that at present we require of it.

Let P and S, Figure 21, be the original poles; let the arc P Q S be the meridian of the place to which the map is to be made polar; and let X be the place itself. From X draw the diameter X Y, which represents a circle to be called the 'equatorial line' of the given place; and which is of course inclined to the real equator at an angle measured by the latitude of the place.

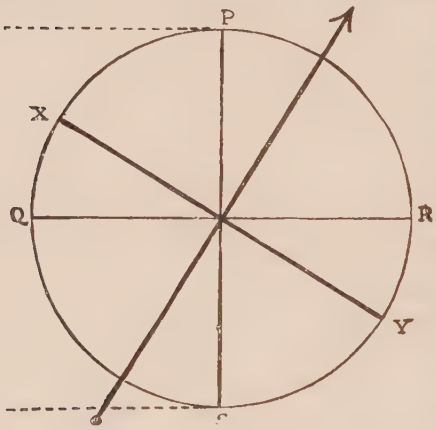


FIG. 21.

Through the point O, (which I need not in future letter, it being in our figures always the mid-point between Q and R, and theoretically, the centre of the earth,) draw the line terminated by the ball and arrow-point, perpendicular to X Y. This is to be called the 'stellar line' of the given place X. In the map made polar to X, this line, if represented, will coincide with the meridian of X, but must not be confused with that meridian in the student's mind.

19. Place now the figure so as to bring the stellar line vertical, indicating it well by its arrow-head and ball, which on

* Always remembering that the point of sight is at an infinite distance, else the magnitude of this diameter would be affected by the length of the interval C O.

locally polar maps will point north and south for the given place, Figure 22.

The equatorial line of x, (x y,) now becomes horizontal. Q R is the real equator, P and S the real poles, and the given place to which the map is to be made polar is at x. The line of sight remains in the direction of the dotted lines.

20. As the student reads, let him construct and draw the figures himself carefully. There is not the smallest hurry about the business, (and there must be none in *any* business he means to be well done); all that we want is clear understanding, and fine drawing. And I multiply my figures, not merely to make myself understood, but as exercises in drawing to be successively copied. And the firm printing of the letters * is a part of this practice, taking the place of the more irksome exercise recommended in my first 'Elements of Drawing,' p. 20. Be careful, also, that they shall be not only clear and neat, but perfectly upright. You will draw palaces and towers in truer stability after drawing letters uprightly; and the position of the letter,—as, for instance, in the two last figures,—is often important in the construction of the diagram.

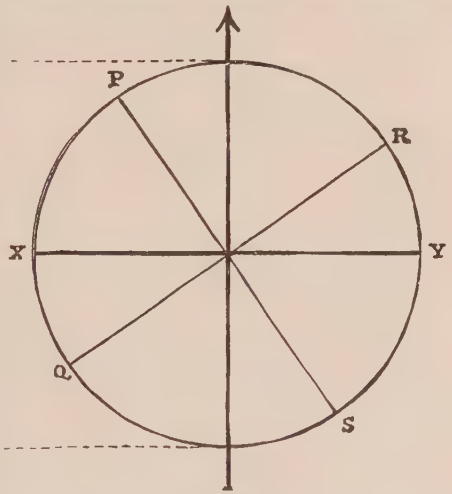


FIG. 22.

21. Having fixed the relations of these main lines well in his mind, the student is farther to learn these two definitions.

* By a mistake of the engraver, the small letters, though all printed by myself in Roman form, have been changed, throughout the figures in this chapter, into italics. But in copying them, let them all be carefully printed in Roman type.

I. The 'Equatorial line' of any place is the complete circle of the circumference of the world passing through that place, in a plane inclined to the plane of the equator at an angle measured by the degrees of the latitude of the place.

II. The 'Stellar line' of any place is a line drawn through the centre of the Earth perpendicular to the equatorial line of that place. It is therefore, to any such equatorial line (geometrically) what the axis of the Earth is to the equator; and though it does not point to the Polestar, is always in the vertical plane passing through the Polestar and place for which it is drawn.*

22. It follows from these definitions that if we were able to look down on any place from a point vertically and exactly above it, and its equatorial and stellar lines were then visible to us, drawn, the one round the Earth, and the other through it, they would both appear as right lines, forming a cross, the equatorial line running, at the point of intersection, east and west; and the stellar, north and south.

23. Now all the maps which I hope to prepare for St. George's schools will be constructed, not by circles of latitude and meridians, but as squares of ten, twenty, or thirty degrees in the side, quartered into four minor squares of five, ten, or fifteen degrees in the side, by the cross formed by the equatorial and stellar line of the place to which the map is said to be 'polar;'—which place will therefore be at the centre of the square. And since the arc of a degree on the equatorial line is as long as the arc of a degree on the equator, and since the stellar line of a place on a polar map coincides with the meridian of that place, the measurements of distance along each of the four arms of the cross will be similar, and the enlargements of terrestrial distance expressed by them, in equal proportions.

24. I am obliged to introduce the terms "at the point of intersection," in § 22, because, beyond the exact point of intersection, the equatorial line does not run east and west, in the ordinary geographical sense. Note therefore the follow-

* The Polestar is assumed, throughout all our work, to indicate the true North.

ing conditions separating this from the usually drawn terrestrial lines.

If, from the eastern and western gates of a city, two travellers set forth to walk, one due east, and the other due west, they would meet face to face after they had walked each the semicircle of the earth-line in their city's latitude.

But if from the eastern and western gates they set forth to walk along their city's equatorial line, they would only meet face to face after they had each walked the full semicircle of the Earth's circumference.

And if, from the eastern and western gates of their city, they were *able* to set forth, to walk along the lines used as lines of measurement on its polar map, they would meet no more forever.

For these lines, though coinciding, the one with its meridian, and the other with its equatorial line, are conceived always as lines drawn in the air, so as to touch the Earth only at the place itself, as the threads of a common squaring frame would touch the surface of a globe ; that which coincides with the Stellar line being produced infinitely in the vertical plane of the Polestar, and that which coincides with the equatorial line produced infinitely at right angles to it in the direction of the minor axis of the Earth's orbit.

25. In which orbit, calling the point of winter solstice, being that nearest the Polestar, the North point of the orbit, and that of the summer solstice South, the point of vernal equinox will be West, the point of autumnal equinox East ; and the polar map of any place will be in general constructed and shaded with the Earth in vernal equinox, and the place at the time of sunrise to it on Easter Day, supposing the sun ten degrees above the horizon, and expressing therefore the heights of the mountain chains accurately by the length of their shadows.

26. Therefore, in now proceeding to draw our polar map for the given place x, Figure 22, we have to bring the two poles, and the place itself, to the meridian which coincides, in our circular construction, with the stellar line. Accordingly, having got our construction as in Figure 22, we let

fall perpendiculars on the stellar line from all the four points P, S, Q, and R, Figure 23, giving us the four points on the stellar line p, s, q, and r.

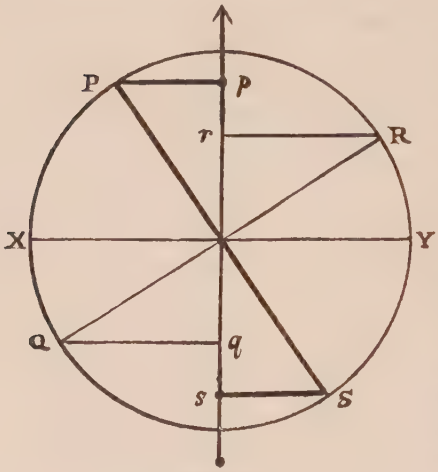


FIG. 23.

Then, in our polar map, p and s are the new poles corresponding to P and S; q and r the new points of the Equator corresponding to Q and R; and the place to which the map is polar, X, will now be in the centre of the map at the point usually lettered O.

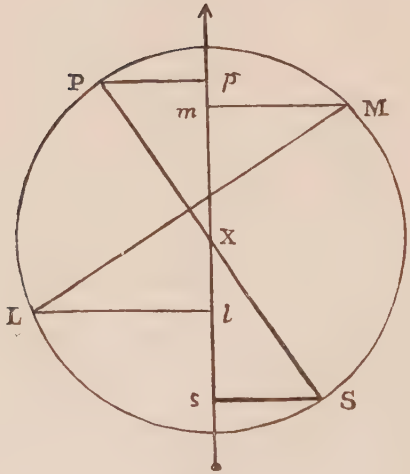


FIG. 24.

27. Now this construction is entirely general, and the two zigzags, p P S S and r R Q q, must always be drawn in the same way for the poles and any given circle of latitude, as well as for the Equator;—only if the more lightly-drawn zigzag be for a north or south circle of latitude, it will not be symmetrical on both sides of the line X Y. Therefore, removing the (for the moment unnecessary) line X Y from the construction, and drawing, instead of the Equator Q R, any circle of latitude L M,

—l and m are the corresponding points of that circle in our polar map, and we get the entirely general construction, Figure 24, in which the place to which the map is polar, being now at the centre of the circle, is lettered X, because it is not now the centre of the earth between Q and R, but the point X, on the surface of the earth, brought round to coincide with it.

28. And now I should like the student to fix the letters attached to these constructions in his mind, as belonging, not only to their respective circles, but always to the same points in these circles. Thus the letter X will henceforward, after we have once finished the explanatory construction in the present chapter, always signify the point to which the map is polar, and Y its exactly antipodal point on the earth's surface, half round the equatorial line. If we have to speak in more detail of the equatorial line as a complete circle, it will be lettered X, E, Y, W, the letters E and W being at its extreme eastern and western points, in relation to X. And since at these points it intersects the Equator, the Equator will be also lettered Q, E, R, W, the points E and W being identical in both circles, and the point Q always in the meridian of X. Any circle of latitude other than the stated eleven will be lettered at its quarters, L, L 1, L 2, L 3, L 4, the point L being that on the meridian of X; and any full meridian circle other than one of the stated twelve will be lettered M N, the point M being that on the Equator nearest X, and N its opposite.

29. And now note carefully that in drawing the globe, or any large part of it, the meridian circles and latitude circles are always to be drawn, with the lead, full round, as if the globe were transparent. It is only thus that the truth of their delicate contact with the limiting circle can be reached. Then the visible part of the curve is to be traced with pencil and color, and that on the opposite side of the globe, and therefore invisible, to be either effaced, or indicated by a dotted line.

Thus, in Figure 25, I complete the construction from Figure 23 by first producing the lines R r, Q q, to meet the circle on both sides, so as to give me a complete feeling of the sym-

metry of the entire space within which my elliptic curve must be drawn; and then draw it round in complete sweep, as steadily as I can, correcting it into a true ellipse by as much measurement as may be needful, and with the best fastidiousness of my sight. Once the perfect ellipse drawn, the question, which half of it is visible, depends on whether we intend the North or South pole to be visible. If the North, the lower half of the ellipse is the perspective of the visible half of the Equator; and if the South, vice versâ, the upper half of the ellipse.

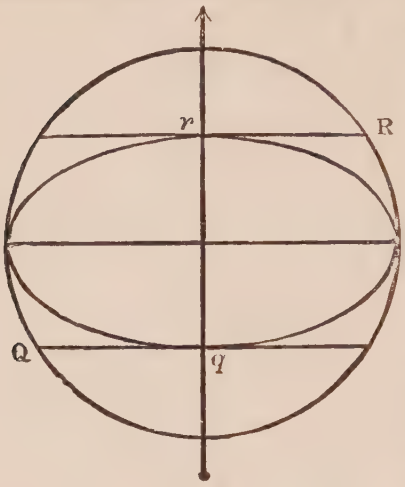


FIG. 25.

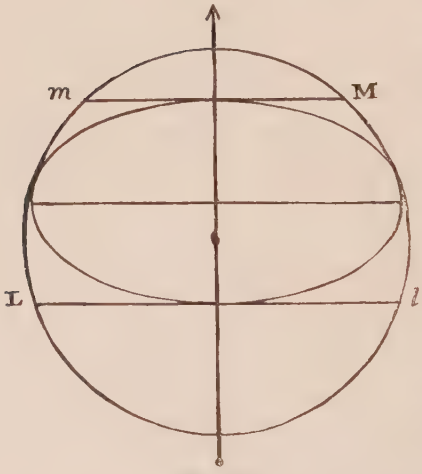


FIG. 26.

30. But the drawing becomes more difficult and subtle when we deal with the perspective of a line of latitude, as L M (Figure 24). For on completing this construction in the same manner as Figure 23 is completed in Figure 25, we shall find the ellipse does not now touch the circle with its extremities, but with some part of its sides. In Figure 26, I remove the

constructing lines from Figure 24, and give only the necessary limiting ones, M m and L l, produced: the ellipse being now drawn symmetrically between these, so as to touch the circle, it will be seen that its major axis falls beneath the point of contact, and would have to be carried beyond the ellipse if it were to meet the circle. On the small scale of these figures, and in drawing large circles of latitude, the interval seems of little importance; yet on the beautiful draw-

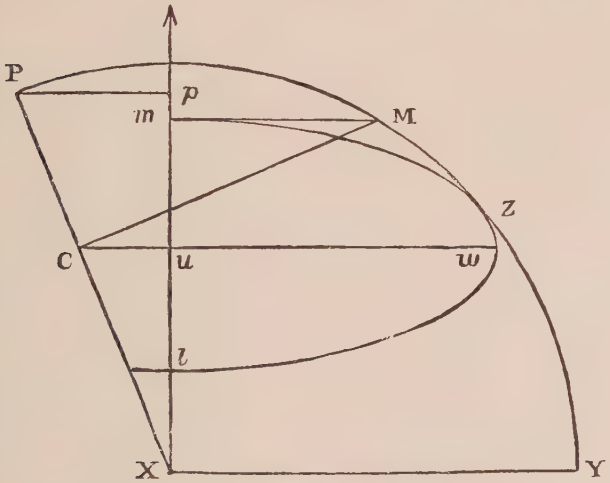


FIG. 27.

ing of it depends the right expression of all rounded things whose surface is traversed by lines—from St. Peter's dome to an acorn cup. In Figure 27 I give the segment of circle from P to Y as large as my page allows, with the semi-ellipse of the semicircle of latitude C M. The point of contact with the circle is at Z; the axis major, drawn through C, terminates at W, making U W equal to C M; and the pretty meeting of the curves W Z and Y Z like the top of the rudder of a Venetian canal boat (the water being at the level X Y), becomes distinctly visible.

The semi-major axis U W is exactly equal to C M, as in Figure 25 the entire major axis is equal to L M in Figure 24.

31. Lastly, if C M cross the stellar line, as in all figures hitherto given, the ellipse always touches the circle, and the portion of it beyond Z is invisible, on the other side of the globe, when we reduce the perspective figure to a drawing. But, as we draw the circles of latitude smaller, the interval between Z and W increases, and that between Z and M diminishes, until Z and M coincide on the stellar line, and the ellipse touches the circle with the extremity of its minor axis. As M draws still farther back towards P, the ellipse detaches itself from the circle, and becomes entirely visible; and as we incline the pole more and more towards us, the ellipses rise gradually into sight, become rounder and rounder in their curves, and at last pass into five concentric circles encompassed by the Equator as we look vertically down on the pole. The construction of the small circle of latitude L M, when the pole is depressed to P, is given in Figure 28.

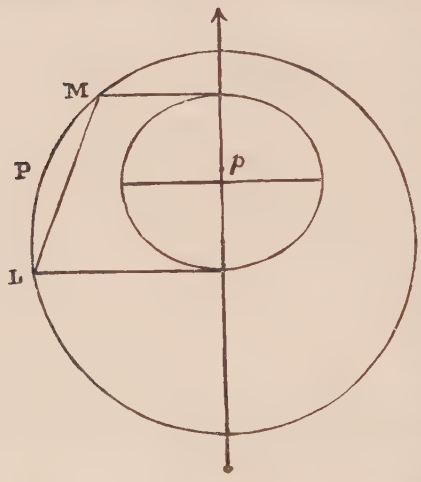


FIG. 28.

32. All this sounds at first extremely dreadful: but, supposing the system of the Laws of Fésole generally approved and adopted, every parish school may soon be furnished with accurate and beautiful drawings of the divided sphere in various positions; and the scholars led on gradually in the practice of copying them, having always, for comparison, the solid and engraved artificial globe in their hands. Once intelligently masters of this Earth-perspective, there remain no

more difficulties for them, but those of delicate execution, in the drawing of plates, or cups, or baskets, or crowns,* or any other more or less circularly divided objects; and gradually they will perceive concurrences and cadences of mightier lines in sea-waves, and mountain promontories, and arcs of breeze-driven cloud.

33. One bit of hard work more, and we have done with geometry for the present. We have yet to learn how to draw any meridian in true perspective, the poles being given in a vertical line. Let P and S, Figure 29, be the poles, P being the visible one. Then Q M R N is the Equator in its perspective relation to them; p, the pole of the stellar line, which line is here coincident with the meridian of the place to which the map is polar. It is required to draw another meridian at a given number of degrees distant from the meridian of the place.

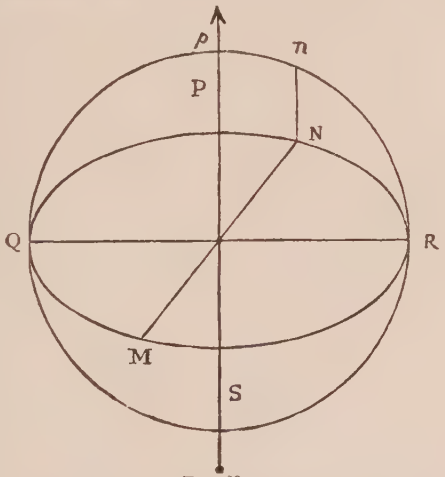


FIG. 29.

34. On the arc p Q, if the required meridian is to the east of the place, or on the arc p R, if the required meridian is to the west of it, measure an arc of the given number of degrees,

* There are, of course, other perspective laws, dependent on the approach of the point of sight, introduced in the drawing of ordinary objects; but none of these laws are ever mathematically carried out by artists, nor can they be: every thing depends on the truth of their eyes and ready obedience of their fingers. All the mathematicians in France and England, with any quantity of time and every instrument in their possession, could not draw a tress of wreathed hair in perspective: but Veronese will do it, to practical sufficiency, with half a dozen consecutive touches of his pencil.

p n. Let fall the vertical n N on the Equator, draw the diagonal M N through O ; and the required meridian will be the visible arc of the ellipse drawn, so as to touch the circle, through the four points P N S M. These four points, however placed, will always be symmetrical, the triangles O P N and O M S, if completed, being always equal and similar, and the points N and M equi-distant from P and S. In Figure 30, I draw the curve, showing only these points and the stellar-line; and you may, by, a little effort, imagine the figure to represent two cups, or two kettle-drums, brim to brim, or rim to rim. If you suppose them so placed that you can see the inside of the cup on the left, the north pole is visible, and the left-hand half of the ellipse. If you suppose the inside of the cup on the right visible, the north pole is visible, and the right-hand half of the ellipse.

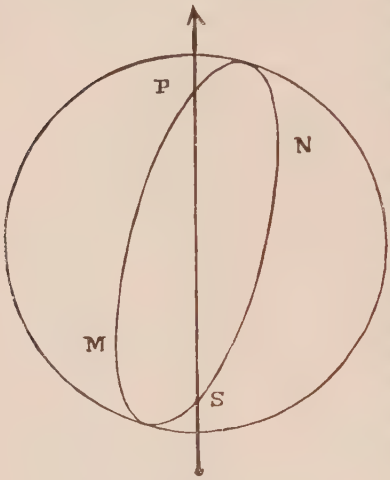


FIG. 30.

35. And now, if you have really read and worked thus far, with clear understanding, I very gladly congratulate you on having mastered quite the most important elements of perspective in curved surfaces ; a mastership which you will find extremely pleasurable in its consequences, whatever the difficulty of its attainment. And in the meantime you will without further trouble understand the construction of the second figure in Plate IX., which gives the perspective of the globe on the line of sight polar to Jerusalem ; assuming the longitude of Jerusalem 35° east, from the meridian of Greenwich ; but engraving the St. George's order of meridians, with the Devon, Captains', Orient, and Occident in darker line. The student may, with advantage, enlarge this example so as to

allow an inch to the widest interval of its meridians, and then try for himself to draw the map of the hemisphere accurately on this projection. If he succeed, he will have a true perspective view of the globe, from the given point of sight, a very different thing from a map of it given on any ordinary projection: for in the common geographical methods, the countries and seas are distorted into shapes, not only actually false, but which under no possible conditions they could ever assume to the eye; while on this rightly drawn projection, they appear as they do on the artificial globe itself, and cannot therefore involve the student in any kind of misconception. Maps, properly so called, must include much less than the surface of the hemisphere; and the mode in which they are to be drawn on this projection will be given in the eleventh chapter.

36. It remains only to be observed that although in English schools the Devon and Captains' line (meaning, the line of the great Captains) are to be taken for the first divisions in quartering the globe, and the Orient and Occident lines, for *us* determined by them, the degrees of longitude are to be counted from Galileo's line, the meridian of Fésole. For if these laws of drawing are ever accepted, as I trust, in other schools than our own, it seems to me that their well-trained sailors may, waiving false pride and vulgar jealousy, one day consent to estimates of distance founded, for all, on the most sacred traditions of the Norman, the Tuscan, and the Argonaut: founded for the sailors of Marseilles and Venice—of Pisa and Amalfi—of Salamis and the Hellespont,—on the eternal lines which pass through the Flint of Fésole, and the Flowers of Ida.

CHAPTER X.

OF LIGHT AND SHADE.

1. I do not doubt that you can call into your mind with some distinctness the image of hawthorn blossom;—whether, at this time of reading, it be May or November, I should like you, if possible, to look at the description of it in *Proserpina* (III., p. 142); but you can certainly remember the general look of it, in white masses among green leaves. And you would never think, if I put a pencil into your hand, and gave you choice of colors to paint it with, of painting any part of it *black*.

Your first natural instinct would be to take pure green, and lay that for the leaves; and then, the brightest white which you could find on the palette, and put that on in bosses for the buds and blossoms.

2. And although immediate success in representation of hawthorn might possibly not attend these efforts, that first instinctive process would be perfectly right in principle. The general effect of hawthorn is assuredly of masses of white, laid among masses of green: and if, at the instigation of any learned drawing-master, you were to paint part of every cluster of blossoms coal-black, you would never be able to make the finished work satisfactory either to yourself, or to other simple people, as long as the black blot remained there.

3. You may perhaps think it unlikely that any drawing-master would recommend you to paint hawthorn blossom half black. Nor, if instead of hawthorn, you had peach or apple blossom to paint, would you expect such recommendation for the better rendering of their rose-color? Nor, if you had a gentian to paint, though its blue is dark, would you expect to be told to paint half the petals black?

If, then, you have human flesh to paint, which, though of much mingled and varied hue, is not, unless sunburnt, darker

Appellavitque Lucem Diem et Tenebras Noctem.
Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate X.

than peach blossom ;—and of which the ideal, according to all poets, is that it should be white, tinted with rose ;—which also, in perfect health and purity, is somewhat translucent, certainly much more so than either hawthorn buds or apple blossom—Would you accept it as a wise first direction towards the rendering of this more living and varying color, to paint one side of a girl's face black? You certainly would not, unless you had been previously beguiled into thinking it grand or artistic to paint things under 'bold effects.'

And yet, you probably have been beguiled, before now, into admiring Raphael's Transfiguration, in which everybody's faces and limbs are half black ; and into supposing Rembrandt a master of chiaroscuro, because he can paint a vigorous portrait with a black dab under the nose!

4. Both Raphael and Rembrandt *are* masters, indeed ; but neither of them masters of light and shade, in treatment of which the first is always false, and the second always vulgar. The only absolute masters of light and shade are those who never make you *think* of light and shade, more than Nature herself does.

It will be twenty years, however, at least, before you can so much as *see* the finer conditions of shadow in masters of that calibre. In the meantime, so please you, we will go back to our hawthorn blossom, which you have begun quite rightly by painting white altogether ; but which remains, nevertheless, incomplete on those conditions. However, if its outline be right, and it detaches itself from the green ground like a Florentine piece of mosaic, with absolutely true contour of clustered petal, and placing of scattered bud, you are already a far way on the road to all you want of it.

5. What more you *exactly* want is now the question. If the image of the flower is clear in your mind, you will see it to be made up of buds, which are white balls, like pearls ; and flowers, like little flattish cups, or rather saucers, each composed of five hollow petals.

How do you know, by the look of them, that the balls are convex, and the cups concave? How do you know, farther, that the balls are not *quite round* balls, but a little flat at the

top? How do you know that the cups are not deep, but as I said, flattish, like saucers?

You know, because a certain quantity of very delicate pale gray is so diffused over the white as to define to the eye exactly the degree in which its surfaces are bent; and the gradations of this gray are determined by the form of surface, just as accurately as the outline is; and change with the same mathematical precision, at every point of their course. So that, supposing the bud were spherical, which it is not, the gradation of shade would show that it was spherical; and, flattened ever so little though it be, the shade becomes different in that degree, and is recognized by the eye as the shade of a hawthorn blossom, and not of a mere round globule or bead.

6. But, for globule, globe, or grain, small or great,—as the first laws of line may best be learned in the lines of the Earth, so also the first laws of light may best be learned in the light of the Earth. Not the hawthorn blossom, nor the pearl, nor the grain of mustard or manna,—not the smallest round thing that lies as the hoar-frost on the ground—but around it, and upon it, are illuminated the laws that bade the Evening and the Morning be the first day.

7. So much of those laws you probably, in this learned century, know already, as that the heat and light of the sun are both in a fixed proportion to the steepness of his rays,—that they decline as the day, and as the summer declines; passing softly into the shadows of the Polar,—swiftly into those of the Tropic night.

But you probably have never enough fastened in your minds the fact that, whatever the position of the sun, and whatever the rate of motion of any point on the earth through the minutes, hours, or days of twilight, the meeting of the margins of night and days is always constant in the breadth of its zone of gradually expiring light; and that in relation to the whole mass of the globe, that passage from 'glow to gloom' is as trenchant and swift as between the crescent of the new moon and the dimness of the "Auld mune in her airms."

8. The *dimness*, I say, observe ;—not the blackness. Against the depth of the night—itself (as we see it) not absolute blackness,—the obscured space of the lunar ball still is relieved in pallor, lighted to that dim degree by the reflection from the Earth. Much more, in all the forms which you will have to study in daylight, the dark side is relieved or effaced, by variously diffused and reflected rays. But the first thing you have to learn and remember, respecting all objects whatever to be drawn in light and shade, is that, by natural light of day, half of them is in light, and half in shadow; and the beginning of all light and shade drawing is in the true, stern, and perfect separation of these from each other.

9. Where you stand, and therefore whence you see the object to be drawn, is a quite separate matter of inquiry. As you choose, you may determine how much you will see of its dark and how much of its light side: but the first thing to be made sure of is the positive extent of these two great masses: and the mode in which they are involved or invaded at their edges.

And in determining this at first, you are to cast entirely out of consideration all vestige or interference of modifying reflective light. The arts, and the morality of men, are founded on the same primal order; you are not to ask, in morals, what is less right and more, or less wrong and more, until in every matter you have learned to recognize what is massively and totally Right, from what is massively and totally Wrong. The beautiful enhancements of passion in virtue, and the subtle redemptions of repentance in sin, are only to be sought, or taken account of, afterwards. And as the strength and facility of human action are undermined alike by the ardor of pride and the cunning of exculpation, the work of the feeblest artists may be known by the vulgar glittering of its light and the far-sought reflection in its shadow.

10. When the great separation between light and dark has been thus determined, the entire attention of the student is to be first put on the gradation of the *luminous* surface.

It is only on that surface that the form of the object is exactly or consistently shown ; and the just distribution of the

light, on that alone, will be enough to characterize the subject, even if the shadow be left wholly untouched. The most perfectly disciplined and scientific drawings of the Tuscan school consist of pure outlines on tinted paper, with the lights laid on in gradated white, and the darks left undistinguished from the ground. The group of drawings by Turner to which, in the schools of Oxford, I have given the title of the 'Nine Muses,' consists, in like manner, of firm pencil outline on pale gray paper; the expression of form being entirely trusted to lights gradated with the most subtle care.

11. But in elementary work, the definition of the dark side of the object against the background is to be insisted upon, no less than the rising of the light side of the object out of shadow. For, by this law, accuracy in the outline on both sides will be required, and every tendency to mystification repressed; whereas, if once we allow dark backgrounds to set off luminous masses, the errors of the outline in the shadow may be concealed by a little graceful manipulation; and the drawing made to bear so much resemblance in manner to a master's work, that the student is only too likely to flatter himself, and be praised by others, for what is merely the dissimulation of weakness, or the disguise of error.

12. Farther: it is of extreme importance that no time should be lost by the beginner in imitating the *qualities* of shade attained by great masters, before he has learned where shadow of *any* quality is to be disposed, or in what proportion it is to be laid. Yet more, it is essential that his eye should not be satisfied, nor his work facilitated, by the more or less pleasant qualities of shade in chalk or charcoal: he should be at once compelled to practise in the media with which he must ultimately produce the true effects of light and shade in the noblest painting,—media admitting no tricks of texture, lustre, or transparency. Even sepia is open to some temptation of this kind, and is to be therefore reserved for the days when the young workman may pretend to copy Turner or Holbein. For the beginner, pure and plain lampblack is the safest, as the most sincere, of materials.

It has the farther advantage of being extremely difficult to

manage in a wash; so that, practising first in this medium, you will have no difficulty with more tractable colors.

13. In order not to waste paper, color, nor time, you must be deliberate and neat in all proceedings: and above all, you must have good paper and good pencils. Three of properly varied size are supplied in your box; to these you must add a commoner one of the size of the largest, which you are to keep separate, merely for mixing and supplying color.

Take a piece of thick and smooth paper; and outline on it accurately a space ten inches high by five wide, and, cutting it off so as to leave some half inch of margin all round, arrange it, the narrow side up, on a book or desk sloping at an angle of not less, nor much more, than 25°.

Put two small teacup-saucers; and your two pencils—one for supply, and one to draw with; a glass of water, your ivory palette-knife, and a teaspoon, comfortably beside you, and don't have any thing else on the table.

Being forced to content ourselves for the present, with tube colors, I must ask you to be very careful and neat in their use. The aperture, in tubes of the size you are supplied with, is about the eighth of an inch wide, and with the slightest pressure (to be applied, remember, always at the *bottom* of the tube, not the sides), you will push out a little boss or round tower of color, which ought not to be more than the eighth of an inch, or its own width, above the top of the tube. Do not rub this on the saucer, but take it neatly off with the edge of your knife, and so put it in the saucer; and screw the top of your tube nicely on again, and put it back in its place.

Now put two spoonfuls of water into one saucer, and stir the color well into it with your supply pencil. Then put the same quantity of pure water into the other saucer, and you are ready to begin.

14. Take first a pencilful of quite pure water, and lead it along the top of your five-inch space, leaving a little ridge of of water all the way. Then, from your supply saucer, put a pencilful of the mixed color into the pure water; stir that up well with your pencil, and lead the ridge of pure water down with that delicatest tint, about half an inch, leaving an-

other ridge all along. Then another pencilful from the supply saucer into the other, mixed always thoroughly for the next half inch. Do not put the supply pencil into the diluted tint, but empty it by pressing on the side of the saucer, so that you may not dilute the supply tint, which you are to keep, through the course of each wash, quite evenly mixed. With twenty, or one or two less than twenty, replenishings, and therefore darkenings, of the tint you are painting with, you will reach the bottom of the ten-inch space; which ought then already to present a quite visible gradation from white to a very pale gray.

15. Leaving this to dry thoroughly, pour the diluted tint you have been painting with away; wash out the saucer; put in another supply of clear water; and you are ready to lay the second coat. The process being entirely mechanical, you can read, or do anything else you like, while the successive coats are drying; and each will take longer than the last. But don't go on with other drawings, unless indeed you like to tint two pieces of paper at once, and so waste less color —using the diluted tint of the first for the supply of tint of the second, and so gaining a still more delicate gradation. And whether you do this or not, at every third coat pour the diluted tint back into the supply one, which will else be too soon exhausted. By the time you have laid on ten or twelve tints, you will begin to see such faults and unevenness as may at first be inevitable; but also you will begin to feel what is meant by gradation, and to what extent the delicacy of it may be carried. Proceed with the work, however, until the color is so far diluted as to be ineffective; and do not rest satisfied till you are familiar enough with this process to secure a gradated tint of even and pleasant tone. As you feel more command of the pencil, you may use less water with the color, and at last get your result in three or four instead of twenty washes.

16. Next, divide the entire space into two equal squares, by a delicate lead line across it, placing it upright in the same manner; and begin your gradation with the same care, but replenishing the tint in the pure water from the dark tint in

as narrow spaces as you can, till you get down the uppermost square. As soon as you pass the dividing line between the two squares, continue with the same tint, without darkening it, to the bottom, so that the lower square may be all of one tone. Repeating this operation three or four times, you will have the entire space divided into two equal portions, of which the upper one will be gradated from white into a delicate gray, and the lower covered with a consistent shade of that gray in its ultimate strength. This is to be your standard for the first shading of all white objects; their dark sides being of an uniform tint of delicate gray, and their light sides modelled in tones which are always paler in comparison with it.

17. Having practised in this cautious manner long enough to obtain some ease in distribution of the tint, and some feeling of the delicacy of a true gradation, you may proceed to the more difficult, but wonderfully useful and comprehensive exercise, necessary for the copying of Plate X.

Draw first, with pencil-compasses, the two circles with inch radius, and in the lower one trace lightly the limit of its crescent of shade, on the 22nd meridian, considering the vertical meridian that of Fésole. Then mix your tint of black with two teaspoonfuls of water, very thoroughly, and with that tint wash in at once the whole background and shaded spaces. You need not care for precision on their inner edges, but the tint must be exactly brought up to the circumference of the circles on their light sides.

18. After the tint is thoroughly dry, begin with the circle divided in half, and taking a very little pure water to begin with, and adding, with a fine pencil, a little of the dark tint as you work down, (putting the light part upwards on your desk), gradate, as you best can, to the shadow edge, over which you are to carry whatever tint you have then in your pencil, flat and unchanged, to the other side of the circle, darkening equally the entire dark side.

In the lower circle, the point of highest light is at the equator on the 4th meridian. The two balls therefore, as shaded in the plate, represent two views of the revolving earth, with the sun over the equator. The lower figure gives what is

also the light and shade of the moon in her third quarter. I do not choose to represent the part of the earth under the night as black: the student may suppose it to be in full moonlight if he likes; but the use of the figure is mainly to show the real, and narrow, extent of resources at his disposal, in a light and shadow drawing executed without acccidental reflected lights, and under no vulgar force of shadow. With no greater depths of tint than those here given, he must hold it his skill to render every character of contour in beautiful forms; and teach himself to be more interested in them, as displayed by that primal sincerity of light, than when seen under any accidental effects, or violent contrasts.

19. The tint prepared with two teaspoonfuls of water, though quite as dark as the student will be able at first to manage, (or as any master can manage in complex masses,) will not, when dry, give shadow more than half the depth of that used for the background in the plate. It must therefore be twice laid; the skill of the pencil management will be tested by the consistency of the two outlines. At the best, they are sure to need a little retouching; and where accurately coincident, their line will be hard, and never so pleasant as that left at the edge of a first wash. I wish the student especially to notice this, for in actual drawing, it is a matter of absolute necessity never to reduplicate a wash at the same edge. All beautiful execution depends on giving the outline truly with the first tint laid as dark as it is required. This is always possible with well-prepared colors in a master's hand; yet never without so much haste as must, unless the mastery be indeed consummate, leave something to be forgiven, of inaccuracy, or something to be grateful for, in the rewarding chance which always favors a rightness in method. The most distinctive charm of water-color, as opposed to oil, is in the visible merit of this hasty skill, and the entertaining concurrence of accidental felicity. In the more deliberate laying of oil-color, though Fortune always takes her due share, it is not recognizable by the spectator, and is held to the utmost in control by the resolution of the workman, when his mind is wise, and his piece complete.

20. But the student must not be discouraged by the difficulty he will find at first in reaching anything like evenness or serenity of effect in such studies. Neither these, nor any other of the exercises in this book, are 'elementary,' in the sense of easy or initial; but as involving the first elements of all graphic Law. And this first study of light and shade in Plate X. does indeed involve one law of quite final importance; but which may nevertheless be simply expressed, as most essential matters may be, by people who wish it.

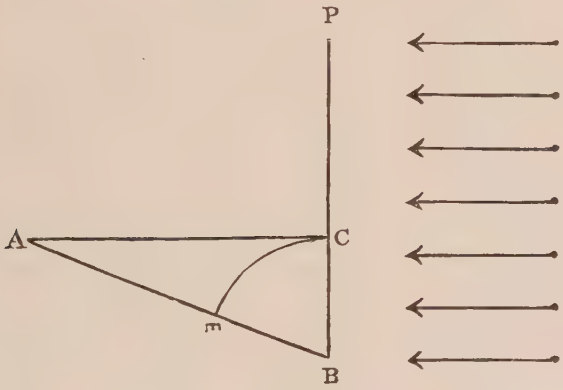


FIG. 31.

21. The gradation which you have produced on your first ten-inch space is, if successful, consistent in its increase of depth, from top to bottom. But you may see that in Plate X. the light is diffused widely and brightly round the foci, and fades with accelerated diminution towards the limit of darkness. By examining the law under which this decrease of light takes place on a spherical (or cylindrical *) surface, we may deduce a general law, regulating the light in impact on any curved surface whatever.

In all analysis of curved lines it is necessary first to regard them as made up of a series of right lines, afterwards considering these right lines as infinitely short.

* In the upper figure, the actual gradation is the same as that which would be true for a cylinder.

22. Let therefore the line A B, Figure 31, represent any plane surface, or an infinitely small portion of any curved surface, on which the light, coming in the direction of the arrows, strikes at a given angle B A C.

Draw from B, B P perpendicular to A C, and make B P equal to A B.

Then the quantity of light, or number of rays of light, supposing each arrow to represent a ray, which the so inclined surface A B can receive, is to the quantity it could receive if it were perpendicular to the light, (at P B,) as the line B C is to the line P B, which is equal to the line A B.

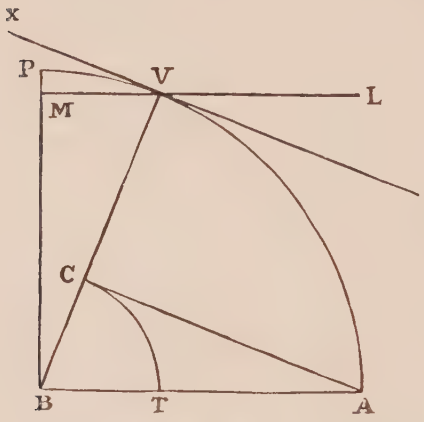


Fig. 32.

Therefore if we divide the line A B, from A to B, into any number of degrees, representing the gradual diminution of light, uniformly, from any given maximum at A to any given minimum at B, and draw the circle C T with the radius B C, cutting A B in T, the point T, on the scale of shade so gradated, will mark the proper tint of shade for the entire surface A B.

This general law, therefore, determines the tint of shade, in any given scale of shade, for the point of any curved surface to which the line A B is a tangent.

23. Applying this general law to the light and shade of a sphere, let the light, coming in the direction L V, Figure 32, strike the surface of the quadrant P A at the point V, to which the line X Y is a tangent. B being the centre of the sphere, join B V, and from A draw A C parallel to X Y, and therefore perpendicular to B V. Produce L V to M, and draw the arc of circle C T, cutting A B in T.

Then, by the law last enunciated, if we divide the line A B uniformly into any number of degrees of shade from the maximum of light at A to its minimum at B, the point T will indicate, on that scale, the proper shade for the point of sphere-surface, V. And because B V equals B A, and the angle B V M equals the angle A B C, ∴ M V equals B T; and the degree of shade may at once be indicated for any point on the surface A P by letting fall a vertical from it on the uniformly gradated scale A B.

24. Dividing that scale into ninety degrees from A to B, we find that, on the globe, when the sun is over the equator, the Christian circle, though in 60 degrees north latitude, receives yet 45 degrees of light, or half the quantity of the equatorial light, and that, approximately,* the losses of the strength of light in the climates of the five circles are,—

St. James's,	3 degrees loss, leaving 87 of light.
Arabian,	12 degrees loss, leaving 78 of light.
Venetian,	26 degrees loss, leaving 64 of light.
Christian,	45 degrees loss, leaving 45 of light.
Fern,	67 degrees loss, leaving 23 of light.

But it is always to be remembered that in the real passing of day into night, the transition from the final degree of shadow on the gradated curvature of the illuminated hemisphere, to night itself, is a much greater one than it is our power to express by any scale: so that our 90 measured degrees do not carry us even into twilight, but only to the point and moment of sunset. They express, however, with approximate accuracy, the relation of the terrestrial climate so far as it depends on solar influences only, and the consequently relative power of light on vegetation and animal life, taking the single numerical expression as a mean for the balanced effect of summer and winter.†

* Calculated to two places of decimals by Mr. Macdonald, the Master of my Oxford schools, the fractional values are 3.07, 12.06, 26.36, and 66.71, giving the regulated diminishing intervals 8.99, 4.30, 18.64, 21.71, and 23.29, or, roughly, 9, 14, 18, 21, 23.

† The difference in effective heat between rays falling at large or

25. Without encumbering himself, in practice, by any attempts to apply this, or any similar geometric formulæ, during the progress of his work, (in which the eye, memory, and imagination are to be his first, and final, instruments,) the student is yet to test his results severely by the absolute decrees of natural law; and however these may be prudently relaxed in compliance with the narrowness of his means, or concession to the feebleness of his powers, he is always to remember that there is indeed a right, and a wrong, attendant on the purpose and act of every touch, firm as the pillars of the earth, measured as the flight of its hours, and lovely as the moral law, from which one jot or tittle shall not pass, till all be fulfilled.

26. Together with these delicate exercises in neutral tint, the student cannot too early begin practice in laying frank and full touches of every zodiacal color, within stated limits. He may advisably first provide himself with examples of the effects of opposition in color, by drawing the square of the Fern line, measured on his twelve-inch globe, within the square of the Venetian line; then filling the interior square with any one of the zodiacal colors, and the enclosing space between it and the larger square, with the opponent color: trying also the effect of opposition between dark tints of one color and light tints of the other: each wash to be laid on at once, and resolutely left without retouching. The student will thus gradually gain considerable power of manipulating the pencil, with full color; recognize more clearly day by day how much he has to gain; and arrive at many interesting conclusions as to the value and reciprocal power of opposed hues.

27. All these exercises must, however, be kept in subordination to earnest and uninterrupted practice with the pen-point or the lead; of which I give two more examples in the present number of Fésole, which, with those already set before the student, Plates V., VI., and VIII., will form a quite suffi-

small angles, cannot be introduced in this first step of analysis: still less is it necessary to embarrass the young student by any attempt to generalize the courses of the isothermal lines.

STUDY WITH THE LEAD AND SINGLE TINT. LEAF OF HERB.—ROBERT.
Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate XI.

cient code for his guidance until I can begin the second volume.*

28. Plate XI. represents, as far as mezzotint easily can, a drawing of the plan and profile of a leaf of wild geranium, made lightly with the lead, and secured by a single washed tint above it.

Every care is to be given in study of this kind to get the outline as right and as refined as possible. Both shade and color are to be held entirely subordinate; yet shade is to be easily and swiftly added, in its proper place, and any peculiar local color may be indicated, by way of memorandum, in the guarding tint, without attempting the effect of a colored drawing. Neither is any finish or depth to be sought in the shade. It should rightly indicate the surges or troughs of the leaf, and the course and projection of large ribs, (when the plan drawing is made of the under surface,) but it must not be laboriously completed or pursued. No study of this kind should ever take more than an hour for plan and profile both: but the outline should be accurate to the utmost of the student's power, and as delicate as the lead will draw.

29. Although, in beginning, precise measurements are to be taken of the leaf's length and breadth, yet the mistakes inevitable during execution cannot be easily corrected without some variation in the size; it is far better to lose the exact measurement than the feeling of the form. Thus my profile is nearly a quarter of an inch too long for the plan, because I could not get the spring of it to my mind in its first proportion. The *plan* may generally be kept to its true scale; and at all events the measures should be marked for reference within their proper geometrical limits, as in the upper outline, of which I have more to say in another place.

30. Plate XII. gives example of an equally rapid mode of study when the object is essentially light and shade. Here the ground is a deeply toned gray paper; the outline is made with stern decision, but without care for subtlety in minor points; some gradations of shade are rapidly added with the lead,—

* During the spring I must confine my work wholly to Proserpina.

(BB); and finally, the high lights, laid on with extreme care with body-white. Theoretically, the outline, in such a study as this, should always be done first: but practically, I find it needful, with such imperfect skill as I have, to scrabble in the pencil shadows for some guide to the places of the lights; and then fasten everything down firmly with the pen outline. Then I complete the shadow as far as needful; clear the lights with bread first; and then, which is the gist of the whole, lay the high lights with carefullest discipline of their relations.

Mr. Allen's very skilful mezzotint ground is more tender and united than the pencil shadow was, in this case; or usually need be: but the more soft it is the better; only let no time be lost upon it.

31. Plate VIII., given in the last number of Fésole, for illustration of other matters, represents also the complete methods of wholesome study with the pen and sepia, for advanced rendering both of form and chiaroscuro.

Perfect form never can be given but with color (see above, Chapter VIII. § 22). But the foundational elements of it may be given in a very impressive and useful way by the pen, with any washed tint. In the upper study the pen only is used; and when the forms are complete, no more should be attempted; for none but a great master can rapidly secure fine form with a tint. But with the pen, thus used, much may be reached by the student in very early stages of his progress.

32. Observe that in work of this kind, you are not to be careful about the direction or separation of the lines; but, on the other hand, you are not to slur, scrabble, or endeavor to reach the mysterious qualities of an etching. Use an ordinarily fine pen-point, *well kept down;* and let the gradations be got by the nearness or separation, singleness or crossing of the lines, but not by any faintness in them.

But if the forms be simple, and there be a variety of local colors which is important in the subject,—as, in the lower study, the paleness of the stamens of the pink in relation to its petals,—use the pen only for fine outline, as in Plate XII.;

LIGHT AND SHADE WITH REFUSAL OF COLOR. PETAL-VAULT OF SCARLET GERANIUM.

Schools of St. George. Elementary Drawing, Plate XII.

and when that is perfectly dry, complete the light and shade with as few washes as possible.

33. It is also to be noted that a dark background is admissible only, in chiaroscuro study, when you intend to refuse all expression of colour, and to consider the object as if it were a piece of sculpture in white marble. To illustrate this point more strongly, I have chosen for the chiaroscuro plate, XII., a cluster of scarlet geranium; in which the abstraction of the form from the color brings out conditions of grace and balance in the blossom which the force of the natural color disguised. On the other hand, when the rich crimson of the Clarissa flower (Plate VIII.) is to be shown in opposition to the paler green of its stamens, I leave the background pure white. The upper figure in the same plate being studied for form only, admits any darkness of background which may relieve the contour on the light side.

34. The method of study which refuses local color, partly by the apparent dignity and science of it, and partly by the feverish brilliancy of effect induced, in engraving, by leaving all the lights white, became the preferred method of the schools of the Renaissance, headed by Leonardo: and it was both familiarized and perpetuated by the engravings of Durer and Marc Antonio. It has been extremely mischievous in this supremacy; but the technical mischief of it is so involved with moral faults proceeding from far other causes, that I must not here attempt its analysis. Every student ought, however, to understand, and sometimes to use, the method; but all main work is to be with the severest respect to local color, and with pure white background.

35. Note yet once more. Although for facility of work, when form alone is needed, the direction of the pen-stroke is to be disregarded, yet, if texture, or any organic character in the surface of the object, be manifest, the direction or manner of breaking, in the pen touch, may pleasantly comply with such character, and suggest it. The plate of Contorta Purpurea (VII. in "Proserpina") is thus engraved with the double intention of expressing the color of the flower and the texture of the leaf, and may serve for enough example in this particu-

lar ; but it is always to be remembered that such expedients are only partial and suggestive, and that they must never be allowed to waste time, or distract attention. Perfect rendering of surface can only be given by perfect painting, and in all elementary work the student should hold himself well disengaged from serfdom to a particular method. As long as he can get more truths in a given time, by letting his pen-point move one way rather than another, he should let it easily comply with the natural facts,—but let him first be quite sure he sees the facts to be complied with. It is proper to follow the striæ of an ophrys leaf with longitudinal touches, but not, as vulgar engravers, to shade a pearl with concentric circles.

36. Note, finally, that the degree of subtlety in observation and refinement of line which the student gives to these incipient drawings must be regulated in great degree by his own sense and feeling, with due relation to the natural power of his sight : and that his discretion and self-command are to be shown not more in the perseverance of bestowing labor to profit, than in the vigilance for the instant when it should cease, and obedience to the signals for its cessation. The increasing power of finish is always a sign of progress ; but the most zealous student must often be content to do little ; and the greatest observe the instant when he can do no more.

37. The careless and insolent manners of modern art study, (for the most part,) forbid me the dread of over-insistance on minutiæ of practice ; but I have not, for such reason, added to the difficulty or delicacy of the exercises given. On the contrary, they are kept, by consistent attention, within the easy reach of healthy youthful hand and sight ; and they are definitely representative of what should properly be done in *drawings*, as distinguised from the qualities attainable by the consummate line engraver. As an example of what, in that more subtle kind, the human eye and finger can accomplish by severe industry, every town library ought to possess, and make conveniently accessible to its students, the great botanical series of the Floræ Danicæ. The drawings for the numbers produced before the year 1820 were in better taste, and

the engravings more exemplary in manner, than in the supplementary numbers lately in course of publication: but the resolute and simple effort for excellence is unfailing throughout; and for precision and patience of execution, the nine plates, 2744 to 2753, may be safely taken as monumental of the honor, grace, and, in the most solemn sense, majesty, of simple human work,* maintained amidst and against all the bribes, follies, and lasciviousness of the nineteenth century.

38. Together with these, and other such worthily executed illustrations of natural history, every public institution should possess several copies of the 'Trésor Artistique de la France,' now publishing in Paris. It contains representations, which no mechanical art can be conceived ever likely to excel, of some of the best ornamental designs existing; with others, (I regret to observe, as yet, much the plurality,) of Renaissance jewellery, by which the foulness and dulness of the most reputed masters of that epoch are illustrated with a force which has not hitherto been possible. The plates, which represent design of the greater ages, more especially those of the Boite d'Evangéliaire of St. Denis, which the brooch and cassette of St. Louis, had better be purchased by those of my students who can afford the cost; and with these, also, the uncolored plates of the Coffret à Bijoux of Anne of Austria, which is exemplary of the best Renaissance wreathen work. The other pieces of sixteenth and seventeenth century toys, given in this publication, are all of them leading examples of the essential character of Renaissance art,—the pride of Thieves, adorned by the industry of Fools, under the mastership of Satyrs. As accurately representative of these mixtures of bêtise with abomination, the platter and ewer executed in Germany, as an offering to the Emperor Charles V. on his victory at Tunis, are of very notable value: but a more terrific lesson may be read in the ghastly and senseless Gorgons of the armor of Henry II., if the student of history remember, in relation to

* With truly noble pride, neither the draughtsman nor the engraver have set their names to the plates. "We are Men," they say, "with the hearts and hands of Men. That is all you need know. Our names are nothing to you."

them, the entertainment with which he graced his Queen's coronation ; and the circumstances of his own death.

39. The relations between the rich and poor, on which the pomp of this Renaissance art was founded, may be sufficiently illustrated by two short passages, almost consecutive, in 'Evelyn's Diary' :

"11 May (1651).—To the Palace Cardinal, where y^e^ M^r^. of Ceremonies plac'd me to see y^e^ royal masque or opera. The first sceane represented a chariot of singers compos'd of the rarest voices that could be procur'd, representing Cornaro and Temperance ; this was overthrowne by Bacchus and his Revellers ; the rest consisted of several enteries and pageants of excesse, by all the Elements. A masque representing fire was admirable ; then came a Venus out of y^e^ clouds. The conclusion was an heaven, whither all ascended. But the glory of the masque was the greate persons performing in it : the French King, his brother the Duke of Anjou, with all the grandees of the Court, the King performing to the admiration of all. The music was 29 violins, vested *á l'antiq*, but the habits of the masquers were stupendiously rich and glorious.

* * * * * * *

"29 January.—I sat out in a coach for Calais, in an exceeding hard frost, which had continued some time. We got that night to Beaumont; 30, to Beauvais ; 31, we found the ways very deepe w^th^ snow, and it was exceeding cold ; din'd at Pois ; lay at Pernée, a miserable cottage of miserable people in a wood, wholly unfurnished, but in a little time we had sorry beds and some provision, w^ch^ they told me, they hid in y^e^ wood for feare of the frontier enemy, the garisons neere them continually plundering what they had. They were often infested with wolves. I cannot remember that I ever saw more miserable creatures."

40. It is not, I believe, without the concurrence of the noblest Fors, that I have been compelled, in my reference to this important French series of illustrative art, to lead the student's attention forward into some of the higher subjects of reflection, which for the most part I reserve for the closing

volume of the Laws of Fésole. Counting less than most men, what future days may bring or deny to me, I am thankful to be permitted, in the beginning of a New Year of which I once little thought to see the light, to repeat, with all the force of which my mind is yet capable, the lesson I have endeavored to teach through my past life, that this fair Tree Igdrasil of Human Art can only flourish when its dew is Affection ; its air, Devotion ; the rock of its roots, Patience ; and its sunshine, God.

A JOY FOREVER

(AND ITS PRICE IN THE MARKET) BEING THE SUBSTANCE (WITH ADDITIONS) OF TWO LECTURES ON THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART, DELIVERED AT MANCHESTER, JULY 10th and 13th, 1857.

PREFACE.

THE title of this book,—or, more accurately, of its subjects; —for no author was ever less likely than I have lately become, to hope for perennial pleasure to his readers from what has cost himself the most pains,—will be, perhaps, recognised by some as the last clause of the line chosen from Keats by the good folks of Manchester, to be written in letters of gold on the cornice, or Holy rood, of the great Exhibition which inaugurated the career of so many,—since organized, by both foreign governments and our own, to encourage the production of works of art, which the producing nations, so far from intending to be their "joy for ever," only hope to sell as soon as possible. Yet the motto was chosen with uncomprehended felicity: for there never was, nor can be, any essential beauty possessed by a work of art, which is not based on the conception of its honoured permanence, and local influence, as a part of appointed and precious furniture, either in the cathedral, the house, or the joyful thoroughfare, of nations which enter their gates with thanksgiving, and their courts with praise.

"Their" courts—or "His" courts;—in the mind of such races, the expressions are synonymous: and the habits of life which recognise the delightfulness, confess also the sacredness, of homes nested round the seat of a worship unshaken by insolent theory: themselves founded on an abiding affection for the past, and care for the future; and approached by paths open only to the activities of honesty, and traversed only by the footsteps of peace.

The exposition of these truths, to which I have given the chief energy of my own life, will be found in the following

pages first undertaken systematically and in logical sequence; and what I have since written on the political influence of the Arts has been little more than the expansion of these first lectures, in the reprint of which not a sentence is omitted or changed.

The supplementary papers added contain, in briefest form, the aphorisms respecting principles of art-teaching of which the attention I gave to this subject during the continuance of my Professorship at Oxford confirms me in the earnest and contented re-assertion.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *April 29th*, 1880.

"A JOY FOR EVER."

LECTURE I.

THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF ART.

A Lecture delivered at Manchester, July 10, 1857.

Among the various characteristics of the age in which we live, as compared with other ages of this not yet *very* experienced world, one of the most notable appears to me to be the just and wholesome contempt in which we hold poverty. I repeat, the *just* and *wholesome* contempt; though I see that some of my hearers look surprised at the expression. I assure them, I use it in sincerity; and I should not have ventured to ask you to listen to me this evening, unless I had entertained a profound respect for wealth—true wealth, that is to say; for, of course, we ought to respect neither wealth nor anything else that is false of its kind: and the distinction between real and false wealth is one of the points on which I shall have a few words presently to say to you. But true wealth I hold, as I said, in great honour; and sympathize, for the most part, with that extraordinary feeling of the present age which publicly pays this honour to riches. I cannot, however, help noticing how extraordinary it is, and how this epoch of ours differs from all bygone epochs in having no philosophical nor religious worshippers of the ragged godship of poverty. In the classical ages, not only were there people who voluntarily lived in tubs, and who used gravely to maintain the superiority of tub-life to town-life, but the Greeks and Latins seem to have looked on these eccentric, and I do not scruple to say, absurd people, with as much respect as we

do upon large capitalists and landed proprietors; so that really, in those days, no one could be described as purse proud, but only as empty-purse proud. And no less distinct than the honour which those curious Greek people pay to their conceited poor, is the disrespectful manner in which they speak of the rich; so that one cannot listen long either to them, or to the Roman writers who imitated them, without finding oneself entangled in all sorts of plausible absurdities; hard upon being convinced of the uselessness of collecting that heavy yellow substance which we call gold, and led generally to doubt all the most established maxims of political economy. Nor are matters much better in the middle ages. For the Greeks and Romans contented themselves with mocking at rich people, and constructing merry dialogues between Charon and Diogenes or Menippus, in which the ferrymen and the cynic rejoiced together as they saw kings and rich men coming down to the shore of Acheron, in lamenting and lamentable crowds, casting their crowns into the dark waters, and searching, sometimes in vain, for the last coin out of all their treasures that could ever be of use to them. But these Pagan views of the matter were indulgent, compared with those which were held in the middle ages, when wealth seems to have been looked upon by the best of men not only as contemptible, but as criminal. The purse round the neck is, then, one of the principal signs of condemnation in the pictured inferno; and the Spirit of Poverty is reverenced with subjection of heart, and faithfulness of affection, like that of a loyal knight for his lady, or a loyal subject for his queen. And truly, it requires some boldness to quit ourselves of these feelings, and to confess their partiality or their error, which, nevertheless, we are certainly bound to do. For wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be entrusted to human hands: a power, not indeed to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised; while, in these days, and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wedges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously

employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful or helpful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, Mammon either of Unrighteousness or of Righteousness.

Now, it seemed to me that since, in the name you have given to this great gathering of British pictures, you recognise them as Treasures—that is, I suppose, as part and parcel of the real wealth of the country—you might not be uninterested in tracing certain commercial questions connected with this particular form of wealth. Most persons express themselves as surprised at its quantity; not having known before to what an extent good art had been accumulated in England: and it will, therefore, I should think, be held a worthy subject of consideration, what are the political interests involved in such accumulations; what kind of labour they represent, and how this labour may in general be applied and economized, so as to produce the richest results.

Now, you must have patience with me, if in approaching the specialty of this subject, I dwell a little on certain points of general political science already known or established: for though thus, as I believe, established, some which I shall have occasion to rest arguments on are not yet by any means universally accepted; and therefore, though I will not lose time in any detailed defence of them, it is necessary that I should distinctly tell you in what form I receive, and wish to argue from them; and this the more, because there may perhaps be a part of my audience who have not interested themselves in political economy, as it bears on ordinary fields of labour, but may yet wish to hear in what way its principles can be applied to Art. I shall, therefore, take leave to trespass on your patience with a few elementary statements in the outset, and with the expression of some general principles, here and there, in the course of our particular inquiry.

To begin, then, with one of these necessary truisms: all economy, whether of states, households, or individuals, may be defined to be the art of managing labour. The world is so regulated by the laws of Providence, that a man's labour, well applied, is always amply sufficient to provide him during

his life with all things needful to him, and not only with those, but with many pleasant objects of luxury ; and yet farther, to procure him large intervals of healthful rest and serviceable leisure. And a nation's labour, well applied, is in like manner amply sufficient to provide its whole population with good food and comfortable habitation ; and not with those only, but with good education besides, and objects of luxury, art treasures, such as these you have around you now. But by those same laws of Nature and Providence, if the labour of the nation or of the individual be misapplied, and much more if it be insufficient,—if the nation or man be indolent and unwise,—suffering and want result, exactly in proportion to the indolence and improvidence,—to the refusal of labour, or to the misapplication of it. Wherever you see want, or misery, or degradation, in this world about you, there, be sure, either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error. It is not accident, it is not Heaven-commanded calamity, it is not the original and inevitable evil of man's nature, which fill your streets with lamentation, and your graves with prey. It is only that, when there should have been providence, there has been waste ; when there should have been labour, there has been lasciviousness ; and wilfulness, when there should have been subordination.*

Now, we have warped the word "economy" in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving ; economy of money means saving money—economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But that is a wholly barbarous use of the word—barbarous in a double sense, for it is not English, and it is bad Greek ; barbarous in a treble sense, for it is not English, it is bad Greek, and it is worse sense. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means, the administration of a house ; its stewardship ; spending or saving that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether

* Proverbs xiii. 23, "Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment."

public or private, means the wise management of labour; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first, *applying* your labour rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; lastly, *distributing* its produce seasonably.

I say first, applying your labour rationally; that is, so as to obtain the most precious things you can, and the most lasting things, by it: not growing oats in land where you can grow wheat, nor putting fine embroidery on a stuff that will not wear. Secondly, preserving its produce carefully; that is to say, laying up your wheat wisely in storehouses for the time of famine, and keeping your embroidery watchfully from the moth; and lastly, distributing its produce seasonably; that is to say, being able to carry your corn at once to the place where the people are hungry, and your embroideries to the places where they are gay; so fulfilling in all ways the Wise Man's description, whether of the queenly housewife or queenly nation: "She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Strength and honour are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

Now, you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of a household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendour; in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needlework, for honour and for beauty. All perfect housewifery or national economy is known by these two divisions; wherever either is wanting, the economy is imperfect. If the motive of pomp prevails, and the care of the national economist is directed only to the accumulation of gold, and of pictures, and of silk and marble, you know at once that the time must soon come when all these treasures shall be scattered and blasted in national ruin. If, on the contrary, the element of utility prevails, and the nation disdains to occupy itself in any wise with the arts of beauty or delight, not only a certain quantity of its energy calculated for exercise in those arts alone must be entirely wasted, which is bad econ-

omy, but also the passions connected with the utilities of property become morbidly strong, and a mean lust of accumulation, merely for the sake of accumulation, or even of labour, merely for the sake of labour, will banish at least the serenity and the morality of life, as completely, and perhaps more ignobly, than even the lavishness of pride, and the lightness of pleasure. And similarly, and much more visibly, in private and household economy, you may judge always of its perfectness by its fair balance between the use and the pleasure of its possessions. You will see the wise cottager's garden trimly divided between its well-set vegetables, and its fragrant flowers; you will see the good housewife taking pride in her pretty table-cloth, and her glittering shelves, no less than in her well-dressed dish, and her full storeroom; the care in her countenance will alternate with gaiety; and though you will reverence her in her seriousness, you will know her best by her smile.

Now, as you will have anticipated, I am going to address you, on this and our succeeding evening, chiefly on the subject of that economy which relates rather to the garden than the farm-yard. I shall ask you to consider with me the kind of laws by which we shall best distribute the beds of our national garden, and raise in it the sweetest succession of trees pleasant to the sight, and (in no forbidden sense) to be desired to make us wise. But, before proceeding to open this specialty of our subject, let me pause for a few moments to plead with you for the acceptance of that principle of government or authority which must be at the root of all economy, whether for use or for pleasure. I said, a few minutes ago, that a nation's labour, well applied, was amply sufficient to provide its whole population with good food, comfortable clothing, and pleasant luxury. But the good, instant, and constant application is everything. We must not, when our strong hands are thrown out of work, look wildly about for want of something to do with them. If ever we feel that want, it is a sign that all our household is out of order. Fancy a farmer's wife, to whom one or two of her servants should come at twelve o'clock at noon, crying that they had

got nothing to do; that they did not know what to do next: and fancy still farther, the said farmer's wife looking hopelessly about her rooms and yard, they being all the while considerably in disorder, not knowing where to set the spare hand-maidens to work, and at last complaining bitterly that she had been obliged to give them their dinner for nothing. That's the type of the kind of political economy we practise too often in England. Would you not at once assert of such a mistress that she knew nothing of her duties? and would you not be certain, if the household were rightly managed, the mistress would be only too glad at any moment to have the help of any number of spare hands; that she would know in an instant what to set them to;—in an instant what part of to-morrow's work might be most serviceably forwarded, what part of next month's work most wisely provided for, or what new task of some profitable kind undertaken? and when the evening came, and she dismissed her servants to their recreation or their rest, or gathered them to the reading round the work-table, under the eaves in the sunset, would you not be sure to find that none of them had been overtasked by her, just because none had been left idle; that everything had been accomplished because all had been employed; that the kindness of the mistress had aided her presence of mind, and the slight labour had been entrusted to the weak, and the formidable to the strong; and that as none had been dishonoured by inactivity, so none had been broken by toil?

Now, the precise counterpart of such a household would be seen in a nation in which political economy was rightly understood. You complain of the difficulty of finding work for your men. Depend upon it the real difficulty rather is to find men for your work. The serious question for you is not how many you have to feed, but how much you have to do; it is our inactivity, not our hunger, that ruins us: let us never fear that our servants should have a good appetite—our wealth is in their strength, not in their starvation. Look around this island of yours, and see what you have to do in it. The sea roars against your harbourless cliffs—you have to build the

breakwater, and dig the port of refuge ; the unclean pestilence ravins in your streets—you have to bring the full stream from the hills, and to send the free winds through the thoroughfare ; the famine blanches your lips and eats away your flesh—you have to dig the moor and dry the marsh, to bid the morass give forth instead of engulphing, and to wring the honey and oil out of the rock. These things, and thousands such, we have to do, and shall have to do constantly, on this great farm of ours ; for do not suppose that it is anything else than that. Precisely the same laws of economy which apply to the cultivation of a farm or an estate apply to the cultivation of a province or of an island. Whatever rebuke you would address to the improvident master of an ill-managed patrimony, precisely that rebuke we should address to ourselves, so far as we leave our population in idleness and our country in disorder. What would you say to the lord of an estate who complained to you of his poverty and disabilities, and, when you pointed out to him that his land was half of it overrun with weeds, and that his fences were all in ruin, and that his cattle-sheds were roofless, and his labourers lying under the hedges faint for want of food, he answered to you that it would ruin him to weed his land or to roof his sheds—that those were too costly operations for him to undertake, and that he knew not how to feed his labourers nor pay them ? Would you not instantly answer, that instead of ruining him to weed his fields, it would save him ; that his inactivity was his destruction, and that to set his labourers to work was to feed them ? Now you may add acre to acre, and estate to estate, as far as you like, but you will never reach a compass of ground which shall escape from the authority of these simple laws. The principles which are right in the administration of a few fields, are right also in the administration of a great country from horizon to horizon : idleness does not cease to be ruinous because it is extensive, nor labour to be productive because it is universal.

Nay, but you reply, there is one vast difference between the nation's economy and the private man's : the farmer has full authority over his labourers ; he can direct them to do what is needed to be done, whether they like it or not ; and he can

turn them away if they refuse to work, or impede others in their working, or are disobedient, or quarrelsome. There *is* this great difference; it is precisely this difference on which I wish to fix your attention, for it is precisely this difference which you have to do away with. We know the necessity of authority in farm, or in fleet, or in army; but we commonly refuse to admit it in the body of the nation. Let us consider this point a little.

In the various awkward and unfortunate efforts which the French have made at the development of a social system, they have at least stated one true principle, that of fraternity or brotherhood. Do not be alarmed; they got all wrong in their experiments, because they quite forgot that this fact of fraternity implied another fact quite as important—that of paternity, or fatherhood. That is to say, if they were to regard the nation as one family, the condition of unity in that family consisted no less in their having a head, or a father, than in their being faithful and affectionate members, or brothers. But we must not forget this, for we have long confessed it with our lips, though we refuse to confess it in our lives. For half an hour every Sunday we expect a man in a black gown, supposed to be telling us truth, to address us as brethren, though we should be shocked at the notion of any brotherhood existing among us out of church. And we can hardly read a few sentences on any political subject without running a chance of crossing the phrase "paternal government," though we should be utterly horror-struck at the idea of governments claiming anything like a father's authority over us. Now, I believe those two formal phrases are in both instances perfectly binding and accurate, and that the image of the farm and its servants which I have hitherto used, as expressing a wholesome national organization, fails only of doing so, not because it is too domestic, but because it is not domestic enough; because the real type of a well-organized nation must be presented, not by a farm cultivated by servants who wrought for hire, and might be turned away if they refused to labour, but by a farm in which the master was a father, and in which all the servants were sons; which im-

plied, therefore, in all its regulations, not merely the order of expediency, but the bonds of affection and responsibilities of relationship; and in which all acts and services were not only to be sweetened by brotherly concord, but to be enforced by fatherly authority.*

Observe, I do not mean in the least that we ought to place such an authority in the hands of any one person, or of any class, or body of persons. But I do mean to say that as an individual who conducts himself wisely must make laws for himself which at some time or other may appear irksome or injurious, but which, precisely at the time they appear most irksome, it is most necessary he should obey, so a nation which means to conduct itself wisely, must establish authority over itself, vested either in kings, councils, or laws, which it must resolve to obey, even at times when the law or authority appears irksome to the body of the people, or injurious to certain masses of it. And this kind of national law has hitherto been only judicial; contented, that is, with an endeavour to prevent and punish violence and crime; but, as we advance in our social knowledge, we shall endeavour to make our government paternal as well as judicial; that is, to establish such laws and authorities as may at once direct us in our occupations, protect us against our follies, and visit us in our distresses: a government which shall repress dishonesty, as now it punishes theft; which shall show how the discipline of the masses may be brought to aid the toils of peace, as discipline of the masses has hitherto knit the sinews of battle; a government which shall have its soldiers of the ploughshare as well as its soldiers of the sword, and which shall distribute more proudly its golden crosses of industry—golden as the glow of the harvest, than now it grants its bronze crosses of honour—bronzed with the crimson of blood.

I have not, of course, time to insist on the nature or details of government of this kind; only I wish to plead for your several and future consideration of this one truth, that the notion of Discipline and Interference lies at the very root of all human progress or power; that the "Let alone" principle is, in

* See note 1st, in Addenda.

all things which man has to do with, the principle of death; that it is ruin to him, certain and total, if he lets his land alone—if he lets his fellow-men alone—if he lets his own soul alone. That his whole life, on the contrary, must, if it is healthy life, be continually one of ploughing and pruning, rebuking and helping, governing and punishing; and that therefore it is only in the concession of some great principle of restraint and interference in national action that he can ever hope to find the secret of protection against national degradation. I believe that the masses have a right to claim education from their government; but only so far as they acknowledge the duty of yielding obedience to their government. I believe they have a right to claim employment from their governors; but only so far as they yield to the governor the direction and discipline of their labour; and it is only so far as they grant to the men whom they may set over them the father's authority to check the childishness of national fancy, and direct the waywardness of national energy, that they have a right to ask that none of their distresses should be unrelieved, none of their weaknesses unwatched; and that no grief, nor nakedness, nor peril should exist for them, against which the father's hand was not outstretched, or the father's shield uplifted.*

Now, I have pressed this upon you at more length than is needful or proportioned to our present purposes of inquiry,

* Compare Wordsworth's Essay on the Poor-Law Amendment Bill. I quote one important passage:—"But, if it be not safe to touch the abstract question of man's right in a social state to help himself even in the last extremity, may we not still contend for the duty of a Christian government, standing *in loco parentis* towards all its subjects, to make such effectual provision that no one shall be in danger of perishing either through the neglect or harshness of its legislation? Or, waiving this, is it not indisputable that the claim of the State to the allegiance, involves the protection of the subject? And, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the State to require the services of its members, even to the jeoparding of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people (not to be gainsaid by utilitarians and economists) to public support when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves."—(See note 2d, in Addenda.)

because I would not for the first time speak to you on this subject of political economy without clearly stating what I believe to be its first grand principle. But its bearing on the matter in hand is chiefly to prevent you from at once too violently dissenting from me when what I may state to you as advisable economy in art appears to imply too much restraint or interference with the freedom of the patron or artist. We are a little apt, though on the whole a prudent nation, to act too immediately on our impulses, even in matters merely commercial; much more in those involving continual appeals to our fancies. How far, therefore, the proposed systems or restraints may be advisable, it is for you to judge; only I pray you not to be offended with them merely because they *are* systems and restraints. Do you at all recollect that interesting passage of Carlyle, in which he compares, in this country and at this day, the understood and commercial value of man and horse; and in which he wonders that the horse, with its inferior brains and its awkward hoofiness, instead of handiness, should be always worth so many tens or scores of pounds in the market, while the man, so far from always commanding his price in the market, would often be thought to confer a service on the community by simply killing himself out of their way? Well, Carlyle does not answer his own question, because he supposes we shall at once see the answer. The value of the horse consists simply in the fact of your being able to put a bridle on him. The value of the man consists precisely in the same thing. If you can bridle him, or which is better, if he can bridle himself he will be a valuable creature directly. Otherwise, in a commercial point of view, his value is either nothing, or accidental only. Only, of course, the proper bridle of man is not a leathern one; what kind of texture it is rightly made of, we find from that command, "Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle." You are not to be without the reins, indeed; but they are to be of another kind; "I will guide thee with mine Eye." So the bridle of man is to be the Eye of God; and if he rejects that guidance, then the next best for him is the horse's and the

mule's, which have no understanding ; and if he rejects that, and takes the bit fairly in his teeth, then there is nothing more left for him than the blood that comes out of the city, up to the horsebridles.

Quitting, however, at last these general and serious laws of government—or rather bringing them down to our own business in hand—we have to consider three points of discipline in that particular branch of human labour which is concerned, not with procuring of food, but the expression of emotion ; we have to consider respecting art ; first, how to apply our labour to it ; then, how to accumulate or preserve the results of labour ; and then, how to distribute them. But since in art the labour which we have to employ is the labour of a particular class of men—men who have special genius for the business, we have not only to consider how to apply the labour, but first of all how to produce the labourer ; and thus the question in this particular case becomes fourfold: first, how to get your man of genius ; then, how to employ your man of genius ; then, how to accumulate and preserve his work in the greatest quantity ; and lastly, how to distribute his work to the best national advantage. Let us take up these questions in succession.

I. Discovery.—How are we to get our men of genius : that is to say, by what means may we produce among us, at any given time, the greatest quantity of effective art-intellect ? A wide question, you say, involving an account of all the best means of art education. Yes, but I do not mean to go into the consideration of those ; I want only to state the few principles which lie at the foundation of the matter. Of these, the first is that you have always to find your artist, not to make him ; you can't manufacture him, any more than you can manufacture gold. You can find him, and refine him : you dig him out as he lies nugget-fashion in the mountain-stream ; you bring him home ; and you make him into current coin, or house holdplate, but not one grain of him can you originally produce. A certain quantity of art-intellect is born annually in every nation, greater or less according to the

nature and cultivation of the nation, or race of men; but a perfectly fixed quantity annually, not increasable by one grain. You may lose it, or you may gather it; you may let it lie loose in the ravine, and buried in the sands, or you may make kings' thrones of it, and overlay temple gates with it, as you choose; but the best you can do with it is always merely sifting, melting, hammering, purifying—never creating. And there is another thing notable about this artistical gold; not only is it limited in quantity, but in use. You need not make thrones or golden gates with it unless you like, but assuredly you can't do anything else with it. You can't make knives of it, nor armour, nor railroads. The gold won't cut you, and it won't carry you: put it to a mechanical use, and you destroy it at once. It is quite true that in the greatest artists, their proper artistical faculty is united with every other; and you may make use of the other faculties, and let the artistical one lie dormant. For aught I know there may be two or three Leonardo da Vincis employed at this moment in your harbours and railroads: but you are not employing their Leonardesque or golden faculty there, you are only oppressing and destroying it. And the artistical gift in average men is not joined with others; your born painter, if you don't make a painter of him, won't be a first-rate merchant, or lawyer; at all events, whatever he turns out, his own special gift is unemployed by you; and in no wise helps him in that other business. So here you have a certain quantity of a particular sort of intelligence, produced for you annually by providential laws, which you can only make use of by setting it to its own proper work, and which any attempt to use otherwise involves the dead loss of so much human energy. Well then, supposing we wish to employ it, how is it to be best discovered and refined. It is easily enough discovered. To wish to employ it, is to discover it. All that you need is, a school of trial * in every important town, in which those idle farmers' lads whom their masters never can keep out of mischief, and those stupid tailors' 'prentices who are always stitching the sleeves in

* See note 3d, in Addenda.

wrong way upwards, may have a try at this other trade; only this school of trial must not be entirely regulated by formal laws of art education, but must ultimately be the workshop of a good master painter, who will try the lads with one kind of art and another, till he finds out what they are fit for. Next, after your trial school, you want your easy and secure employment, which is the matter of chief importance. For, even on the present system, the boys who have really intense art capacity, generally make painters of themselves; but then, the best half of their early energy is lost in the battle of life. Before a good painter can get employment, his mind has always been embittered, and his genius distorted. A common mind usually stoops, in plastic chill, to whatever is asked of it, and scrapes or daubs its way complacently into public favour.* But your great men quarrel with you, and you revenge yourselves by starving them for the first half of their lives. Precisely in the degree in which any painter possesses original genius, is at present the increase of moral certainty that during his early years he will have had a hard battle to fight; and that just at the time when his conceptions ought to be full and happy, his temper gentle, and his hopes enthusiastic—just at that most critical period, his heart is full of anxieties and household cares; he is chilled by disappointments, and vexed by injustice; he becomes obstinate in his errors, no less than in his virtues, and the arrows of his aims are blunted, as the reeds of his trust are broken.

What we mainly want, therefore, is a means of sufficient and unagitated employment: not holding out great prizes for which young painters are to scramble; but furnishing all with adequate support, and opportunity to display such power as they possess without rejection or mortification. I need not say that the best field of labour of this kind would be presented by the constant progress of public works involving various decorations; and we will presently examine what kind of public works may thus, advantageously for the nation, be in constant progress. But a more important matter even than this of steady employment, is the kind of criticism with

* See note 4th, in Addenda.

which you, the public, receive the works of the young men submitted to you. You may do much harm by indiscreet praise and by indiscreet blame; but remember, the chief harm is always done by blame. It stands to reason that a young man's work cannot be perfect. It *must* be more or less ignorant; it must be more or less feeble; it is likely that it may be more or less experimental, and if experimental, here and there mistaken. If, therefore, you allow yourself to launch out into sudden barking at the first faults you see, the probability is that you are abusing the youth for some defect naturally and inevitably belonging to that stage of his progress; and that you might just as rationally find fault with a child for not being as prudent as a privy councillor, or with a kitten for not being as grave as a cat. But there is one fault which you may be quite sure is unnecessary, and therefore a real and blameable fault: that is haste, involving negligence. Whenever you see that a young man's work is either bold or slovenly, then you may attack it firmly; sure of being right. If his work is bold, it is insolent; repress his insolence: if it is slovenly, it is indolent; repress his indolence. So long as he works in that dashing or impetuous way, the best hope for him is in your contempt: and it is only by the fact of his seeming not to seek your approbation that you may conjecture he deserves it.

But if he does deserve it, be sure that you give it him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourselves of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labour. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise: the old when they are great, get too far beyond and above you to care what you think of them. You may urge them then with sympathy, and surround them then with acclamation; but they will doubt your pleasure, and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but cried once to them "Well done," as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now, their pleas-

ure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you never more can be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were as the nipping blight to them in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of autumn to the dying branches.

There is one thought still, the saddest of all, bearing on this withholding of early help. It is possible, in some noble natures, that the warmth and the affections of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered; and that the old man's heart may still be capable of gladness, when the long-withheld sympathy is given at last. But in these noble natures it nearly always happens, that the chief motive of early ambition has not been to give delight to themselves, but to their parents. Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy which this world's honour ever gave him, to the moment when first he saw his father's eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. Even the lover's joy, when some worthiness of his is acknowledged before his mistress, is not so great as that, for it is not so pure—the desire to exalt himself in her eyes mixes with that of giving her delight; but he does not need to exalt himself in his parents' eyes: it is with the pure hope of giving them pleasure that he comes to tell them what he has done, or what has been said of him; and therefore he has a purer pleasure of his own. And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can: you feed him in his tender youth with ashes and dishonour; and then you come to him, obsequious, but too late, with your sharp laurel crown, the dew all dried from off its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother's grave?

Thus, then, you see that you have to provide for your young men: first, the searching or discovering school; then the calm employment; then the justice of praise: one thing more you have to do for them in preparing them for full service—namely, to make, in the noble sense of the word, gentlemen of them;

that is to say, to take care that their minds receive such training, that in all they paint they shall see and feel the noblest things. I am sorry to say, that of all parts of an artist's education this is the most neglected among us; and that even where the natural taste and feeling of the youth have been pure and true, where there was the right stuff in him to make a gentleman of, you may too frequently discern some jarring rents in his mind, and elements of degradation in his treatment of subject, owing to want of gentle training, and of the liberal influence of literature. This is quite visible in our greatest artists, even in men like Turner and Gainsborough; while in the common grade of our second-rate painters the evil attains a pitch which is far too sadly manifest to need my dwelling upon it. Now, no branch of art economy is more important than that of making the intellect at your disposal pure as well as powerful; so that it may always gather for you the sweetest and fairest things. The same quantity of labour from the same man's hand, will, according as you have trained him, produce a lovely and useful work, or a base and hurtful one; and depend upon it, whatever value it may possess, by reason of the painter's skill, its chief and final value, to any nation, depends upon its being able to exalt and refine, as well as to please; and that the picture which most truly deserves the name of an art-treasure, is that which has been painted by a good man.

You cannot but see how far this would lead, if I were to enlarge upon it. I must take it up as a separate subject some other time: only noticing at present that no money could be better spent by a nation than in providing a liberal and disciplined education for its painters, as they advance into the critical period of their youth; and that also, a large part of their power during life depends upon the kind of subjects which you, the public, ask them for, and therefore the kind of thoughts with which you require them to be habitually familiar. I shall have more to say on this head when we come to consider what employment they should have in public buildings.

There are many other points of nearly as much importance

as these, to be explained with reference to the development of genius ; but I should have to ask you to come and hear six lectures instead of two if I were to go into their detail. For instance, I have not spoken of the way in which you ought to look for those artificers in various manual trades, who, without possessing the order of genius which you would desire to devote to higher purposes, yet possess wit, and humour, and sense of colour, and fancy for form—all commercially valuable as quantities of intellect, and all more or less expressible in the lower arts of iron-work, pottery, decorative sculpture, and such like. But these details, interesting as they are, I must commend to your own consideration, or leave for some future inquiry. I want just now only to set the bearings of the entire subject broadly before you, with enough of detailed illustration to make it intelligible; and therefore I must quit the first head of it here, and pass to the second, namely, how best to employ the genius we discover. A certain quantity of able hands and heads being placed at our disposal, what shall we most advisably set them upon?

II. Application.—There are three main points the economist has to attend to in this.

First, To set his men to various work.

Secondly, To easy work.

Thirdly, To lasting work.

I shall briefly touch on the first two, for I want to arrest your attention on the last.

I say first, to various work. Supposing you have two men of equal power as landscape painters—and both of them have an hour at your disposal. You would not set them both to paint the same piece of landscape. You would, of course, rather have two subjects than a repetition of one.

Well, supposing them sculptors, will not the same rule hold? You naturally conclude at once that it will ; but you will have hard work to convince your modern architects of that. They will put twenty men to work, to carve twenty capitals ; and all shall be the same. If I could show you the architects' yards in England just now, all open at once, per-

haps you might see a thousand clever men, all employed in carving the same design. Of the degradation and deathfulness to the art-intellect of the country involved in such a habit, I have more or less been led to speak before now; but I have not hitherto marked its definite tendency to increase the price of *work*, as such. When men are employed continually in carving the same ornaments, they get into a monotonous and methodical habit of labour—precisely correspondent to that in which they would break stones, or paint house-walls. Of course, what they do so constantly, they do easily; and if you excite them temporarily by an increase of wages you may get much work done by them in a little time. But, unless so stimulated, men condemned to a monotonous exertion, work—and always, by the laws of human nature, *must* work—only at a tranquil rate, not producing by any means a maximum result in a given time. But if you allow them to vary their designs, and thus interest their heads and hearts in what they are doing, you will find them become eager, first, to get their ideas expressed, and then to finish the expression of them; and the moral energy thus brought to bear on the matter quickens, and therefore cheapens, the production in a most important degree. Sir Thomas Dean, the architect of the new Museum at Oxford, told me, as I passed through Oxford on my way here, that he found that, owing to this cause alone, capitals of various design could be executed cheaper than capitals of similar design (the amount of hand labour in each being the same) by about 30 per cent.

Well, that is the first way, then, in which you will employ your intellect well; and the simple observance of this plain rule of political economy will effect a noble revolution in your architecture, such as you cannot at present so much as conceive. Then the second way in which we are to guard against waste is by setting our men to the easiest, and therefore the quickest, work which will answer the purpose. Marble, for instance, lasts quite as long as granite, and is much softer to work; therefore, when you get hold of a good sculptor, give him marble to carve—not granite. That, you say, is obvious enough. Yes; but it is not so obvious how much of your

workmen's time you waste annually in making them cut glass, after it has got hard, when you ought to make them mould it while it is soft. It is not so obvious how much expense you waste in cutting diamonds and rubies, which are the hardest things you can find, into shapes that mean nothing, when the same men might be cutting sandstone and freestone into shapes that mean something. It is not so obvious how much of the artists' time in Italy you waste, by forcing them to make wretched little pictures for you out of crumbs of stone glued together at enormous cost, when the tenth of the time would make good and noble pictures for you out of water-colour. I could go on giving you almost numberless instances of this great commercial mistake; but I should only weary and confuse you. I therefore commend also this head of our subject to your own meditation, and proceed to the last I named—the last I shall task your patience with to-night. You know we are now considering how to apply our genius; and we were to do it as economists, in three ways:—

To *various* work;

To *easy* work;

To *lasting* work.

This lasting of the work, then, is our final question.

Many of you may, perhaps, remember that Michael Angelo was once commanded by Pietro di Medici to mould a statue out of snow, and that he obeyed the command.* I am glad, and we have all reason to be glad, that such a fancy ever came into the mind of the unworthy prince, and for this cause: that Pietro di Medici then gave, at the period of one great epoch of consummate power in the arts, the perfect, accurate, and intensest possible type of the greatest error which nations and princes can commit, respecting the power of genius entrusted to their guidance. You had there, observe, the strongest genius in the most perfect obedience; capable of iron independence, yet wholly submissive to the patron's will; at once the most highly accomplished and the most original, capable of doing as much as man could do, in any direction that man could ask. And its governor, and guide,

* See the noble passage on this tradition in "Casa Guidi Windows."

and patron sets it to build a statue in snow—to put itself into the service of annihilation—to make a cloud of itself, and pass away from the earth.

Now this, so precisely and completely done by Pietro di Medici, is what we are all doing, exactly in the degree in which we direct the genius under our patronage to work in more or less perishable materials. So far as we induce painters to work in fading colours, or architects to build with imperfect structure, or in any other way consult only immediate ease and cheapness in the production of what we want, to the exclusion of provident thought as to its permanence and serviceableness in after ages; so far we are forcing our Michael Angelos to carve in snow. The first duty of the economist in art is, to see that no intellect shall thus glitter merely in the manner of hoar-frost; but that it shall be well vitrified, like a painted window, and shall be set so between shafts of stone and bands of iron, that it shall bear the sunshine upon it, and send the sunshine through it, from generation to generation.

I can conceive, however, some political economist to interrupt me here, and say, "If you make your art wear too well, you will soon have too much of it; you will throw your artists quite out of work. Better allow for a little wholesome evanescence—beneficent destruction: let each age provide art for itself, or we shall soon have so many good pictures that we shall not know what to do with them."

Remember, my dear hearers, who are thus thinking, that political economy, like every other subject, cannot be dealt with effectively if we try to solve two questions at a time instead of one. It is one question, how to get plenty of a thing; and another, whether plenty of it will be good for us. Consider these two matters separately; never confuse yourself by interweaving one with the other. It is one question, how to treat your fields so as to get a good harvest; another, whether you wish to have a good harvest, or would rather like to keep up the price of corn. It is one question, how to graft your trees so as to grow most apples; and quite another, whether having such a heap of apples in the storeroom will not make them all rot.

Now, therefore, that we are talking only about grafting and growing, pray do not vex yourselves with thinking what you are to do with the pippins. It may be desirable for us to have much art, or little—we will examine that by and by; but just now, let us keep to the simple consideration how to get plenty of good art if we want it. Perhaps it might be just as well that a man of moderate income should be able to possess a good picture, as that any work of real merit should cost 500*l.* or 1000*l.*; at all events, it is certainly one of the branches of political economy to ascertain how, if we like, we can get things in quantities—plenty of corn, plenty of wine, plenty of gold, or plenty of pictures.

It has just been said, that the first great secret is to produce work that will last. Now, the conditions of work lasting are twofold: it must not only be in materials that will last, but it must be itself of a quality that will last—it must be good enough to bear the test of time. If it is not good, we shall tire of it quickly, and throw it aside—we shall have no pleasure in the accumulation of it. So that the first question of a good art-economist respecting any work is, Will it lose its flavour by keeping? It may be very amusing now, and look much like a work of genius. But what will be its value a hundred years hence?

You cannot always ascertain this. You may get what you fancy to be work of the best quality, and yet find to your astonishment that it won't keep. But of one thing you may be sure, that art which is produced hastily will also perish hastily; and that what is cheapest to you now, is likely to be dearest in the end.

I am sorry to say, the great tendency of this age is to expend its genius in perishable art of this kind, as if it were a triumph to burn its thoughts away in bonfires. There is a vast quantity of intellect and of labour consumed annually in our cheap illustrated publications; you triumph in them; and you think it so grand a thing to get so many woodcuts for a penny. Why, woodcuts, penny and all, are as much lost to you as if you had invested your money in gossamer. More lost, for the gossamer could only tickle your face, and glitter

in your eyes; it could not catch your feet and trip you up; but the bad art can, and does; for you can't like good woodcuts as long as you look at the bad ones. If we were at this moment to come across a Titian woodcut, or a Durer woodcut, we should not like it—those of us at least who are accustomed to the cheap work of the day. We don't like, and can't like, *that* long; but when we are tired of one bad cheap thing, we throw it aside and buy another bad cheap thing; and so keep looking at bad things all our lives. Now, the very men who do all that quick bad work for us are capable of doing perfect work. Only, perfect work can't be hurried, and therefore it can't be cheap beyond a certain point. But suppose you pay twelve times as much as you do now, and you have one woodcut for a shilling instead of twelve; and the one woodcut for a shilling is as good as art can be, so that you will never tire of looking at it; and is struck on good paper with good ink, so that you will never wear it out by handling it; while you are sick of your penny each cuts by the end of the week and have torn them mostly in half too. Isn't your shilling's worth the best bargain?

It is not, however, only in getting prints or woodcuts of the best kind that you will practise economy. There is a certain quality about an original drawing which you cannot get in a woodcut, and the best part of the genius of any man is only expressible in original work, whether with pen and ink—pencil or colours. This is not always the case; but in general the best men are those who can only express themselves on paper or canvas: and you will, therefore, in the long run, get most for your money by buying original work; proceeding on the principle already laid down, that the best is likely to be the cheapest in the end. Of course, original work cannot be produced under a certain cost. If you want a man to make you a drawing which takes him six days, you must, at all events, keep him for six days in bread and water, fire and lodging; that is the lowest price at which he can do it for you, but that is not very dear: and the best bargain which can possibly be made honestly in art—the very ideal of a cheap purchase to the purchaser—is the original work of a

great man fed for as many days as are necessary on bread and water, or perhaps we may say with as many onions as will keep him in good humour. That is the way by which you will always get most for your money; no mechanical multiplication or ingenuity of commercial arrangements will ever get you a better penny's worth of art than that.

Without, however, pushing our calculations quite to this prison-discipline extreme, we may lay it down as a rule in art-economy, that original work is, on the whole, cheapest and best worth having. But precisely in proportion to the value of it as a production, becomes the importance of having it executed in permanent materials. And here we come to note the second main error of the day, that we not only ask our workmen for bad art, but we make them put it into bad substance. We have, for example, put a great quantity of genius, within the last twenty years, into water-colour drawing, and we have done this with the most reckless disregard whether either the colours or the paper will stand. In most instances, neither will. By accident, it may happen that the colours in a given drawing have been of good quality, and its paper uninjured by chemical processes. But you take not the least care to ensure these being so; I have myself seen the most destructive changes take place in water-colour drawings within twenty years after they were painted; and from all I can gather respecting the recklessness of modern paper manufacture, my belief is, that though you may still handle an Albert Durer engraving, two hundred years old, fearlessly, not one-half of that time will have passed over your modern water-colours, before most of them will be reduced to mere white or brown rags; and your descendants, twitching them contemptuously into fragments between finger and thumb, will mutter against you, half in scorn and half in anger, "Those wretched nineteenth century people! they kept vapouring and fuming about the world, doing what they called business, and they couldn't make a sheet of paper that wasn't rotten." And note that this is no unimportant portion of your art economy at this time. Your water-colour painters are becoming every day capable of expressing greater and better things; and

their material is especially adapted to the turn of your best artists' minds. The value which you could accumulate in work of this kind would soon become a most important item in the national art-wealth, if only you would take the little pains necessary to secure its permanence. I am inclined to think, myself, that water-colour ought not to be used on paper at all, but only on vellum, and then, if properly taken care of, the drawing would be almost imperishable. Still, paper is a much more convenient material for rapid work; and it is an infinite absurdity not to secure the goodness of its quality, when we could do so without the slightest trouble. Among the many favours which I am going to ask from our paternal government when we get it, will be that it will supply its little boys with good paper. You have nothing to do but to let the government establish a paper manufactory, under the superintendence of any of our leading chemists, who should be answerable for the safety and completeness of all the processes of the manufacture. The government stamp on the corner of your sheet of drawing-paper, made in the perfect way, should cost you a shilling, which would add something to the revenue; and when you bought a water-colour drawing for fifty or a hundred guineas, you would have merely to look in the corner for your stamp, and pay your extra shilling for the security that your hundred guineas were given really for a drawing, and not for a coloured rag. There need be no monopoly or restriction in the matter; let the paper manufacturers compete with the government, and if people like to save their shilling, and take their chance, let them; only, the artist and purchaser might then be sure of good material, if they liked, and now they cannot be.

I should like also to have a government colour manufactory; though that is not so necessary, as the quality of colour is more within the artist's power of testing, and I have no doubt that any painter may get permanent colour from the respectable manufacturers, if he chooses. I will not attempt to follow the subject out at all as it respects architecture, and our methods of modern building; respecting which I have had occasion to speak before now.

But I cannot pass without some brief notice our habit—continually, as it seems to me, gaining strength—of putting a large quantity of thought and work, annually, into things which are either in their nature necessarily perishable, as dress; or else into compliances with the fashion of the day, into things not necessarily perishable, as plate. I am afraid almost the first idea of a young rich couple setting up house in London, is, that they must have new plate. Their father's plate may be very handsome, but the fashion is changed. They will have a new service from the leading manufacturer, and the old plate, except a few apostle spoons, and a cup which Charles the Second drank a health in to their pretty ancestress, is sent to be melted down, and made up with new flourishes and fresh lustre. Now, so long as this is the case—so long, observe, as fashion has influence on the manufacture of plate—so long *you cannot have a goldsmith's art in this country.* Do you suppose any workman worthy the name will put his brains into a cup or an urn, which he knows is to go to the melting pot in half a score years? He will not; you don't ask or expect it of him. You ask of him nothing but a little quick handicraft—a clever twist of a handle here, and a foot there, a convolvulus from the newest school of design, a pheasant from Landseer's game cards; a couple of sentimental figures for supporters, in the style of the signs of insurance offices, then a clever touch with the burnisher, and there's your epergne, the admiration of all the footmen at the wedding-breakfast, and the torment of some unfortunate youth who cannot see the pretty girl opposite to him, through its tyrannous branches.

But you don't suppose that *that's* goldsmith's work? Goldsmith's work is made to last, and made with the men's whole heart and soul in it; true goldsmith's work, when it exists, is generally the means of education of the greatest painters and sculptors of the day. Francia was a goldsmith; Francia was not his own name, but that of his master, the jeweller; and he signed his pictures almost always, "Francia, the goldsmith," for love of his master; Ghirlandajo was a goldsmith, and was the master of Michael Angelo; Verrocchio was a

goldsmith, and was the master of Leonardo da Vinci. Ghiberti was a goldsmith, and beat out the bronze gates which Michael Angelo said might serve for gates of Paradise.* But if ever you want work like theirs again, you must keep it, though it should have the misfortune to become old fashioned. You must not break it up, nor melt it any more. There is no economy in that; you could not easily waste intellect more grievously. Nature may melt her goldsmith's work at every sunset if she chooses; and beat it out into chased bars again at every sunrise; but you must not. The way to have a truly noble service of plate, is to keep adding to it, not melting it. At every marriage, and at every birth, get a new piece of gold or silver if you will, but with noble workmanship on it, done for all time, and put it among your treasures; that is one of the chief things which gold was made for, and made incorruptible for. When we know a little more of political economy, we shall find that none but partially savage nations need, imperatively, gold for their currency;† but gold has been given us, among other things, that we might put beautiful work into its imperishable splendour, and that the artists who have the most wilful fancies may have a material which will drag out, and beat out, as their dreams require, and will hold itself together with fantastic tenacity, whatever rare and delicate service they set it upon.

So here is one branch of decorative art in which rich people may indulge themselves unselfishly; if they ask for good art in it, they may be sure in buying gold and silver plate that they are enforcing useful education on young artists. But there is another branch of decorative art in which I am sorry

* Several reasons may account for the fact that goldsmith's work is so wholesome for young artists; first, that it gives great firmness of hand to deal for some time with a solid substance; again, that it induces caution and steadiness—a boy trusted with chalk and paper suffers an immediate temptation to scrawl upon it and play with it, but he dares not scrawl on gold, and he cannot play with it; and, lastly, that it gives great delicacy and precision of touch to work upon minute forms, and to aim at producing richness and finish of design correspondent to the preciousness of the material.

† See note in Addenda on the nature of property.

to say we cannot, at least under existing circumstances, indulge ourselves, with the hope of doing good to anybody, I mean the great and subtle art of dress.

And here I must interrupt the pursuit of our subject for a moment or two, in order to state one of the principles of political economy, which, though it is, I believe, now sufficiently understood and asserted by the leading masters of the science, is not yet, I grieve to say, acted upon by the plurality of those who have the management of riches. Whenever we spend money, we of course set people to work: that is the meaning of spending money; we may, indeed, lose it without employing anybody; but, whenever we spend it, we set a number of people to work, greater or less, of course, according to the rate of wages, but, in the long run, proportioned to the sum we spend. Well, your shallow people, because they see that however they spend money they are always employing somebody, and, therefore, doing some good, think and say to themselves, that it is all one *how* they spend it—that all their apparently selfish luxury is, in reality, unselfish, and is doing just as much good as if they gave all their money away, or perhaps more good; and I have heard foolish people even declare it as a principle of political economy, that whoever invented a new want * conferred a good on the community. I have not words strong enough—at least I could not, without shocking you, use the words which would be strong enough—to express my estimate of the absurdity and the mischievousness of this popular fallacy. So, putting a great restraint upon myself, and using no hard words, I will simply try to state the nature of it, and the extent of its influence.

Granted, that whenever we spend money for whatever purpose, we set people to work; and passing by, for the moment, the question whether the work we set them to is all equally healthy and good for them, we will assume that whenever we spend a guinea we provide an equal number of people with healthy maintenance for a given time. But, by the way in which we spend it, we entirely direct the labour of those peo-

* See note 5th in Addenda.

ple during that given time. We become their masters or mistresses, and we compel them to produce, within a certain period, a certain article. Now, that article may be a useful and lasting one, or it may be a useless and perishable one—it may be one useful to the whole community, or useful only to ourselves. And our selfishness and folly, or our virtue and prudence, are shown, not by our spending money, but by our spending it for the wrong or the right thing; and we are wise and kind, not in maintaining a certain number of people for a given period, but only in requiring them to produce, during that period, the kind of things which shall be useful to society, instead of those which are only useful to ourselves.

Thus, for instance: if you are a young lady, and employ a certain number of sempstresses for a given time, in making a given number of simple and serviceable dresses, suppose, seven; of which you can wear one yourself for half the winter, and give six away to poor girls who have none, you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of sempstresses for the same number of days, in making four, or five, or six beautiful flounces for your own ball-dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you will yourself be unable to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly. You have maintained, indeed, in each case, the same number of people; but in the one case you have directed their labour to the service of the community; in the other case you have consumed it wholly upon yourself. I don't say you are never to do so; I don't say you ought not sometimes to think of yourselves only, and to make yourselves as pretty as you can; only do not confuse coquettishness with benevolence, nor cheat yourselves into thinking that all the finery you can wear is so much put into the hungry mouths of those beneath you: it is not so; it is what you yourselves, whether you will or no, must sometimes instinctively feel it to be—it is what those who stand shivering in the streets, forming a line to watch you as you step out of your carriages, *know* it to be; those fine dresses do not mean that so much has been put into their mouths, but that so much has been taken out of their

mouths. The real politico-economical signification of every one of those beautiful toilettes, is just this; that you have had a certain number of people put for a certain number of days wholly under your authority, by the sternest of slave-masters,—hunger and cold; and you have said to them, "I will feed you, indeed, and clothe you, and give you fuel for so many days; but during those days you shall work for me only: your little brothers need clothes, but you shall make none for them: your sick friend needs clothes, but you shall make none for her: you yourself will soon need another, and a warmer dress; but you shall make none for yourself. You shall make nothing but lace and roses for me; for this fortnight to come, you shall work at the patterns and petals, and then I will crush and consume them away in an hour." You will perhaps answer—"It may not be particularly benevolent to do this, and we won't call it so; but at any rate we do no wrong in taking their labour when we pay them their wages: if we pay for their work we have a right to it." No;—a thousand times no. The labour which you have paid for, does indeed become, by the act of purchase, your own labour: you have bought the hands and the time of those workers; they are, by right and justice, your own hands, your own time. But, have you a right to spend your own time, to work with your own hands, only for your own advantage?—much more, when, by purchase, you have invested your own person with the strength of others; and added to your own life, a part of the life of others? You may, indeed, to a certain extent, use their labour for your delight; remember, I am making no general assertions against splendour of dress, or pomp of accessories of life; on the contrary, there are many reasons for thinking that we do not at present attach enough importance to beautiful dress, as one of the means of influencing general taste and character. But I *do* say, that you must weigh the value of what you ask these workers to produce for you in its own distinct balance; that on its own worthiness or desirableness rests the question of your kindness, and not merely on the fact of your having employed people in producing it: and I say farther, that as long as there are cold and nakedness in

the land around you, so long there can be no question at all but that splendour of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but, as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at—not lace.

And it would be strange, if at any great assembly which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery, with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if, for a moment, the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death; and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves.

It was not, however, this last, this clearest and most appalling view of our subject, that I intended to ask you to take this evening; only it is impossible to set any part of the matter in its true light, until we go to the root of it. But the point which it is our special business to consider is, not whether costliness of dress is contrary to charity; but whether it is not contrary to mere worldly wisdom: whether, even supposing we knew that splendour of dress did not cost suffering or hunger, we might not put the splendour better in

other things than dress. And, supposing our mode of dress were really graceful or beautiful, this might be a very doubtful question; for I believe true nobleness of dress to be an important means of education, as it certainly is a necessity to any nation which wishes to possess living art, concerned with portraiture of human nature. No good historical painting ever yet existed, or ever can exist, where the dresses of the people of the time are not beautiful: and had it not been for the lovely and fantastic dressing of the 13th to the 16th centuries, neither French, nor Florentine, nor Venetian art could have risen to anything like the rank it reached. Still, even then, the best dressing was never the costliest; and its effect depended much more on its beautiful and, in early times modest, arrangement, and on the simple and lovely masses of its colour, than on gorgeousness of clasp or embroidery. Whether we can ever return to any of those more perfect types of form is questionable; but there can be no question, that all the money we spend on the forms of dress at present worn, is, so far as any good purpose is concerned, wholly lost. Mind, in saying this, I reckon among good purposes the purpose which young ladies are said sometimes to entertain—of being married; but they would be married quite as soon (and probably to wiser and better husbands) by dressing quietly as by dressing brilliantly; and I believe it would only be needed to lay fairly and largely before them the real good which might be effected by the sums they spend in toilettes, to make them trust at once only to their bright eyes and braided hair for all the mischief they have a mind to. I wish we could, for once, get the statistics of a London season. There was much complaining talk in Parliament last week of the vast sum the nation has given for the best Paul Veronese in Venice—£14,000: I wonder what the nation meanwhile has given for its ball-dresses! Suppose we could see the London milliners' bills, simply for unnecessary breadths of slip and flounces, from April to July; I wonder whether £14,000 would cover *them*. But the breadths of slip and flounces are by this time as much lost and vanished as last year's snow; only they have done less good: but the Paul

Veronese will last for centuries, if we take care of it ; and yet we grumble at the price given for the painting, while no one grumbles at the price of pride.

Time does not permit me to go into any farther illustration of the various modes in which we build our statue out of snow, and waste our labour on things that vanish. I must leave you to follow out the subject for yourselves, as I said I should, and proceed, in our next lecture, to examine the two other branches of our subject, namely, how to accumulate our art, and how to distribute it. But, in closing, as we have been much on the topic of good government, both of ourselves and others, let me just give you one more illustration of what it means, from that old art of which, next evening, I shall try to convince you that the value, both moral and mercantile, is greater than we usually suppose.

One of the frescoes by Ambrozio Lorenzetti, in the town-hall of Siena, represents, by means of symbolical figures, the principles of Good Civic Government and of Good Government in general. The figure representing this noble Civic Government is enthroned, and surrounded by figures representing the Virtues, variously supporting or administering its authority. Now, observe what work is given to each of these virtues. Three winged ones—Faith, Hope, and Charity—surrounded the head of the figure, not in mere compliance with the common and heraldic laws of precedence among Virtues, such as we moderns observe habitually, but with peculiar purpose on the part of the painter. Faith, as thus represented, ruling the thoughts of the Good Governor, does not mean merely religious faith, understood in those times to be necessary to all persons—governed no less than governors—but it means the faith which enables work to be carried out steadily, in spite of adverse appearances and expediences ; the faith in great principles, by which a civic ruler looks past all the immediate checks and shadows that would daunt a common man, knowing that what is rightly done will have a right issue, and holding his way in spite of pullings at his cloak and whisperings in his ear, enduring, as having in him a faith which is evidence of things unseen. And Hope, in like man-

ner, is here not the heavenward hope which ought to animate the hearts of all men ; but she attends upon Good Government, to show that all such government is *expectant* as well as *conservative ;* that if it ceases to be hopeful of better things, it ceases to be a wise guardian of present things : that it ought never, as long as the world lasts, to be wholly content with any existing state of institution or possession, but to be hopeful still of more wisdom and power ; not clutching at it restlessly or hastily, but feeling that its real life consists in steady ascent from high to higher : conservative, indeed, and jealously conservative of old things, but conservative of them as pillars not as pinnacles—as aids, but not as Idols ; and hopeful chiefly, and active, in times of national trial or distress, according to those first and notable words describing the queenly nation. "She riseth, *while it is yet night.*" And again, the winged Charity which is attendant on Good Government has, in this fresco, a peculiar office. Can you guess what ? If you consider the character of contest which so often takes place among kings for their crowns, and the selfish and tyrannous means they commonly take to aggrandize or secure their power, you will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the office of Charity is to crown the King. And yet, if you think of it a little, you will see the beauty of the thought which sets her in this function : since in the first place, all the authority of a good governor should be desired by him only for the good of his people, so that it is only Love that makes him accept or guard his crown : in the second place, his chief greatness consists in the exercise of this love, and he is truly to be revered only so far as his acts and thoughts are those of kindness ; so that Love is the light of his crown, as well as the giver of it : lastly, because his strength depends on the affections of his people, and it is only their love which can securely crown him, and for ever. So that Love is the strength of his crown as well as the light of it.

Then, surrounding the King, or in various obedience to him, appear the dependent virtues, as Fortitude, Temperance, Truth, and other attendant spirits, of all which I cannot now give account, wishing you only to notice the one to whom are en-

trusted the guidance and administration of the public revenues. Can you guess which it is likely to be? Charity, you would have thought, should have something to do with the business; but not so, for she is too hot to attend carefully to it. Prudence, perhaps, you think of in the next place. No, she is too timid, and loses opportunities in making up her mind. Can it be Liberality then? No: Liberality is entrusted with some small sums; but she is a bad accountant, and is allowed no important place in the exchequer. But the treasures are given in charge to a virtue of which we hear too little in modern times, as distinct from others; Magnanimity: largeness of heart: not softness or weakness of heart, mind you—but capacity of heart—the great *measuring* virtue, which weighs in heavenly balances all that may be given, and all that may be gained; and sees how to do noblest things in noblest ways: which of two goods comprehends and therefore chooses the greatest; which of two personal sacrifices dares and accepts the largest: which, out of the avenues of beneficence, treads always that which opens farthest into the blue fields of futurity: that character, in fine, which, in those words taken by us at first for the description of a Queen among the nations, looks less to the present power than to the distant promise; "Strength and honour are in her clothing,—and she shall rejoice IN TIME TO COME."

LECTURE II.

THE ACCUMULATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF ART.

Continuation of the previous Lecture; delivered July 13, 1857.

THE heads of our subject which remain for our consideration this evening are, you will remember, the accumulation and the distribution of works of art. Our complete inquiry fell into four divisions—first, how to get our genius; then, how to apply our genius; then, how to accumulate its results; and lastly, how to distribute them. We considered, last even-

ing, how to discover and apply it;—we have to-night to examine the modes of its preservation and distribution.

And now, in the outset, it will be well to face that objection which we put aside a little while ago; namely, that perhaps it is not well to have a great deal of good art; and that it should not be made too cheap.

"Nay," I can imagine some of the more generous among you, exclaiming, "we will not trouble you to disprove that objection; of course it is a selfish and base one: good art, as well as other good things, ought to be made as cheap as possible, and put as far as we can within the reach of everybody."

Pardon me, I am not prepared to admit that. I rather side with the selfish objectors, and believe that art ought not to be made cheap, beyond a certain point; for the amount of pleasure that you can receive from any great work, depends wholly on the quantity of attention and energy of mind you can bring to bear upon it. Now, that attention and energy depend much more on the freshness of the thing than you would at all suppose; unless you very carefully studied the movements of your own minds. If you see things of the same kind and of equal value very frequently, your reverence for them is infallibly diminished, your powers of attention get gradually wearied, and your interest and enthusiasm worn out; and you cannot in that state bring to any given work the energy necessary to enjoy it. If, indeed, the question were only between enjoying a great many pictures each a little, or one picture very much, the sum of enjoyment being in each case the same, you might rationally desire to possess rather the larger quantity, than the small; both because one work of art always in some sort illustrates another, and because quantity diminishes the chances of destruction. But the question is not a merely arithmetical one of this kind. Your fragments of broken admirations will not, when they are put together, make up one whole admiration; two and two, in this case, do not make four, nor anything like four. Your good picture, or book, or work of art of any kind, is always in some degree fenced and closed about with difficulty. You may think of it as of a kind

of cocoa-nut, with very often rather an unseemly shell, but good milk and kernel inside. Now, if you possess twenty cocoa-nuts, and being thirsty, go impatiently from one to the other, giving only a single scratch with the point of your knife to the shell of each, you will get no milk from all the twenty. But if you leave nineteen of them alone, and give twenty cuts to the shell of one, you will get through it, and at the milk of it. And the tendency of the human mind is always to get tired before it has made its twenty cuts ; and to try another nut ; and moreover, even if it has perseverance enough to crack its nuts, it is sure to try to eat too many, and so choke itself. Hence, it is wisely appointed for us that few of the things we desire can be had without considerable labour, and at considerable intervals of time. We cannot generally get our dinner without working for it, and that gives us appetite for it ; we cannot get our holiday without waiting for it, and that gives us zest for it ; and we ought not to get our picture without paying for it, and that gives us a mind to look at it. Nay, I will even go so far as to say, that we ought not to get books too cheaply. No book, I believe, is ever worth half so much to its reader as one that has been coveted for a year at a bookstall, and bought out of saved half-pence ; and perhaps a day or two's fasting. That's the way to get at the cream of a book. And I should say more on this matter, and protest as energetically as I could against the plague of cheap literature, with which we are just now afflicted, but that I fear your calling me to order, as being unpractical, because I don't quite see my way at present to making everybody fast for their books. But one may see that a thing is desirable and possible, even though one may not at once know the best way to it—and in my island of Barataria, when I get it well into order, I assure you no book shall be sold for less than a pound sterling ; if it can be published cheaper than that, the surplus shall all go into my treasury, and save my subjects taxation in other directions ; only people really poor, who cannot pay the pound, shall be supplied with the books they want for nothing, in a certain limited quantity. I haven't made up my mind about the number yet, and there are several other points

in the system yet unsettled; when they are all determined, if you will allow me, I will come and give you another lecture, on the political economy of literature.*

Meantime, returning to our immediate subject, I say to my generous hearers, who want to shower Titians and Turners upon us, like falling leaves, "Pictures ought not to be too cheap;" but in much stronger tone I would say to those who want to keep up the prices of pictorial property, that pictures ought not to be too dear, that is to say, not as dear as they are. For, as matters at present stand, it is wholly impossible for any man in the ordinary circumstances of English life to possess himself of a piece of great art. A modern drawing of average merit, or a first-class engraving may perhaps, not without some self-reproach, be purchased out of his savings by a man of narrow income; but a satisfactory example of first-rate art—master-hands' work—is wholly out of his reach. And we are so accustomed to look upon this as the natural course and necessity of things, that we never set ourselves in any wise to diminish the evil; and yet it is an evil perfectly capable of diminution. It is an evil precisely similar in kind to that which existed in the middle ages, respecting good books, and which everybody then, I suppose, thought as natural as we do now our small supply of good pictures. You could not then study the work of a great historian, or great poet, any more than you can now study that of a great painter, but at heavy cost. If you wanted a book, you had to get it written out for you, or to write it out for yourself. But printing came, and the poor man may read his Dante and his Homer; and Dante and Homer are none the worse for that. But it is only in literature that private persons of moderate fortune can possess and study greatness: they can study at home no greatness in art; and the object of that accumulation which we are at present aiming at, as our third object in political economy, is to bring great art in some degree within the reach of the multitude; and, both in larger and more numerous galleries than we now possess, and by distribution, according to his wealth and wish, in each man's home, to ren-

* See note 6th in Addenda.

der the influence of art somewhat correspondent in extent to that of literature. Here, then, is the subtle balance which your economist has to strike: to accumulate so much art as to be able to give the whole nation a supply of it, according to its need, and yet to regulate its distribution so that there shall be no glut of it, nor contempt.

A difficult balance, indeed, for us to hold, if it were left merely to our skill to poise; but the just point between poverty and profusion has been fixed for us accurately by the wise laws of Providence. If you carefully watch for all the genius you can detect, apply it to good service, and then reverently preserve what it produces, you will never have too little art; and if, on the other hand, you never force an artist to work hurriedly, for daily bread, nor imperfectly, because you would rather have showy works than complete ones, you will never have too much. Do not force the multiplication of art, and you will not have it too cheap; do not wantonly destroy it, and you will not have it too dear.

"But who wantonly destroys it?" you will ask. Why, we all do. Perhaps you thought, when I came to this part of our subject, corresponding to that set forth in our housewife's economy by the "keeping her embroidery from the moth," that I was going to tell you only how to take better care of pictures, how to clean them, and varnish them, and where to put them away safely when you went out of town. Ah, not at all. The utmost I have to ask of you is, that you will not pull them to pieces, and trample them under your feet. "What," you will say, "when do we do such things? Haven't we built a perfectly beautiful gallery for all the pictures we have to take care of?" Yes, you have, for the pictures which are definitely sent to Manchester to be taken care of. But there are quantities of pictures out of Manchester which it is your business, and mine too, to take care of no less than of these, and which we are at this moment employing ourselves in pulling to pieces by deputy. I will tell you what they are, and where they are, in a minute; only first let me state one more of those main principles of political economy on which the matter hinges.

I must begin a little apparently wide of the mark, and ask you to reflect if there is any way in which we waste money more in England, than in building fine tombs? Our respect for the dead, when they are *just* dead, is something wonderful, and the way we show it more wonderful still. We show it with black feathers and black horses; we show it with black dresses and bright heraldries; we show it with costly obelisks and sculptures of sorrow, which spoil half of our most beautiful cathedrals. We show it with frightful gratings and vaults, and lids of dismal stone, in the midst of the quiet grass; and last, not least, we show it by permitting ourselves to tell any number of lies we think amiable or credible, in the epitaph. This feeling is common to the poor as well as the rich; and we all know how many a poor family will nearly ruin themselves, to testify their respect for some member of it in his coffin, whom they never much cared for when he was out of it; and how often it happens that a poor old woman will starve herself to death, in order that she may be respectably buried.

Now, this being one of the most complete and special ways of wasting money;—no money being less productive of good, or of any percentage whatever, than that which we shake away from the ends of undertakers' plumes—it is of course the duty of all good economists, and kind persons, to prove and proclaim continually, to the poor as well as the rich, that respect for the dead is not really shown by laying great stones on them to tell us where they are laid; but by remembering where they are laid without a stone to help us; trusting them to the sacred grass and saddened flowers; and still more, that respect and love are shown to them, not by great monuments to them which we build with *our* hands, but by letting the monuments stand, which they built with *their own*. And this is the point now in question.

Observe, there are two great reciprocal duties concerning industry, constantly to be exchanged between the living and the dead. We, as we live and work, are to be always thinking of those who are to come after us; that what we do may be serviceable, as far as we can make it so, to them, as well as to

us. Then, when we die, it is the duty of those who come after us to accept this work of ours with thanks and remembrance, not thrusting it aside or tearing it down the moment they think they have no use for it. And each generation will only be happy or powerful to the pitch that it ought to be, in fulfilling these two duties to the Past and the Future. Its own work will never be rightly done, even for itself—never good, or noble, or pleasurable to its own eyes—if it does not prepare it also for the eyes of generations yet to come. And its own possessions will never be enough for it, and its own wisdom never enough for it, unless it avails itself gratefully and tenderly of the treasures and the wisdom bequeathed to it by its ancestors.

For, be assured, that all the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snowball, higher and higher—larger and larger—along the Alps of human power. Thus the science of nations is to be accumulative from father to son: each learning a little more and a little more; each receiving all that was known, and adding its own gain: the history and poetry of nations are to be accumulative; each generation treasuring the history and the songs of its ancestors, adding its own history and its own songs; and the art of nations is to be accumulative, just as science and history are; the work of living men not superseding, but building itself upon the work of the past. Nearly every great and intellectual race of the world has produced, at every period of its career, an art with some peculiar and precious character about it, wholly unattainable by any other race, and at any other time; and the intention of Providence concerning that art, is evidently that it should all grow together into one mighty temple; the rough stones and the smooth all finding their place, and rising, day by day, in richer and higher pinnacles to heaven.

Now, just fancy what a position the world, considered as one great workroom—one great factory in the form of a globe—would have been in by this time, if it had in the least un-

derstood this duty, or been capable of it. Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks,—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans,—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time: I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume: we are the mildew, and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its pathlessness to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chaunt in the galleries.

You will perhaps think all this was somehow necessary for the development of the human race. I cannot stay now to dispute that, though I would willingly; but do you think it is *still* necessary for that development? Do you think that in this nineteenth century it is still necessary for the European nations to turn all the places where their principal art-treasures are into battlefields? For that is what they are doing even while I speak; the great firm of the world is managing its business at this moment, just as it has done in past times. Imagine what would be the thriving circumstances of a manufacturer of some delicate produce—suppose glass, or china—

in whose workshop and exhibition rooms all the workmen and clerks began fighting at least once a day, first blowing off the steam, and breaking all the machinery they could reach ; and then making fortresses of all the cupboards, and attacking and defending the show-tables, the victorious party finally throwing everything they could get hold of out of the window, by way of showing their triumph, and the poor manufacturer picking up and putting away at last a cup here and a handle there. A fine prosperous business that would be, would it not? and yet that is precisely the way the great manufacturing firm of the world carries on its business.

It has so arranged its political squabbles for the last six or seven hundred years, that no one of them could be fought out but in the midst of its most precious art ; and it so arranges them to this day. For example, if I were asked to lay my finger, in a map of the world, on the spot of the world's surface which contained at this moment the most singular concentration of art-teaching and art-treasure, I should lay it on the name of the town of Verona. Other cities, indeed, contain more works of carriageable art, but none contain so much of the glorious local art, and of the springs and sources of art, which can by no means be made subjects of package or porterage, nor, I grieve to say, of salvage. Verona possesses, in the first place, not the largest, but the most perfect and intelligible Roman amphitheatre that exists, still unbroken in circle of step, and strong in succession of vault and arch : it contains minor Roman monuments, gateways, theatres, baths, wrecks of temples, which give the streets of its suburbs a character of antiquity unexampled elsewhere, except in Rome itself. But it contains, in the next place, what Rome does not contain—perfect examples of the great twelfth-century Lombardic architecture, which was the root of all the mediæval art of Italy, without which no Giottos, no Angelicos, no Raphaels would have been possible ; it contains that architecture, not in rude forms, but in the most perfect and loveliest types it ever attained—contains those, not in ruins, nor in altered and hardly decipherable fragments, but in churches perfect from porch to apse, with all their carving fresh, their

pillars firm, their joints unloosened. Besides these, it includes examples of the great thirteenth and fourteenth-century Gothic of Italy, not merely perfect, but elsewhere unrivalled. At Rome, the Roman—at Pisa, the Lombard, architecture may be seen in greater or in equal nobleness; but not at Rome, nor Pisa, nor Florence, nor in any city of the world, is there a great mediæval Gothic like the Gothic of Verona. Elsewhere, it is either less pure in type or less lovely in completion: only at Verona may you see it in the simplicity of its youthful power, and the tenderness of its accomplished beauty. And Verona possesses, in the last place, the loveliest Renaissance architecture of Italy, not disturbed by pride, nor defiled by luxury, but rising in fair fulfilment of domestic service, serenity of effortless grace, and modesty of home seclusion; its richest work given to the windows that open on the narrowest streets and most silent gardens. All this she possesses, in the midst of natural scenery such as assuredly exists nowhere else in the habitable globe—a wild Alpine river foaming at her feet, from whose shores the rocks rise in a great crescent, dark with cypress, and misty with olive: illimitably, from before her southern gates, the tufted plains of Italy sweep and fade in golden light; around her, north and west, the Alps crowd in crested troops, and the winds of Benacus bear to her the coolness of their snows.

And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—at whose gates the decisive battles of Italy are fought continually: three days her towers trembled with the echo of the cannon of Arcola; heaped pebbles of the Mincio divide her fields to this hour with lines of broken rampart, whence the tide of war rolled back to Novara; and now on that crescent of her eastern cliffs, whence the full moon used to rise through the bars of the cypresses in her burning summer twilights, touching with soft increase of silver light the rosy marbles of her balconies, along the ridge of that encompassing rock, other circles are increasing now, white and pale; walled towers of cruel strength, sable-spotted with cannon-courses. I tell you, I have seen, when the thunderclouds came down on those Italian hills, and all their crags were dipped in the

dark, terrible purple, as if the winepress of the wrath of God had stained their mountain-raiment—I have seen the hail fall in Italy till the forest branches stood stripped and bare as if blasted by the locust ; but the white hail never fell from those clouds of heaven as the black hail will fall from the clouds of hell, if ever one breath of Italian life stirs again in the streets of Verona.

Sad as you will feel this to be, I do not say that you can directly prevent it ; you cannot drive the Austrians out of Italy, nor prevent them from building forts where they choose, but I do say,* that you, and I, and all of us, ought to be both

* The reader can hardly but remember Mrs. Browning's beautiful appeal for Italy, made on the occasion of the first great Exhibition of Art in England :—

O Magi of the east and of the west,
Your incense, gold, and myrrh are excellent !—
What gifts for Christ, then, bring ye with the rest ?
Your hands have worked well. Is your courage spent
In handwork only ? Have you nothing best,
Which generous souls may perfect and present,
And He shall thank the givers for ? no light
Of teaching, liberal nations, for the poor,
Who sit in darkness when it is not night ?
No cure for wicked children ? Christ,—no cure,
No help for women, sobbing out of sight
Because men made the laws ? no brothel-lure
Burnt out by popular lightnings ? Hast thou found
No remedy, my England, for such woes ?
No outlet, Austria, for the scourged and bound,
No call back for the exiled ? no repose,
Russia, for knouted Poles worked under ground,
And gentle ladies bleached among the snows ?
No mercy for the slave, America ?
No hope for Rome, free France, chivalric France ?
Alas, great nations have great shames, I say.
No pity, O world ! no tender utterance
Of benediction, and prayers stretched this way
For poor Italia, baffled by mischance ?
O gracious nations, give some ear to me !
You all go to your Fair, and I am one
Who at the roadside of humanity
Beseech your alms,—God's justice to be done,
So prosper !

acting and feeling with a full knowledge and understanding of these things, and that, without trying to excite revolutions or weaken governments, we may give our own thoughts and help, so as in a measure to prevent needless destruction. We should do this, if we only realized the thing thoroughly. You drive out day by day through your own pretty suburbs, and you think only of making, with what money you have to spare, your gateways handsomer, and your carriage-drives wider—and your drawing-rooms more splendid, having a vague notion that you are all the while patronizing and advancing art, and you make no effort to conceive the fact, that within a few hours' journey of you, there are gateways and drawing-rooms which might just as well be yours as these, all built already; gateways built by the greatest masters of sculpture that ever struck marble; drawing-rooms painted by Titian and Veronese; and you won't accept, nor save these as they are, but you will rather fetch the house-painter from over the way, and let Titian and Veronese house the rats. "Yes," of course, you answer; "we want nice houses here, not houses in Verona. What should we do with houses in Verona?" And I answer, do precisely what you do with the most expensive part of your possessions here: take pride in them—only a noble pride. You know well, when you examine your own hearts, that the greater part of the sums you spend on possessions are spent for pride. Why are your carriages nicely painted and finished outside? You don't see the outsides as you sit in them—the outsides are for other people to see. Why are your exteriors of houses so well finished, your furniture so polished and costly, but for other people to see? You are just as comfortable yourselves, writing on your old friend of a desk, with the white cloudings in his leather, and using the light of a window which is nothing but a hole in the brick wall. And all that is desirable to be done in this matter, is merely to take pride in preserving great art, instead of in producing mean art; pride in the possession of precious and enduring things, a little way off, instead of slight and perishing things near at hand. You know, in old English times, our kings liked to have lordships and dukedoms abroad,

and why should not you, merchant princes, like to have lordships and estates abroad? Believe me, rightly understood, it would be a prouder, and in the full sense of our English word, more "respectable" thing to be lord of a palace at Verona, or of a cloister full of frescos at Florence, than to have a file of servants dressed in the finest liveries that ever tailor stitched, as long as would reach from here to Bolton:—yes, and a prouder thing to send people to travel in Italy, who would have to say every now and then, of some fair piece of art, "Ah! this was *kept* here for us by the good people of Manchester," than to bring them travelling all the way here, exclaiming of your various art treasures, "These were *brought* here for us (not altogether without harm) by the good people of Manchester." "Ah!" but you say, "the Art Treasures Exhibition will pay: but Veronese palaces won't." Pardon me. They *would* pay, less directly, but far more richly. Do you suppose it is in the long run good for Manchester, or good for England, that the Continent should be in the state it is? Do you think the perpetual fear of revolution, or the perpetual repression of thought and energy that clouds and encumbers the nations of Europe, is eventually profitable for *us?* Were we any the better of the course of affairs in '48; or has the stabling of the dragoon horses in the great houses of Italy, any distinct effect in the promotion of the cotton-trade? Not so. But every stake that you could hold in the stability of the Continent, and every effort that you could make to give example of English habits and principles on the Continent, and every kind deed that you could do in relieving distress and preventing despair on the Continent, would have tenfold reaction on the prosperity of England, and open and urge, in a thousand unforeseen directions, the sluices of commerce and the springs of industry.

I could press, if I chose, both these motives upon you, of pride and self-interest, with more force, but these are not motives which ought to be urged upon you at all. The only motive that I ought to put before you is simply that it would be right to do this; that the holding of property abroad, and the personal efforts of Englishmen to redeem the condition

of foreign nations, are among the most direct pieces of duty which our wealth renders incumbent upon us. I do not—and in all truth and deliberateness I say this—I do not know anything more ludicrous among the self-deceptions of well-meaning people than their notion of patriotism, as requiring them to limit their efforts to the good of their own country ;—the notion that charity is a geographical virtue, and that what it is holy and righteous to do for people on one bank of a river, it is quite improper and unnatural to do for people on the other.

It will be a wonderful thing, some day or other, for the Christian world to remember, that it went on thinking for two thousand years that neighbours were neighbours at Jerusalem, but not at Jericho ; a wonderful thing for us English to reflect, in after-years, how long it was before we could shake hands with anybody across that shallow salt wash, which the very chalk-dust of its two shores whitens from Folkstone to Ambleteuse.

Nor ought the motive of gratitude, as well as that of Mercy, to be without its influence on you, who have been the first to ask to see, and the first to show to us, the treasures which this poor lost Italy has given to England. Remember all these things that delight you here were hers—hers either in fact or in teaching ; hers, in fact, are all the most powerful and most touching paintings of old time that now glow upon your walls ; hers in teaching are all the best and greatest of descendant souls—your Reynolds and your Gainsborough never could have painted but for Venice ; and the energies which have given the only true life to your existing art were first stirred by voices of the dead, that haunted the Sacred Field of Pisa.

Well, all these motives for some definite course of action on our part towards foreign countries rest upon very serious facts ; too serious, perhaps you will think, to be interfered with ; for we are all of us in the habit of leaving great things alone, as if Providence would mind them, and attending ourselves only to little things which we know, practically, Providence doesn't mind unless we do. We are ready enough to give care to the growing of pines and lettuces, knowing that

they don't grow Providentially sweet or large unless we look after them; but we don't give any care to the good of Italy or Germany, because we think that they will grow Providentially happy without any of our meddling.

Let us leave the great things, then, and think of little things; not of the destruction of whole provinces in war, which it may not be any business of ours to prevent; but of the destruction of poor little pictures in peace, from which it surely would not be much out of our way to save them. You know I said, just now, we were all of us engaged in pulling pictures to pieces by deputy, and you did not believe me. Consider, then, this similitude of ourselves. Suppose you saw (as I doubt not you often do see) a prudent and kind young lady sitting at work, in the corner of a quiet room, knitting comforters for her cousins, and that just outside, in the hall, you saw a cat and her kittens at play among the family pictures; amusing themselves especially with the best Vandykes, by getting on the tops of the frames, and then scrambling down the canvasses by their claws; and on some one's informing the young lady of these proceedings of the cat and kittens, suppose she answered that it wasn't her cat, but her sister's, and the pictures weren't hers, but her uncle's, and she couldn't leave her work, for she had to make so many pairs of comforters before dinner. Would you not say that the prudent and kind young lady was, on the whole, answerable for the additional touches of claw on the Vandykes? Now, that is precisely what we prudent and kind English are doing, only on a larger scale. Here we sit in Manchester, hard at work, very properly, making comforters for our cousins all over the world. Just outside there in the hall—that beautiful marble hall of Italy—the cats and kittens and monkeys are at play among the pictures: I assure you, in the course of the fifteen years in which I have been working in those places in which the most precious remnants of European art exist, a sensation, whether I would or no, was gradually made distinct and deep in my mind, that I was living and working in the midst of a den of monkeys;—sometimes amiable and affectionate monkeys, with all manner of winning ways and kind intentions;—

more frequently selfish and malicious monkeys, but, whatever their disposition, squabbling continually about nuts, and the best places on the barren sticks of trees; and that all this monkeys' den was filled, by mischance, with precious pictures, and the witty and wilful beasts were always wrapping themselves up and going to sleep in pictures, or tearing holes in them to grin through; or tasting them and spitting them out again, or twisting them up into ropes and making swings of them; and that sometimes only, by watching one's opportunity, and bearing a scratch or a bite, one could rescue the corner of a Tintoret, or Paul Veronese, and push it through the bars into a place of safety. Literally, I assure you, this was, and this is, the fixed impression on my mind of the state of matters in Italy. And see how. The professors of art in Italy, having long followed a method of study peculiar to themselves, have at last arrived at a form of art peculiar to themselves; very different from that which was arrived at by Correggio and Titian. Naturally, the professors like their own form the best; and, as the old pictures are generally not so startling to the eye as the modern ones, the dukes and counts who possess them, and who like to see their galleries look new and fine (and are persuaded also that a celebrated chef-d'œuvre ought always to catch the eye at a quarter of a mile off), believe the professors who tell them their sober pictures are quite faded, and good for nothing, and should all be brought bright again; and accordingly, give the sober pictures to the professors, to be put right by rules of art. Then, the professors repaint the old pictures in all the principal places, leaving perhaps only a bit of background to set off their own work. And thus the professors come to be generally figured in my mind, as the monkeys who tear holes in the pictures, to grin through. Then the picture-dealers, who live by the pictures, cannot sell them to the English in their old and pure state; all the good work must be covered with new paint, and varnished so as to look like one of the professorial pictures in the great gallery, before it is saleable. And thus the dealers come to be imaged, in my mind, as the monkeys who make ropes of the pictures, to swing by. Then, every now and then,

in some old stable, or wine-cellar, or timber-shed, behind some forgotten vats or faggots, somebody finds a fresco of Perugino's or Giotto's, but doesn't think much of it, and has no idea of having people coming into his cellar, or being obliged to move his faggots; and so he whitewashes the fresco, and puts the faggots back again; and these kind of persons, therefore, come generally to be imaged in my mind, as the monkeys who taste the pictures, and spit them out, not finding them nice. While, finally, the squabbling for nuts and apples (called in Italy "bella libertà") goes on all day long.

Now, all this might soon be put an end to, if we English, who are so fond of travelling in the body, would also travel a little in soul: We think it a great triumph to get our packages and our persons carried at a fast pace, but we never take the slightest trouble to put any pace into our perceptions; we stay usually at home in thought, or if we ever mentally see the world, it is at the old stage-coach or waggon rate. Do but consider what an odd sight it would be, if it were only quite clear to you how things are really going on—how, here in England, we are making enormous and expensive efforts to produce new art of all kinds, knowing and confessing all the while that the greater part of it is bad, but struggling still to produce new patterns of wall-papers, and new shapes of tea-pots, and new pictures, and statues, and architecture; and pluming and cackling if ever a tea-pot or a picture has the least good in it;—all the while taking no thought whatever of the best possible pictures, and statues, and wall-patterns already in existence, which require nothing but to be taken common care of, and kept from damp and dust: but we let the walls fall that Giotto patterned, and the canvases rot that Tintoret painted, and the architecture be dashed to pieces that St. Louis built, while we are furnishing our drawing-rooms with prize upholstery, and writing accounts of our handsome warehouses to the country papers. Don't think I use my words vaguely or generally: I speak of literal facts. Giotto's frescos at Assisi are perishing at this moment for want of decent care; Tintoret's pictures in San Sebastian at

Venice, are at this instant rotting piecemeal into grey rags; St. Louis's chapel, at Carcassonne, is at this moment lying in shattered fragments in the market-place. And here we are all cawing and crowing, poor little half-fledged daws as we are, about the pretty sticks and wool in our own nests. There's hardly a day passes, when I am at home, but I get a letter from some well-meaning country clergyman, deeply anxious about the state of his parish church, and breaking his heart to get money together that he may hold up some wretched remnant of Tudor tracery, with one niche in the corner and no statue—when all the while the mightiest piles of religious architecture and sculpture that ever the world saw are being blasted and withered away, without one glance of pity or regret. The country clergyman does not care for *them*—he has a sea-sick imagination that cannot cross channel. What is it to him, if the angels of Assisi fade from its vaults, or the queens and kings of Chartres fall from their pedestals? They are not in his parish.

"What!" you will say, "are we not to produce any new art, nor take care of our parish churches?" No, certainly not, until you have taken proper care of the art you have got already, and of the best churches out of the parish. Your first and proper standing is not as churchwardens and parish overseers, in an English county, but as members of the great Christian community of Europe. And as members of that community (in which alone, observe, pure and precious ancient art exists, for there is none in America, none in Asia, none in Africa), you conduct yourselves precisely as a manufacturer would, who attended to his looms, but left his warehouse without a roof. The rain floods your warehouse, the rats frolic in it, the spiders spin in it, the choughs build in it, the wall-plague frets and festers in it, and still you keep weave, weave, weaving at your wretched webs, and thinking you are growing rich, while more is gnawed out of your warehouse in an hour than you can weave in a twelvemonth.

Even this similitude is not absurd enough to set us rightly forth. The weaver would, or might, at least, hope that his new woof was as stout as the old ones, and that, therefore, in

spite of rain and ravage, he would have something to wrap himself in when he needed it. But *our* webs rot as we spin. The very fact that we despise the great art of the past shows that we cannot produce great art now. If we could do it, we should love it when we saw it done—if we really cared for it, we should recognise it and keep it; but we don't care for it. It is not art that we want; it is amusement, gratification of pride, present gain—anything in the world but art: let it rot, we shall always have enough to talk about and hang over our sideboards.

You will (I hope) finally ask me what is the outcome of all this, practicable to-morrow morning by us who are sitting here? These are the main practical outcomes from it: In the first place, don't grumble when you hear of a new picture being bought by Government at a large price. There are many pictures in Europe now in danger of destruction which are, in the true sense of the word, priceless; the proper price is simply that which it is necessary to give to get and to save them. If you can get them for fifty pounds, do; if not for less than a hundred, do; if not for less than five thousand, do; if not for less than twenty thousand, do; never mind being imposed upon; there is nothing disgraceful in being imposed upon: the only disgrace is in imposing; and you can't in general get anything much worth having, in the way of Continental art, but it must be with the help or connivance of numbers of people, who, indeed, ought to have nothing to do with the matter, but who practically have, and always will have, everything to do with it; and if you don't choose to submit to be cheated by them out of a ducat here and a zecchin there, you will be cheated by them out of your picture; and whether you are most imposed upon in losing that, or the zecchins, I think I may leave you to judge; though I know there are many political economists, who would rather leave a bag of gold on a garret-table, than give a porter sixpence extra to carry it downstairs.

That, then, is the first practical outcome of the matter. Never grumble, but be glad when you hear of a new picture being bought at a large price. In the long run, the dearest

pictures are always the best bargains; and, I repeat (for else you might think I said it in mere hurry of talk, and not deliberately), there are some pictures which are without price. You should stand, nationally, at the edge of Dover cliffs—Shakespeare's—and wave blank cheques in the eyes of the nations on the other side of the sea, freely offered, for such and such canvases of theirs.

Then the next practical outcome of it is—Never buy a copy of a picture, under any circumstances whatever. All copies are bad; because no painter who is worth a straw ever *will* copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes, for his own use, in his own way; but he won't and can't copy; whenever you buy a copy, you buy so much misunderstanding of the original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing ultimately chances of mistake and imposture, and farthering, as directly as money *can* farther, the cause of ignorance in all directions. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes; and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them.

I do not mean, however, that copies should never be made. A certain number of dull persons should always be employed by a Government in making the most accurate copies possible of all good pictures; these copies, though artistically valueless, would be historically and documentarily valuable, in the event of the destruction of the original picture. The studies also made by great artists for their own use, should be sought after with the greatest eagerness; they are often to be bought cheap; and in connection with mechanical copies, would become very precious; tracings from frescos and other large works are all of great value; for though a tracing is liable to just as many mistakes as a copy, the mistakes in a tracing are of one kind only, which may be allowed for, but the mistakes of a common copyist are of all conceivable kinds: finally, engravings, in so far as they convey certain facts about the pictures, are often serviceable and valuable. I can't, of course, enter into details in these matters just now; only this main piece of advice I can safely give you—never to buy

copies of pictures (for your private possession) which pretend to give a *facsimile* that shall be in any wise representative of, or equal to, the original. Whenever you do so, you are only lowering your taste, and wasting your money. And if you are generous and wise, you will be ready rather to subscribe as much as you would have given for a copy of a great picture, towards its purchase, or the purchase of some other like it, by the nation. There ought to be a great National Society instituted for the purchase of pictures; presenting them to the various galleries in our great cities, and watching there over their safety: but in the meantime, you can always act safely and beneficially by merely allowing your artist friends to buy pictures for you, when they see good ones. Never buy for yourselves, nor go to the foreign dealers; but let any painter whom you know be entrusted, when he finds a neglected old picture in an old house, to try if he cannot get it for you; then, if you like it, keep it; if not, send it to the hammer, and you will find that you do not lose money on pictures so purchased.

And the third and chief practical outcome of the matter is this general one: Wherever you go, whatever you do, act more for *preservation* and less for *production*. I assure you, the world is, generally speaking, in calamitous disorder, and just because you have managed to thrust some of the lumber aside, and get an available corner for yourselves, you think you should do nothing but sit spinning in it all day long—while, as householders and economists, your first thought and effort should be, to set things more square all about you. Try to set the ground floors in order, and get the rottenness out of your granaries. *Then* sit and spin, but not till then.

IV. Distribution.—And now, lastly, we come to the fourth great head of our inquiry, the question of the wise distribution of the art we have gathered and preserved. It must be evident to us, at a moment's thought, that the way in which works of art are on the whole most useful to the nation to which they belong, must be by their collection in public galleries, supposing those galleries properly managed. But

there is one disadvantage attached necessarily to gallery exhibition, namely, the extent of mischief which may be done by one foolish curator. As long as the pictures which form the national wealth are disposed in private collections, the chance is always that the people who buy them will be just the people who are fond of them; and that the sense of exchangeable value in the commodity they possess, will induce them, even if they do not esteem it themselves, to take such care of it as will preserve its value undiminished. At all events, so long as works of art are scattered throughout the nation, no universal destruction of them is possible; a certain average only are lost by accidents from time to time. But when they are once collected in a large public gallery, if the appointment of curator becomes in any way a matter of formality, or the post is so lucrative as to be disputed by place-hunters, let but one foolish or careless person get possession of it, and perhaps you may have all your fine pictures repainted, and the national property destroyed, in a month. That is actually the case at this moment in several great foreign galleries. They are the places of execution of pictures: over their doors you only want the Dantesque inscription, "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che entrate."

Supposing, however, this danger properly guarded against, as it would be always by a nation which either knew the value, or understood the meaning, of painting,* arrangement in a public gallery is the safest, as well as the most serviceable, method of exhibiting pictures; and it is the only mode in which their historical value can be brought out, and their historical meaning made clear. But great good is also to be done by encouraging the private possession of pictures; partly as a means of study, (much more being always discovered in any work of art by a person who has it perpetually near him than by one who only sees it from time to time,) and also as a means of refining the habits and touching the hearts of the masses of the nation in their domestic life.

* It would be a great point gained towards the preservation of pictures if it were made a rule that at every operation they underwent, the exact spots in which they have been re-painted should be recorded in writing.

For these last purposes the most serviceable art is the living art of the time; the particular tastes of the people will be best met, and their particular ignorances best corrected, by painters labouring in the midst of them, more or less guided to the knowledge of what is wanted by the degree of sympathy with which their work is received. So then, generally, it should be the object of government, and of all patrons of art, to collect, as far as may be, the works of dead masters in public galleries, arranging them so as to illustrate the history of nations, and the progress and influence of their arts; and to encourage the private possession of the works of *living* masters. And the first and best way in which to encourage such private possession is, of course, to keep down the price of them as far as you can.

I hope there are not a great many painters in the room; if there are, I entreat their patience for the next quarter of an hour: if they will bear with me for so long, I hope they will not, finally, be offended by what I am going to say.

I repeat, trusting to their indulgence in the interim, that the first object of our national economy, as respects the distribution of modern art, should be steadily and rationally to limit its prices, since by doing so, you will produce two effects; you will make the painters produce more pictures, two or three instead of one, if they wish to make money; and you will, by bringing good pictures within the reach of people of moderate income, excite the general interest of the nation in them, increase a thousandfold the demand for the commodity, and therefore its wholesome and natural production.

I know how many objections must arise in your minds at this moment to what I say; but you must be aware that it is not possible for me in an hour to explain all the moral and commercial bearings of such a principle as this. Only, believe me, I do not speak lightly; I think I have considered all the objections which could be rationally brought forward, though I have time at present only to glance at the main one, namely, the idea that the high prices paid for modern pictures are either honourable, or serviceable, to the painter. So far from this being so, I believe one of the principal obstacles to the

progress of modern art to be the high prices given for good modern pictures. For observe first the action of this high remuneration on the artist's mind. If he "gets on," as it is called, catches the eye of the public, and especially of the public of the upper classes, there is hardly any limit to the fortune he may acquire; so that, in his early years, his mind is naturally led to dwell on this worldly and wealthy eminence as the main thing to be reached by his art; if he finds that he is not gradually rising towards it, he thinks there is something wrong in his work; or, if he is too proud to think that, still the bribe of wealth and honour warps him from his honest labour into efforts to attract attention; and he gradually loses both his power of mind and his rectitude of purpose. This, according to the degree of avarice or ambition which exists in any painter's mind, is the necessary influence upon him of the hope of great wealth and reputation. But the harm is still greater, in so far as the possibility of attaining fortune of this kind tempts people continually to become painters who have no real gift for the work; and on whom these motives of mere worldly interest have exclusive influence;—men who torment and abuse the patient workers, eclipse or thrust aside all delicate and good pictures by their own gaudy and coarse ones, corrupt the taste of the public, and do the greatest amount of mischief to the schools of art in their day which it is possible for their capacities to effect; and it is quite wonderful how much mischief may be done even by small capacity. If you could by any means succeed in keeping the prices of pictures down, you would throw all these disturbers out of the way at once.

You may perhaps think that this severe treatment would do more harm than good, by withdrawing the wholesome element of emulation, and giving no stimulus to exertion; but I am sorry to say that artists will always be sufficiently jealous of one another, whether you pay them large or low prices; and as for stimulus to exertion, believe me, no good work in this world was ever done for money, nor while the slightest thought of money affected the painter's mind. Whatever idea of pecuniary value enters into his thoughts as he works,

will, in proportion to the distinctness of its presence, shorten his power. A real painter will work for you exquisitely, if you give him, as I told you a little while ago, bread and water and salt; and a bad painter will work badly and hastily, though you give him a palace to live in, and a princedom to live upon. Turner got, in his earlier years, half-a-crown a day and his supper (not bad pay, neither); and he learned to paint upon that. And I believe that there is no chance of art's truly flourishing in any country, until you make it a simple and plain business, providing its masters with an easy competence, but rarely with anything more. And I say this, not because I despise the great painter, but because I honour him; and I should no more think of adding to his respectability or happiness by giving him riches, than, if Shakespeare or Milton were alive, I should think we added to *their* respectability, or were likely to get better work from them, by making them millionaires.

But, observe, it is not only the painter himself whom you injure, by giving him too high prices; you injure all the inferior painters of the day. If they are modest, they will be discouraged and depressed by the feeling that their doings are worth so little, comparatively, in your eyes;—if proud, all their worst passions will be aroused, and the insult or opprobrium which they will try to cast on their successful rival will not only afflict and wound him, but at last sour and harden him: he cannot pass through such a trial without grievous harm.

That, then, is the effect you produce on the painter of mark, and on the inferior ones of his own standing. But you do worse than this; you deprive yourselves, by what you give for the fashionable picture, of the power of helping the younger men who are coming forward. Be it admitted, for argument's sake, if you are not convinced by what I have said, that you do no harm to the great man by paying him well; yet certainly you do him no special good. His reputation is established, and his fortune made; he does not care whether you buy or not: he thinks he is rather doing you a favour than otherwise by letting you have one of his pictures at all.

All the good you do him is to help him to buy a new pair of carriage horses; whereas, with that same sum which thus you cast away, you might have relieved the hearts and preserved the health of twenty young painters; and if among those twenty, you but chanced on one in whom a true latent power had been hindered by his poverty, just consider what a far-branching, far-embracing good you have wrought with that lucky expenditure of yours. I say, "Consider it" in vain; you cannot consider it, for you cannot conceive the sickness of the heart with which a young painter of deep feeling toils through his first obscurity;—his sense of the strong voice within him, which you will not hear;—his vain, fond, wondering witness to the things you will not see;—his far away perception of things that he could accomplish if he had but peace and time, all unapproachable and vanishing from him, because no one will leave him peace or grant him time: all his friends falling back from him; those whom he would most reverently obey rebuking and paralysing him; and last and worst of all, those who believe in him the most faithfully suffering by him the most bitterly;—the wife's eyes, in their sweet ambition, shining brighter as the cheek wastes away; and the little lips at his side parched and pale which one day, he knows, though he may never see it, will quiver so proudly when they name his name, calling him "our father." You deprive yourselves, by your large expenditure for pictures of mark, of the power of relieving and redeeming *this* distress; you injure the painter whom you pay so largely;—and what, after all, have you done for yourselves, or got for yourselves? It does not in the least follow that the hurried work of a fashionable painter will contain more for your money than the quiet work of some unknown man. In all probability, you will find, if you rashly purchase what is popular at a high price, that you have got one picture you don't care for, for a sum which would have bought twenty you would have delighted in. For remember always that the price of a picture by a living artist, never represents, never *can* represent, the quantity of labour or value in it. Its price represents, for the most part, the degree of desire which the rich people of the country have to possess it. Once get

the wealthy classes to imagine that the possession of pictures by a given artist adds to their "gentility," and there is no price which his work may not immediately reach, and for years maintain ; and in buying at that price, you are not getting value for your money, but merely disputing for victory in a contest of ostentation. And it is hardly possible to spend your money in a worse or more wasteful way ; for though you may not be doing it for ostentation yourself, you are, by your pertinacity, nourishing the ostentation of others ; you meet them in their game of wealth, and continue it for them ; if they had not found an opposite player, the game would have been done ; for a proud man can find no enjoyment in possessing himself of what nobody disputes with him. So that by every farthing you give for a picture beyond its fair price—that is to say, the price which will pay the painter for his time—you are not only cheating yourself and buying vanity, but you are stimulating the vanity of others ; paying, literally, for the cultivation of pride. You may consider every pound that you spend above the just price of a work of art, as an investment in a cargo of mental quick-lime or guano, which, being laid on the fields of human nature, is to grow a harvest of pride. You are in fact ploughing and harrowing, in a most valuable part of your land, in order to reap the whirlwind ; you are setting your hand stoutly to Job's agriculture, "Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley."

Well, but you will say, there is one advantage in high prices, which more than counterbalances all this mischief, namely, that by great reward we both urge and enable a painter to produce rather one perfect picture than many inferior ones : and one perfect picture (so you tell us, and we believe it) is worth a great number of inferior ones.

It is so ; but you cannot get it by paying for it. A great work is only done when the painter gets into the humour for it, likes his subject, and determines to paint it as well as he can, whether he is paid for it or not ; but bad work, and generally the worst sort of bad work, is done when he is trying to produce a showy picture, or one that shal

appear to have as much labour in it as shall be worth a high price.*

There is, however, another point, and a still more important one, bearing on this matter of purchase, than the keeping down of prices to a rational standard. And that is, that you pay your prices into the hands of living men, and do not pour them into coffins.

For observe that, as we arrange our payment of pictures at present, no artist's work is worth half its proper value while he is alive. The moment he dies, his pictures, if they are good, reach double their former value ; but that rise of price represents simply a profit made by the intelligent dealer or purchaser on his past purchases. So that the real facts of the matter are, that the British public, spending a certain sum annually in art, determines that, of every thousand it pays, only five hundred shall go to the painter, or shall be at all concerned in the production of art ; and that the other five hundred shall be paid merely as a testimonial to the intelligent dealer, who knew what to buy. Now, testimonials are very pretty and proper things, within due limits ; but testimonials to the amount of a hundred per cent. on the total expenditure is not good political economy. Do not, therefore, in general, unless you see it to be necessary for its preservation, buy the picture of a dead artist. If you fear that it may be exposed

* When this lecture was delivered, I gave here some data for approximate estimates of the average value of good modern pictures of different classes; but the subject is too complicated to be adequately treated in writing, without introducing more detail than the reader will have patience for. But I may state roughly, that prices above a hundred guineas are in general extravagant for water-colours, and above five hundred for oils. An artist almost always does wrong who puts more work than these prices will remunerate him for into any single canvas —his talent would be better employed in painting two pictures than one so elaborate. The water-colour painters also are getting into the habit of making their drawings too large, and in a measure attaching their price rather to breadth and extent of touch than to thoughtful labour. Of course marked exceptions occur here and there, as in the case of John Lewis, whose drawings are wrought with unfailing precision throughout, whatever their scale. Hardly any price can be remunerative for such work.

to contempt or neglect, buy it ; its price will then, probably, not be high : if you want to put it into a public gallery, buy it ; you are sure, then, that you do not spend your money selfishly : or, if you loved the man's work while he was alive, and bought it then, buy it also now, if you can see no living work equal to it. But if you did not buy it while the man was living, never buy it after he is dead : you are then doing no good to him, and you are doing some shame to yourself. Look around you for pictures that you really like, and by buying which you can help some genius yet unperished—that is the best atonement you can make to the one you have neglected—and give to the living and struggling painter at once wages, and testimonial.

So far then of the motives which should induce us to keep down the prices of modern art, and thus render it, as a private possession, attainable by greater numbers of people than at present. But we should strive to render it accessible to them in other ways also—chiefly by the permanent decoration of public buildings ; and it is in this field that I think we may look for the profitable means of providing that constant employment for young painters of which we were speaking last evening.

The first and most important kind of public buildings which we are always sure to want, are schools : and I would ask you to consider very carefully, whether we may not wisely introduce some great changes in the way of school decoration. Hitherto, as far as I know, it has either been so difficult to give all the education we wanted to our lads, that we have been obliged to do it, if at all, with cheap furniture in bare walls ; or else we have considered that cheap furniture and bare walls are a proper part of the means of education ; and supposed that boys learned best when they sat on hard forms, and had nothing but blank plaster about and above them whereupon to employ their spare attention ; also, that it was as well they should be accustomed to rough and ugly conditions of things, partly by way of preparing them for the hardships of life, and partly that there might be the least possible damage done to floors and forms, in the event of their

becoming, during the master's absence, the fields or instruments of battle. All this is so far well and necessary, as it relates to the training of country lads, and the first training of boys in general. But there certainly comes a period in the life of a well educated youth, in which one of the principal elements of his education is, or ought to be, to give him refinement of habits ; and not only to teach him the strong exercises of which his frame is capable, but also to increase his bodily sensibility and refinement, and show him such small matters as the way of handling things properly, and treating them considerately. Not only so, but I believe the notion of fixing the attention by keeping the room empty, is a wholly mistaken one : I think it is just in the emptiest room that the mind wanders most, for it gets restless, like a bird, for want of a perch, and casts about for any possible means of getting out and away. And even if it be fixed, by an effort, on the business in hand, that business becomes itself repulsive, more than it need be, by the vileness of its associations ; and many a study appears dull or painful to a boy, when it is pursued on a blotted deal desk, under a wall with nothing on it but scratches and pegs, which would have been pursued pleasantly enough in a curtained corner of his father's library, or at the lattice window of his cottage. Nay, my own belief is, that the best study of all is the most beautiful ; and that a quiet glade of forest, or the nook of a lake shore, are worth all the schoolrooms in Christendom, when once you are past the multiplication table ; but be that as it may, there is no question at all but that a time ought to come in the life of a well trained youth, when he can sit at a writing table without wanting to throw the inkstand at his neighbour ; and when also he will feel more capable of certain efforts of mind with beautiful and refined forms about him than with ugly ones. When that time comes he ought to be advanced into the decorated schools ; and this advance ought to be one of the important and honourable epochs of his life.

I have not time, however, to insist on the mere serviceableness to our youth of refined architectural decoration, as such ; for I want you to consider the probable influence of the par-

ticular kind of decoration which I wish you to get for them, namely, historical painting. You know we have hitherto been in the habit of conveying all our historical knowledge, such as it is, by the ear only, never by the eye; all our notions of things being ostensibly derived from verbal description, not from sight. Now, I have no doubt that as we grow gradually wiser—and we are doing so every day—we shall discover at last that the eye is a nobler organ than the ear; and that through the eye we must, in reality, obtain, or put into form, nearly all the useful information we are to have about this world. Even as the matter stands, you will find that the knowledge which a boy is supposed to receive from verbal description is only available to him so far as in any underhand way he gets a sight of the thing you are talking about. I remember well that, for many years of my life, the only notion I had of the look of a Greek knight was complicated between recollection of a small engraving in my pocket Pope's Homer, and reverent study of the Horse-Guards. And though I believe that most boys collect their ideas from more varied sources, and arrange them more carefully than I did; still, whatever sources they seek must always be ocular: if they are clever boys, they will go and look at the Greek vases and sculptures in the British Museum, and at the weapons in our armouries—they will see what real armour is like in lustre, and what Greek armour was like in form, and so put a fairly true image together, but still not, in ordinary cases, a very living or interesting one. Now, the use of your decorative painting would be, in myriads of ways, to animate their history for them, and to put the living aspect of past things before their eyes as faithfully as intelligent invention can; so that the master shall have nothing to do but once to point to the schoolroom walls, and forever afterwards the meaning of any word would be fixed in a boy's mind in the best possible way. Is it a question of classical dress—what a tunic was like, or a chlamys, or a peplus? At this day, you have to point to some vile woodcut, in the middle of a dictionary page, representing the thing hung upon a stick; but then, you would point to a hundred figures, wearing the actual

dress, in its fiery colours, in all the actions of various stateliness or strength; you would understand at once how it fell round the people's limbs as they stood, how it drifted from their shoulders as they went, how it veiled their faces as they wept, how it covered their heads in the day of battle. *Now*, if you want to see what a weapon is like, you refer, in like manner, to a numbered page, in which there are spear-heads in rows, and sword-hilts in symmetrical groups; and gradually the boy gets a dim mathematical notion how one scymitar is hooked to the right and another to the left, and one javelin has a knob to it and another none: while one glance at your good picture would show him,—and the first rainy afternoon in the schoolroom would forever fix in his mind,—the look of the sword and spear as they fell or flew; and how they pierced, or bent, or shattered—how men wielded them, and how men died by them. But far more than all this, is it a question not of clothes or weapons, but of men? how can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presences of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after-life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation. And if but for one out of many this were true—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their thoughts and destinies, and turned the eager and reckless youth, who would have cast away his energies on the race-horse or the gambling-table, to that noble life-race, that holy life-hazard, which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country—would not that, to some purpose, be "political economy of art?".

And observe, there could be no monotony, no exhaustibleness, in the scenes required to be thus portrayed. Even if there were, and you wanted for every school in the kingdom, one death of Leonidas; one battle of Marathon; one death of

Cleobis and Bito; there need not therefore be more monotony in your art than there was in the repetition of a given cycle of subjects by the religious painters of Italy. But we ought not to admit a cycle at all. For though we had as many great schools as we have great cities (one day I hope we *shall* have), centuries of painting would not exhaust, in all the number of them, the noble and pathetic subjects which might be chosen from the history of even one noble nation. But, beside this, you will not, in a little while, limit your youths' studies to so narrow fields as you do now. There will come a time—I am sure of it—when it will be found that the same practical results, both in mental discipline, and in political philosophy, are to be attained by the accurate study of mediæval and modern as of ancient history; and that the facts of mediæval and modern history are, on the whole, the most important to us. And among these noble groups of constellated schools which I foresee arising in our England, I foresee also that there will be divided fields of thought; and that while each will give its scholars a great general idea of the world's history, such as all men should possess—each will also take upon itself, as its own special duty, the closer study of the course of events in some given place or time. It will review the rest of history, but it will exhaust its own special field of it; and found its moral and political teaching on the most perfect possible analysis of the results of human conduct in one place, and at one epoch. And then, the galleries of that school will be painted with the historical scenes belonging to the age which it has chosen for its special study.

So far, then, of art as you may apply it to that great series of public buildings which you devote to the education of youth. The next large class of public buildings in which we should introduce it, is one which I think a few years more of national progress will render more serviceable to us than they have been lately. I mean, buildings for the meetings of guilds of trades.

And here, for the last time, I must again interrupt the course of our chief inquiry, in order to state one other principle of political economy, which is perfectly simple and indisputable:

but which, nevertheless, we continually get into commercial embarrassments for want of understanding ; and not only so, but suffer much hindrance in our commercial discoveries, because many of our business men do not practically admit it.

Supposing half a dozen or a dozen men were cast ashore from a wreck on an uninhabited island, and left to their own resources, one of course, according to his capacity, would be set to one business and one to another ; the strongest to dig and to cut wood, and to build huts for the rest: the most dexterous to make shoes out of bark and coats out of skins ; the best educated to look for iron or lead in the rocks, and to plan the channels for the irrigation of the fields. But though their labours were thus naturally severed, that small group of shipwrecked men would understand well enough that the speediest progress was to be made by helping each other,—not by opposing each other: and they would know that this help could only be properly given so long as they were frank and open in their relations, and the difficulties which each lay under properly explained to the rest. So that any appearance of secresy or separateness in the actions of any of them would instantly, and justly, be looked upon with suspicion by the rest, as the sign of some selfish or foolish proceeding on the part of the individual. If, for instance, the scientific man were found to have gone out at night, unknown to the rest, to alter the sluices, the others would think, and in all probability rightly think, that he wanted to get the best supply of water to his own field ; and if the shoemaker refused to show them where the bark grew which he made the sandals of, they would naturally think, and in all probability rightly think, that he didn't want them to see how much there was of it, and that he meant to ask from them more corn and potatoes in exchange for his sandals than the trouble of making them deserved. And thus, although each man would have a portion of time to himself in which he was allowed to do what he chose without let or inquiry,—so long as he was working in that particular business which he had undertaken for the common benefit, any secresy on his part would be immediately supposed to mean mischief ; and would require to be

accounted for, or put an end to : and this all the more because whatever the work might be, certainly there would be difficulties about it which, when once they were well explained, might be more or less done away with by the help of the rest ; so that assuredly every one of them would advance with his labour not only more happily, but more profitably and quickly, by having no secrets, and by frankly bestowing, and frankly receiving, such help as lay in his way to get or to give.

And, just as the best and richest result of wealth and happiness to the whole of them, would follow on their perseverance in such a system of frank communication and of helpful labour ;—so precisely the worst and poorest result would be obtained by a system of secresy and of enmity ; and each man's happiness and wealth would assuredly be diminished in proportion to the degree in which jealousy and concealment became their social and economical principles. It would not, in the long run, bring good, but only evil, to the man of science, if, instead of telling openly where he had found good iron, he carefully concealed every new bed of it, that he might ask, in exchange for the rare ploughshare, more corn from the farmer, or in exchange for the rude needle, more labour from the sempstress : and it would not ultimately bring good, but only evil, to the farmers, if they sought to burn each other's cornstacks, that they might raise the value of their grain, or if the sempstresses tried to break each other's needles, that each might get all the stitching to herself.

Now, these laws of human action are precisely as authoritative in their application to the conduct of a million of men, as to that of six or twelve. All enmity, jealousy, opposition, and secresy are wholly, and in all circumstances, destructive in their nature—not productive ; and all kindness, fellowship, and communicativeness are invariably productive in their operation,—not destructive ; and the evil principles of opposition and exclusiveness are not rendered less fatal, but more fatal, by their acceptance among large masses of men ; more fatal, I say, exactly in proportion as their influence is more secret. For though the opposition does always its own simple, necessary, direct quantity of harm, and withdraws always its own simple,

necessary, measurable quantity of wealth from the sum possessed by the community, yet, in proportion to the size of the community, it does another and more refined mischief than this, by concealing its own fatality under aspects of mercantile complication and expediency, and giving rise to multitudes of false theories based on a mean belief in narrow and immediate appearances of good done here and there by things which have the universal and everlasting nature of evil. So that the time and powers of the nation are wasted, not only in wretched struggling against each other, but in vain complaints, and groundless discouragements, and empty investigations, and useless experiments in laws, and elections, and inventions; with hope always to pull wisdom through some new-shaped slit in a ballot-box, and to drag prosperity down out of the clouds along some new knot of electric wire; while all the while Wisdom stands calling at the corners of the streets, and the blessing of heaven waits ready to rain down upon us, deeper than the rivers and broader than the dew, if only we will obey the first plain principles of humanity, and the first plain precepts of the skies; "Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion, every man to his brother; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart."*

* It would be well if, instead of preaching continually about the doctrine of faith and good works, our clergymen would simply explain to their people a little what good works mean. There is not a chapter in all the book we profess to believe, more specially, and directly written for England, than the second of Habakkuk, and I never in all my life heard one of its practical texts preached from. I suppose the clergymen are all afraid, and know that their flocks, while they will sit quite politely to hear syllogisms out of the epistle to the Romans, would get restive directly if they ever pressed a practical text home to them. But we should have no mercantile catastrophes, and no distressful pauperism, if we only read often, and took to heart, those plain words: "Yea, also, because he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and cannot be satisfied,—Shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against him, and say, 'Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his: and to him that *ladeth himself with thick clay.*'" (What a glorious history, in one metaphor, of the life of a man greedy of fortune.) "Woe to him that

Therefore, I believe most firmly, that as the laws of national prosperity get familiar to us, we shall more and more cast our toil into social and communicative systems; and that one of the first means of our doing so, will be the re-establishing guilds of every important trade in a vital, not formal, condition;—that there will be a great council or government house for the members of every trade, built in whatever town of the kingdom occupies itself principally in such trade, with minor council-halls in other cities; and to each council-hall, officers attached, whose first business may be to examine into the circumstances of every operative, in that trade, who chooses to report himself to them when out of work, and to set him to work, if he is indeed able and willing, at a fixed rate of wages, determined at regular periods in the council-meetings; and whose next duty may be to bring reports before the council of all improvements made in the business, and means of its extension: not allowing private patents of any kind, but making all improvements available to every member of the guild, only allotting, after successful trial of them, a certain reward to the inventors.

For these, and many other such purposes, such halls will be again, I trust, fully established, and then, in the paintings and decorations of them, especial effort ought to be made to express the worthiness and honourableness of the trade for whose members they are founded. For I believe one of the worst symptoms of modern society to be, its notion of great inferiority, and ungentlemanliness, as necessarily belonging to the character of a tradesman. I believe tradesmen may be, ought to be—often are, more gentlemen than idle and useless people: and I believe that art may do noble work by recording in the hall of each trade, the services which men belong-

coveteth an evil covetousness that he may set his nest on high. Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity. Behold, is it not of the Lord of Hosts that the people shall labour in the very fire, and the people shall weary themselves for very vanity?"

The Americans, who have been sending out ships with sham bolt-heads on their timbers, and only half their bolts, may meditate on that "buildeth a town with blood."

ing to that trade have done for their country, both preserving the portraits, and recording the important incidents in the lives, of those who have made great advances in commerce and civilization. I cannot follow out this subject, it branches too far, and in too many directions; besides, I have no doubt you will at once see and accept the truth of the main principle, and be able to think it out for yourselves. I would fain also have said something of what might be done, in the same manner, for almshouses and hospitals, and for what, as I shall try to explain in notes to this lecture, we may hope to see, some day, established with a different meaning in their name than that they now bear—workhouses; but I have detained you too long already, and cannot permit myself to trespass further on your patience except only to recapitulate, in closing, the simple principles respecting wealth, which we have gathered during the course of our inquiry; principles which are nothing more than the literal and practical acceptance of the saying, which is in all good men's mouths; namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing, that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we, in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say, that of course money doesn't mean money, it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself. And do not you see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us, in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit, we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures. But we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the Church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money,

but the parable can't possibly mean anything so vulgar as money; our money's our own.

I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit, and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver,—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.

And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talents?—are they not in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts? And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain. You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbour by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally

indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him ; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

But there is injustice ; and, let us trust, one of which honourable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust ; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy ; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it ; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict ?—Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for ? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way ? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children ; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor ; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor ; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pen-

sion and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workman who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labour far and near. For you who have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain. And, according to the quantity of it that you have in your hands, you are the arbiters of the will and work of England; and the whole issue, whether the work of the State shall suffice for the State or not, depends upon you. You may stretch out your sceptre over the heads of the English labourers, and say to them, as they stoop to its waving, "Subdue this obstacle that has baffled our fathers, put away this plague that consumes our children; water these dry places, plough these desert ones, carry this food to those who are in hunger; carry this light to those who are in darkness; carry this life to those who are in death;" or on the other side you may say to her labourers: "Here am I; this power is in my hand; come, build a mound here for me to be throned upon, high and wide; come, make crowns for my head, that men may see them shine from far away; come, weave tapestries for my feet, that I may tread softly on the silk and purple; come, dance before me, that I may be gay; and sing sweetly to me, that I may slumber; so shall I live in joy, and die in honour." And better than such an honourable death, it were that the day had perished wherein we were born, and the night in which it was said there is a child conceived.

I trust that in a little while, there will be few of our rich men who, through carelessness or covetousness, thus forfeit the glorious office which is intended for their hands. I said, just now, that wealth ill-used was as the net of the spider, entangling and destroying: but wealth well used, is as the net of the sacred fisher who gathers souls of men out of the deep. A time will come—I do not think even now it is far from us—when this golden net of the world's wealth will be spread abroad as the flaming meshes of morning cloud are over the sky; bearing with them the joy of light and the dew of the morning, as well as the summons to honourable and peaceful toil. What less can we hope from your wealth than this, rich men of England, when once you feel fully how, by the strength of your possessions—not, observe, by the exhaustion, but by the administration of them and the power—you can direct the acts,—command the energies—inform the ignorance,—prolong the existence, of the whole human race; and how, even of worldly wisdom, which man employs faithfully, it is true, not only that her ways are pleasantness, but that her paths are peace; and that, for all the children of men, as well as for those to whom she is given, Length of days are in her right hand, as in her left hand Riches and Honour?

ADDENDA.

Note, p. 150.—"*Fatherly authority.*"

This statement could not, of course, be heard without displeasure by a certain class of politicians; and in one of the notices of these lectures given in the Manchester journals at the time, endeavour was made to get quit of it by referring to the Divine authority, as the only Paternal power with respect to which men were truly styled "brethren." Of course it is so, and, equally of course, all human government is nothing else than the executive expression of this Divine authority. The moment government ceases to be the practical enforcement of Divine law, it is tyranny; and the meaning which I attach to the words, "paternal government," is in more extended terms, simply this—"The executive fulfilment, by formal methods, of the will of the Father of mankind respecting His children." I could not give such a definition of Government as this in a popular lecture; and even in written form, it will necessarily suggest many objections, of which I must notice and answer the most probable.

Only, in order to avoid the recurrence of such tiresome phrases as "it may be answered in the second place," and "it will be objected in the third place," &c., I will ask the reader's leave to arrange the discussion in the form of simple dialogue, letting *O.* stand for objector, and *R.* for response.

O.—You define your paternal government to be the executive fulfilment, by formal human methods, of the Divine will. But, assuredly, that will cannot stand in need of aid or expression from human laws. It cannot fail of its fulfilment.

R.—In the final sense it cannot; and in that sense, men who are committing murder and stealing are fulfilling the will

of God as much as the best and kindest people in the world. But in the limited and present sense, the only sense with which *we* have anything to do, God's will concerning man is fulfilled by some men, and thwarted by others. And those men who either persuade or enforce the doing of it, stand towards those who are rebellious against it exactly in the position of faithful children in a family, who, when the father is out of sight, either compel or persuade the rest to do as their father would have them, were he present ; and in so far as they are expressing and maintaining, for the time, the paternal authority, they exercise, in the exact sense in which I mean the phrase to be understood, paternal government over the rest.

O.—But, if Providence has left a liberty to man in many things in order to prove him, why should human law abridge that liberty, and take upon itself to compel what the great Lawgiver does not compel?

R.—It is confessed, in the enactment of any law whatsoever, that human lawgivers have a right to do this. For, if you have no right to abridge any of the liberty which Providence has left to man, you have no right to punish any one for committing murder or robbery. You ought to leave them to the punishment of God and Nature. But if you think yourself under obligation to punish, as far as human laws can, the violation of the will of God by these great sins, you are certainly under the same obligation to punish, with proportionately less punishment, the violation of His will in less sins.

O.—No ; you must not attempt to punish less sins by law, because you cannot properly define nor ascertain them. Everybody can determine whether murder has been committed or not, but you cannot determine how far people have been unjust or cruel in minor matters, and therefore cannot make or execute laws concerning minor matters.

R.—If I propose to you to punish faults which cannot be defined, or to execute laws which cannot be made equitable, reject the laws I propose. But do not generally object to the principle of law.

O.—Yes ; I generally object to the principle of law as ap-

plied to minor things; because, if you could succeed (which you cannot) in regulating the entire conduct of men by law in little things as well as great, you would take away from human life all its probationary character, and render many virtues and pleasures impossible. You would reduce virtue to the movement of a machine, instead of the act of a spirit.

R.—You have just said, parenthetically, and I fully and willingly admit it, that it is impossible to regulate all minor matters by law. Is it not probable, therefore, that the degree in which it is *possible* to regulate them by it, is also the degree in which it is *right* to regulate them by it? Or what other means of judgment will you employ, to separate the things which ought to be formally regulated from the things which ought not? You admit that great sins should be legally repressed; but you say that small sins should not be legally repressed. How do you distinguish between great and small sins; and how do you intend to determine, or do you in practice of daily life determine, on what occasion you should compel people to do right, and on what occasion you should leave them the option of doing wrong?

O.—I think you cannot make any accurate or logical distinction in such matters; but that common sense and instinct have, in all civilized nations, indicated certain crimes of great social harmfulness, such as murder, theft, adultery, slander, and such like, which it is proper to repress legally; and that common sense and instinct indicate also the kind of crimes which it is proper for laws to let alone, such as miserliness, ill-natured speaking, and many of those commercial dishonesties which I have a notion you want your paternal government to interfere with.

R.—Pray do not alarm yourself about what my paternal government is likely to interfere with, but keep to the matter in hand. You say that "common sense and instinct" have, in all civilized nations, distinguished between the sins that ought to be legally dealt with and that ought not. Do you mean that the laws of all civilized nations are perfect?

O.—No; certainly not.

R.—Or that they are perfect at least in their discrimination

of what crimes they should deal with, and what crimes they should let alone?

O.—No; not exactly.

R.—What *do* you mean then?

O.—I mean that the general tendency is right in the laws of civilized nations; and that, in due course of time, natural sense and instinct point out the matters they should be brought to bear upon. And each question of legislation must be made a separate subject of inquiry as it presents itself: you cannot fix any general principles about what should be dealt with legally, and what should not.

R.—Supposing it to be so, do you think there are any points in which our English legislation is capable of amendment, as it bears on commercial and economical matters, in this present time?

O.—Of course I do.

R.—Well, then, let us discuss these together quietly; and if the points that I want amended seem to you incapable of amendment, or not in need of amendment, say so: but don't object, at starting, to the mere proposition of applying law to things which have not had law applied to them before. You have admitted the fitness of my expression, "paternal government:" it only has been, and remains a question between us, how far such government should extend. Perhaps you would like it only to regulate, among the children, the length of their lessons; and perhaps I should like it also to regulate the hardness of their cricket-balls: but cannot you wait quietly till you know what I want it to do, before quarrelling with the thing itself?

O.—No; I cannot wait quietly: in fact I don't see any use in beginning such a discussion at all, because I am quite sure from the first, that you want to meddle with things that you have no business with, and to interfere with healthy liberty of action in all sorts of ways; and I know that you can't propose any laws that would be of real use.*

* If the reader is displeased with me for putting this foolish speech into his mouth, I entreat his pardon; but he may be assured that it is a speech which would be made by many people, and the substance of

R.—If you indeed know that, you would be wrong to hear me any farther. But if you are only in painful doubt about me, which makes you unwilling to run the risk of wasting your time, I will tell you beforehand what I really do think about this same liberty of action, namely, that whenever we can make a perfectly equitable law about any matter, or even a law securing, on the whole, more just conduct than unjust, we ought to make that law; and that there will yet, on these conditions, always remain a number of matters respecting which legalism and formalism are impossible; enough, and more than enough, to exercise all human powers of individual judgment, and afford all kinds of scope to individual character. I think this; but of course it can only be proved by separate examination of the possibilities of formal restraint in each given field of action; and these two lectures are nothing more than a sketch of such a detailed examination in one field, namely, that of art. You will find, however, one or two other remarks on such possibilities in the next note.

Note 2d, p. 151.—"*Right to public support.*"

It did not appear to me desirable, in the course of the spoken lecture, to enter into details or offer suggestions on the questions of the regulation of labour and distribution of relief, as it would have been impossible to do so without touching on many disputed or disputable points, not easily handled before a general audience. But I must now supply what is wanting to make my general statement clear.

I believe, in the first place, that no Christian nation has any business to see one of its members in distress without helping him, though, perhaps, at the same time punishing him: help, of course—in nine cases out of ten—meaning guidance, much more than gift, and, therefore, interference with liberty.

which would be tacitly felt by many more, at this point of the discussion. I have really tried, up to this point, to make the objector as intelligent a person as it is possible for an author to imagine anybody to be, who differs with him.

When a peasant mother sees one of her careless children fall into a ditch, her first proceeding is to pull him out; her second, to box his ears; her third, ordinarily, to lead him carefully a little way by the hand, or send him home for the rest of the day. The child usually cries, and very often would clearly prefer remaining in the ditch; and if he understood any of the terms of politics, would certainly express resentment at the interference with his individual liberty: but the mother has done her duty. Whereas the usual call of the mother nation to any of her children, under such circumstances, has lately been nothing more than the foxhunter's,—"Stay still there; I shall clear you." And if we always *could* clear them, their requests to be left in muddy independence might be sometimes allowed by kind people, or their cries for help disdained by unkind ones. But we can't clear them. The whole nation is, in fact, bound together, as men are by ropes on a glacier—if one falls, the rest must either lift him or drag him along with them* as dead weight, not without much increase of danger to themselves. And the law of right being manifestly in this, as, whether manifestly or not, it is always, the law of prudence, the only question is, how this wholesome help and interference are to be administered.

The first interference should be in education. In order that men may be able to support themselves when they are grown, their strength must be properly developed while they are young; and the state should always see to this—not allowing their health to be broken by too early labour, nor their powers to be wasted for want of knowledge. Some questions connected with this matter are noticed farther on under the head "trial schools:" one point I must notice here, that I believe all youths of whatever rank, ought to learn some manual trade thoroughly; for it is quite wonderful how much a man's views

* It is very curious to watch the efforts of two shopkeepers to ruin each other, neither having the least idea that his ruined neighbour must eventually be supported at his own expense, with an increase of poor rates; and that the contest between them is not in reality which shall get everything for himself, but which shall first take upon himself and his customers the gratuitous maintenance of the other's family.

of life are cleared by the attainment of the capacity of doing any one thing well with his hands and arms. For a long time, what right life there was in the upper classes of Europe depended in no small degree on the necessity which each man was under of being able to fence ; at this day, the most useful things which boys learn at public schools, are, I believe, riding, rowing, and cricketing. But it would be far better that members of Parliament should be able to plough straight, and make a horseshoe, than only to feather oars neatly or point their toes prettily in stirrups. Then, in literary and scientific teaching, the great point of economy is to give the discipline of it through knowledge which will immediately bear on practical life. Our literary work has long been economically useless to us because too much concerned with dead languages ; and our scientific work will yet, for some time, be a good deal lost, because scientific men are too fond or too vain of their systems, and waste the student's time in endeavouring to give him large views, and make him perceive interesting connections of facts ; when there is not one student, no, nor one man, in a thousand, who can feel the beauty of a system, or even take it clearly into his head ; but nearly all men can understand, and most will be interested in, the facts which bear on daily life. Botanists have discovered some wonderful connection between nettles and figs, which a cowboy who will never see a ripe fig in his life need not be at all troubled about ; but it will be interesting to him to know what effect nettles have on hay, and what taste they will give to porridge ; and it will give him nearly a new life if he can be got but once, in a spring-time, to look well at the beautiful circlet of the white nettle blossom, and work out with his schoolmaster the curves of its petals, and the way it is set on its central mast. So, the principle of chemical equivalents, beautiful as it is, matters far less to a peasant boy, and even to most sons of gentlemen, than their knowing how to find whether the water is wholesome in the back-kitchen cistern, or whether the seven-acre field wants sand or chalk.

Having, then, directed the studies of our youth so as to make them practically serviceable men at the time of their

entrance into life, that entrance should always be ready for them in cases where their private circumstances present no opening. There ought to be government establishments for every trade, in which all youths who desired it should be received as apprentices on their leaving school; and men thrown out of work received at all times. At these government manufactories the discipline should be strict, and the wages steady, not varying at all in proportion to the demand for the article, but only in proportion to the price of food; the commodities produced being laid up in store to meet sudden demands, and sudden fluctuations in prices prevented:—that gradual and necessary fluctuation only being allowed which is properly consequent on larger or more limited supply of raw material and other natural causes. When there was a visible tendency to produce a glut of any commodity, that tendency should be checked by directing the youth at the government schools into other trades; and the yearly surplus of commodities should be the principal means of government provision for the poor. That provision should be large, and not disgraceful to them. At present there are very strange notions in the public mind respecting the receiving of alms: most people are willing to take them in the form of a pension from government, but unwilling to take them in the form of a pension from their parishes. There may be some reason for this singular prejudice, in the fact of the government pension being usually given as a definite acknowledgment of some service done to the country;—but the parish pension is, or ought to be, given precisely on the same terms. A labourer serves his country with his spade, just as a man in the middle ranks of life serves it with his sword, pen, or lancet; if the service is less, and therefore the wages during health less, then the reward, when health is broken, may be less, but not, therefore, less honourable; and it ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country. If there be any disgrace in coming to the parish, because it may

imply improvidence in early life, much more is there disgrace in coming to the government; since improvidence is far less justifiable in a highly educated than in an imperfectly educated man; and far less justifiable in a high rank, where extravagance must have been luxury, than in a low rank, where it may only have been comfort. So that the real fact of the matter is, that people will take alms delightedly, consisting of a carriage and footmen, because those do not look like alms to the people in the street; but they will not take alms consisting only of bread and water and coals, because everybody would understand what those meant. Mind, I do not want any one to refuse the carriage who ought to have it; but neither do I want them to refuse the coals. I should indeed be sorry if any change in our views on these subjects involved the least lessening of self-dependence in the English mind; but the common shrinking of men from the acceptance of public charity is not self-dependence, but mere base and selfish pride. It is not that they are unwilling to live at their neighbours' expense, but that they are unwilling to confess they do; it is not dependence they wish to avoid, but gratitude. They will take places in which they know there is nothing to be done—they will borrow money they know they cannot repay—they will carry on a losing business with other people's capital—they will cheat the public in their shops, or sponge on their friends at their houses; but to say plainly they are poor men, who need the nation's help, and go into an almshouse—this they loftily repudiate, and virtuously prefer being thieves to being paupers.

I trust that these deceptive efforts of dishonest men to appear independent, and the agonizing efforts of unfortunate men to remain independent, may both be in some degree checked by a better administration and understanding of laws respecting the poor. But the ordinances for relief and the ordinances for labour must go together; otherwise distress caused by misfortune will always be confounded, as it is now, with distress caused by idleness, unthrift, and fraud. It is only when the state watches and guides the middle life of men, that it can, without disgrace to them, protect their old

age, acknowledging in that protection that they have done their duty, or at least some portion of their duty, in better days.

I know well how strange, fanciful, or impracticable these suggestions will appear to most of the business men of this day; men who conceive the proper state of the world to be simply that of a vast and disorganized mob, scrambling each for what he can get, trampling down its children and old men in the mire, and doing what work it finds *must* be done with any irregular squad of labourers it can bribe or inveigle together, and afterwards scatter to starvation. A great deal may, indeed, be done in this way by a nation strong-elbowed and strong-hearted as we are—not easily frightened by pushing, nor discouraged by falls. But it is still not the right way of doing things, for people who call themselves Christians. Every so named soul of man claims from every other such soul, protection and education in childhood—help or punishment in middle life—reward or relief, if needed, in old age; all of these should be completely and unstintingly given, and they can only be given by the organization of such a system as I have described.

Note 3rd, p. 154.—"*Trial Schools.*"

It may be seriously questioned by the reader how much of painting talent we really lose on our present system,* and how much we should gain by the proposed trial schools. For it might be thought, that as matters stand at present, we have

* It will be observed that, in the lecture, it is *assumed* that works of art are national treasures; and that it is desirable to withdraw all the hands capable of painting or carving from other employments, in order that they may produce this kind of wealth. I do not, in assuming this, mean that works of art add to the monetary resources of a nation, or form part of its wealth, in the vulgar sense. The result of the sale of a picture in the country itself is merely that a certain sum of money is transferred from the hands of B. the purchaser, to those of A. the producer; the sum ultimately to be distributed remaining the same, only A. ultimately spending it instead of B., while the labour of A. has been in the meantime withdrawn from productive channels; he has painted

more painters than we ought to have, having so many bad ones, and that all youths who had true painters' genius forced their way out of obscurity.

This is not so. It is difficult to analyse the characters of mind which cause youths to mistake their vocation, and to endeavour to become artists, when they have no true artist's gift. But the fact is, that multitudes of young men do this, and that by far the greater number of living artists are men who have mistaken their vocation. The peculiar circumstances of modern life, which exhibit art in almost every form to the sight of the youths in our great cities, have a natural tendency to fill their imaginations with borrowed ideas, and their minds with imperfect science; the mere dislike of mechanical employments, either felt to be irksome, or be-

a picture which nobody can live upon, or live in, when he might have grown corn or built houses: when the sale therefore is effected in the country itself, it does not add to, but diminishes, the monetary resources of the country, except only so far as it may appear probably, on other grounds, that A. is likely to spend the sum he receives for his picture more rationally and usefully than B. would have spent it. If, indeed, the picture, or other work of art, be sold in foreign countries, either the money or the useful products of the foreign country being imported in exchange for it, such sale adds to the monetary resources of the selling, and diminishes those of the purchasing nation. But sound political economy, strange as it may at first appear to say so, has nothing whatever to do with separations between national interests. Political economy means the management of the affairs of *citizens;* and in either regards exclusively the administration of the affairs of one nation, or the administration of the affairs of the world considered as one nation. So when a transaction between individuals which enriches A. impoverishes B. in precisely the same degree, the sound economist considers it an unproductive transaction between the individuals, and if a trade between two nations which enriches one, impoverishes the other in the same degree, the sound economist considers it an unproductive trade between the nations. It is not a general question of political economy, but only a particular question of local expediency, whether an article in itself valueless, may bear a value of exchange in transactions with some other nation. The economist considers only the actual value of the thing done or produced; and if he sees a quantity of labour spent, for instance, by the Swiss, in producing woodwork for sale to the English, he at once sets the commercial impoverishment of the English purchaser

lieved to be degrading, urges numbers of young men to become painters, in the same temper in which they would enlist or go to sea; others, the sons of engravers or artists, taught the business of the art by their parents, and having no gift for it themselves, follow it as the means of livelihood, in an ignoble patience; or, if ambitious, seek to attract regard, or distance rivalry, by fantastic, meretricious, or unprecedented applications of their mechanical skill; while finally, many men earnest in feeling, and conscientious in principle, mistake their desire to be useful for a love of art, and their quickness of emotion for its capacity, and pass their lives in painting moral and instructive pictures, which might almost justify us in thinking nobody could be a painter but a rogue.

against the commercial enrichment of the Swiss seller; and considers the whole transaction productive only so far as the woodwork itself is a real addition to the wealth of the world. For the arrangement of the laws of a nation, so as to procure the greatest advantages to itself, and leave the smallest advantages to other nations, is not a part of the science of political economy, but merely a broad application of the science of fraud. Considered thus in the abstract, pictures are not an *addition* to the monetary wealth of the world, except in the amount of pleasure or instruction to be got out of them day by day: but there is a certain protective effect on wealth exercised by works of high art which must always be included in the estimate of their value. Generally speaking, persons who decorate their houses with pictures will not spend so much money in papers, carpets, curtains, or other expensive and perishable luxuries as they would otherwise. Works of good art, like books, exercise a conservative effect on the rooms they are kept in; and the wall of the library or picture gallery remains undisturbed, when those of other rooms are re-papered or re-panelled. Of course this effect is still more definite when the picture is on the walls themselves, either on canvas stretched into fixed shapes on their panels, or in fresco; involving, of course, the preservation of the building from all unnecessary and capricious alteration. And generally speaking, the occupation of a large number of hands in painting or sculpture in any nation may be considered as tending to check the disposition to indulge in perishable luxury. I do not, however, in my assumption that works of art are treasures, take much into consideration this collateral monetary result. I consider them treasures, merely as a permanent means of pleasure and instruction; and having at other times tried to show the several ways in which they can please and teach, assume here that they are thus useful; and that it is desirable to make as many painters as we can.

On the other hand, I believe that much of the best artistical intellect is daily lost in other avocations. Generally, the temper which would make an admirable artist is humble and observant, capable of taking much interest in little things, and of entertaining itself pleasantly in the dullest circumstances. Suppose, added to these characters, a steady conscientiousness which seeks to do its duty wherever it may be placed, and the power, denied to few artistical minds, of ingenious invention in almost any practical department of human skill, and it can hardly be doubted that the very humility and conscientiousness which would have perfected the painter, have in many instances prevented his becoming one; and that in the quiet life of our steady craftsmen—sagacious manufacturers, and uncomplaining clerks—there may frequently be concealed more genius than ever is raised to the direction of our public works, or to be the mark of our public praises.

It is indeed probable, that intense disposition for art will conquer the most formidable obstacles, if the surrounding circumstances are such as at all to present the idea of such conquest to the mind; but we have no ground for concluding that Giotto would ever have been more than a shepherd, if Cimabue had not by chance found him drawing; or that among the shepherds of the Apennines there were no other Giottos, undiscovered by Cimabue. We are too much in the habit of considering happy accidents as what are called "special Providences;" and thinking that when any great work needs to be done, the man who is to do it will certainly be pointed out by Providence, be he shepherd or sea-boy; and prepared for his work by all kinds of minor providences, in the best possible way. Whereas all the analogies of God's operations in other matters prove the contrary of this; we find that "of thousand seeds, He often brings but one to bear," often not one; and the one seed which He appoints to bear is allowed to bear crude or perfect fruit according to the dealings of the husbandman with it. And there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any person accustomed to take broad and logical views of the world's history, that its events are ruled by

Providence in precisely the same manner as its harvests; that the seeds of good and evil are broadcast among men, just as the seeds of thistles and fruits are; and that according to the force of our industry, and wisdom of our husbandry, the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles. So that when it seems needed that a certain work should be done for the world, and no man is there to do it, we have no right to say that God did not wish it to be done; and therefore sent no man able to do it. The probability (if I wrote my own convictions, I should say certainty) is, that He sent many men, hundreds of men, able to do it; and that we have rejected them, or crushed them; by our previous folly of conduct or of institution, we have rendered it impossible to distinguish, or impossible to reach them; and when the need for them comes, and we suffer for the want of them, it is not that God refuses to send us deliverers, and especially appoints all our consequent sufferings; but that He has sent, and we have refused, the deliverers; and the pain is then wrought out by His eternal law, as surely as famine is wrought out by eternal law for a nation which will neither plough nor sow. No less are we in error in supposing, as we so frequently do, that if a man be found, he is sure to be in all respects fitted for the work to be done, as the key is to the lock: and that every accident which happened in the forging him, only adapted him more truly to the wards. It is pitiful to hear historians beguiling themselves and their readers, by tracing in the early history of great men, the minor circumstances which fitted them for the work they did, without ever taking notice of the other circumstances which as assuredly unfitted them for it; so concluding that miraculous interposition prepared them in all points for everything, and that they did all that could have been desired or hoped for from them: whereas the certainty of the matter is that, throughout their lives, they were thwarted and corrupted by some things as certainly as they were helped and disciplined by others; and that, in the kindliest and most reverent view which can justly be taken of them, they were but poor mistaken creatures, struggling with a world more profoundly mistaken than they; assuredly

sinned against, or sinning in thousands of ways, and bringing out at last a maimed result—not what they might or ought to have done, but all that could be done against the world's resistance, and in spite of their own sorrowful falsehood to themselves.

And this being so, it is the practical duty of a wise nation, first to withdraw, as far as may be, its youth from destructive influences ;—then to try its material as far as possible, and to lose the use of none that is good. I do not mean by "withdrawing from destructive influences" the keeping of youths out of trials ; but the keeping them out of the way of things purely and absolutely mischievous. I do not mean that we should shade our green corn in all heat, and shelter it in all frost, but only that we should dyke out the inundation from it, and drive the fowls away from it. Let your youth labour and suffer ; but do not let it starve, nor steal, nor blaspheme.

It is not, of course, in my power here to enter into details of schemes of education ; and it will be long before the results of experiments now in progress will give data for the solution of the most difficult questions connected with the subject, of which the principal one is the mode in which the chance of advancement in life is to be extended to all, and yet made compatible with contentment in the pursuit of lower avocations by those whose abilities do not qualify them for the higher. But the general principle of trial schools lies at the root of the matter—of schools, that is to say, in which the knowledge offered and discipline enforced shall be all a part of a great assay of the human soul, and in which the one shall be increased, the other directed, as the tried heart and brain will best bear, and no otherwise. One thing, however, I must say, that in this trial I believe all emulation to be a false motive, and all giving of prizes a false means. All that you can depend upon in a boy, as significative of true power, likely to issue in good fruit, is his will to work for the work's sake, not his desire to surpass his school-fellows ; and the aim of the teaching you give him ought to be, to prove to him and strengthen in him his own separate gift, not to puff him into swollen rivalry with those who are everlastingly greater than

he: still less ought you to hang favours and ribands about the neck of the creature who is the greatest, to make the rest envy him. Try to make them love him and follow him, not struggle with him.

There must, of course, be examination to ascertain and attest both progress and relative capacity; but our aim should be to make the students rather look upon it as a means of ascertaining their own true positions and powers in the world, than as an arena in which to carry away a present victory. I have not, perhaps, in the course of the lecture, insisted enough on the nature of relative capacity and individual character, as the roots of all real *value* in Art. We are too much in the habit, in these days, of acting as if Art worth a price in the market were a commodity which people could be generally taught to produce, and as if the *education* of the artist, not his *capacity*, gave the sterling value to his work. No impression can possibly be more absurd or false. Whatever people can teach each other to do, they will estimate, and ought to estimate, only as common industry; nothing will ever fetch a high price but precisely that which cannot be taught, and which nobody can do but the man from whom it is purchased. No state of society, nor stage of knowledge, ever does away with the natural pre-eminence of one man over another; and it is that pre-eminence, and that only, which will give work high value in the market, or which ought to do so. It is a bad sign of the judgment, and bad omen for the progress, of a nation, if it supposes itself to possess many artists of equal merit. Noble art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul; and great souls are not common things. If ever we confound their work with that of others, it is not through liberality, but through blindness.

Note 4th, p. 155.—"*Public favour.*"

There is great difficulty in making any short or general statement of the difference between great and ignoble minds in their behaviour to the "public." It is by no means *uni-*

versally the case that a mean mind, as stated in the text, will bend itself to what you ask of it: on the contrary, there is one kind of mind, the meanest of all, which perpetually complains of the public, contemplates and proclaims itself as a "genius," refuses all wholesome discipline or humble office, and ends in miserable and revengeful ruin; also, the greatest minds are marked by nothing more distinctly than an inconceivable humility, and acceptance of work or instruction in any form, and from any quarter. They will learn from everybody, and do anything that anybody asks of them, so long as it involves only toil, or what other men would think degradation. But the point of quarrel, nevertheless, assuredly rises some day between the public and them, respecting some matter, not of humiliation, but of Fact. Your great man always at last comes to see something the public don't see. This something he will assuredly persist in asserting, whether with tongue or pencil, to be as *he* sees it, not as *they* see it; and all the world in a heap on the other side, will not get him to say otherwise. Then, if the world objects to the saying, he may happen to get stoned or burnt for it, but that does not in the least matter to him: if the world has no particular objection to the saying, he may get leave to mutter it to himself till he dies, and be merely taken for an idiot; that also does not matter to him—mutter it he will, according to what he perceives to be fact, and not at all according to the roaring of the walls of Red sea on the right hand or left of him. Hence the quarrel, sure at some time or other, to be started between the public and him; while your mean man, though he will spit and scratch spiritedly at the public, while it does not attend to him, will bow to it for its clap in any direction, and say anything when he has got its ear, which he thinks will bring him another clap; and thus, as stated in the text, he and it go on smoothly together.

There are, however, times when the obstinacy of the mean man looks very like the obstinacy of the great one; but if you look closely into the matter, you will always see that the obstinacy of the first is in the pronunciation of "I;" and of the second, in the pronunciation of "It."

Note 5th, p. 169.—"*Invention of new wants.*"

It would have been impossible for political economists long to have endured the error spoken of in the text,* had they not been confused by an idea, in part well founded, that the energies and refinements, as well as the riches of civilized life, arose from imaginary wants. It is quite true, that the savage who knows no needs but those of food, shelter, and sleep, and after he has snared his venison and patched the rents of his hut, passes the rest of his time in animal repose, is in a lower state than the man who labours incessantly that he may procure for himself the luxuries of civilization; and true also, that the difference between one and another nation in progressive power depends in great part on vain desires; but these idle motives are merely to be considered as giving exercise to the national body and mind; they are not sources of wealth, except so far as they give the habits of industry and acquisitiveness. If a boy is clumsy and lazy, we shall do

* I have given the political economists too much credit in saying this. Actually, while these sheets are passing through the press, the blunt, broad, unmitigated fallacy is enunciated, formally and precisely, by the common councilmen of New York, in their report on the present commercial crisis. Here is their collective opinion, published in the *Times* of November 23rd, 1857:—"Another erroneous idea is that luxurious living, extravagant dressing, splendid turn-outs and fine houses, are the cause of distress to a nation. No more erroneous impression could exist. Every extravagance that the man of 100,000 or 1,000,000 dollars indulges in adds to the means, the support, the wealth of ten or a hundred who had little or nothing else but their labour, their intellect, or their taste. If a man of 1,000,000 dollars spends principal and interest in ten years, and finds himself beggared at the end of that time, he has actually made a hundred who have catered to his extravagance, employers or employed, so much the richer by the division of his wealth. He may be ruined, but the nation is better off and richer, for one hundred minds and hands, with 10,000 dollars apiece, are far more productive than one with the whole."

Yes, gentlemen of the common council; but what has been doing in the time of the transfer? The spending of the fortune has taken a certain number of years (suppose ten), and during that time 1,000,000 dollars worth of work has been done by the people, who have been paid that sum for it. Where is the product of that work? By your own state

good if we can persuade him to carve cherry-stones and fly kites; and this use of his fingers and limbs may eventually be the cause of his becoming a wealthy and happy man; but we must not therefore argue that cherry-stones are valuable property, or that kite-flying is a profitable mode of passing time. In like manner, a nation always wastes its time and labour *directly*, when it invents a new want of a frivolous kind, and yet the invention of such a want may be the sign of a healthy activity, and the labour undergone to satisfy the new want may lead, *indirectly*, to useful discoveries or to noble arts; so that a nation is not to be discouraged in its fancies when it is either too weak or foolish to be moved to exertion by anything but fancies, or has attended to its serious business first. If a nation will not forge iron, but likes distilling lavender, by all means give it lavender to distil; only do not let its economists suppose that lavender is as profitable to it as oats, or that it helps poor people to live, any more than the schoolboy's kite provides him his dinner. Luxuries, whether national or personal, must be paid for by labour withdrawn from useful things; and no nation has a right to indulge in them until all its poor are comfortably housed and fed.

The enervating influence of luxury, and its tendencies to increase vice, are points which I keep entirely out of consideration in the present essay: but, so far as they bear on any question discussed, they merely furnish additional evidence on

ment, wholly consumed; for the man for whom it has been done is now a beggar. You have given therefore, as a nation, 1,000,000 dollars worth of work, and ten years of time, and you have produced, as ultimate result, one beggar! Excellent economy, gentlemen; and sure to conduce, in due sequence, to the production of *more* than one beggar. Perhaps the matter may be made clearer to you, however, by a more familiar instance. If a schoolboy goes out in the morning with five shillings in his pocket, and comes home at night penniless, having spent his all in tarts, principal and interest are gone, and fruiterer and baker are enriched. So far so good. But suppose the schoolboy, instead, has bought a book and a knife; principal and interest are gone, and bookseller and cutler are enriched. But the schoolboy is enriched also, and may help his schoolfellows next day with knife and book, instead of lying in bed and incurring a debt to the doctor.

the side which I have taken. Thus, in the present case, I assume that the luxuries of civilized life are in possession harmless, and in acquirement, serviceable as a motive for exertion ; and even on these favourable terms, we arrive at the conclusion that the nation ought not to indulge in them except under severe limitations. Much less ought it to indulge in them if the temptation consequent on their possession, or fatality incident to their manufacture, more than counterbalances the good done by the effort to obtain them.

Note 6th, p. 179.—"*Economy of Literature.*"

I have been much impressed lately by one of the results of the quantity of our books ; namely, the stern impossibility of getting anything understood, that required patience to understand. I observe always, in the case of my own writings, that if ever I state anything which has cost me any trouble to ascertain, and which, therefore, will probably require a minute or two of reflection from the reader before it can be accepted,—that statement will not only be misunderstood, but in all probability taken to mean something very nearly the reverse of what it does mean. Now, whatever faults there may be in my modes of expression, I know that the words I use will always be found, by Johnson's dictionary, to bear, first of all, the sense I use them in ; and that the sentences, whether awkwardly turned or not, will, by the ordinary rules of grammar, bear no other interpretation than that I mean them to bear ; so that the misunderstanding of them must result, ultimately, from the mere fact that their matter sometimes requires a little patience. And I see the same kind of misinterpretation put on the words of other writers, whenever they require the same kind of thought.

I was at first a little despondent about this ; but, on the whole, I believe it will have a good effect upon our literature for some time to come ; and then, perhaps, the public may recover its patience again. For certainly it is excellent discipline for an author to feel that he must say all he has to say

in the fewest possible words, or his reader is sure to skip them; and in the plainest possible words, or his reader will certainly misunderstand them. Generally, also, a downright fact may be told in a plain way; and we want downright facts at present more than anything else. And though I often hear moral people complaining of the bad effects of want of thought, for my part, it seems to me that one of the worst diseases to which the human creature is liable is its disease of thinking. If it would only just *look* * at a thing instead of thinking what it must be like, or *do* a thing, instead of thinking it cannot be done, we should all get on far better.

Note 7th, p. 216.—"*Pilots of the State.*"

While, however, undoubtedly, these responsibilities attach to every person possessed of wealth, it is necessary both to avoid any stringency of statement respecting the benevolent modes of spending money, and to admit and approve so much liberty of spending it for selfish pleasures as may distinctly make wealth a personal *reward* for toil, and secure in the minds of all men the right of property. For although, without doubt, the purest pleasures it can procure are not selfish, it is only as a means of personal gratification that it will be

* There can be no question, however, of the mischievous tendency of the hurry of the present day, in the way people undertake this very *looking*. I gave three years' close and incessant labor to the examination of the chronology of the architecture of Venice; two long winters being wholly spent in the drawing of details on the spot: and yet I see constantly that architects who pass three or four days in a gondola going up and down the grand canal, think that their first impressions are just as likely to be true as my patiently wrought conclusions. Mr. Street, for instance, glances hastily at the façade of the Ducal Palace—so hastily that he does not even see what its pattern is, and misses the alternation of red and black in the centres of its squares—and yet he instantly ventures on an opinion on the chronology of its capitals, which is one of the most complicated and difficult subjects in the whole range of Gothic archæology. It may, nevertheless, be ascertained with very fair probability of correctness by any person who will give a month's hard work to it, but it can be ascertained no otherwise.

desired by a large majority of workers; and it would be no less false ethics than false policy to check their energy by any forms of public opinion which bore hardly against the wanton expenditure of honestly got wealth. It would be hard if a man who had passed the greater part of his life at the desk or counter could not at last innocently gratify a caprice; and all the best and most sacred ends of almsgiving would be at once disappointed, if the idea of a moral claim took the place of affectionate gratitude in the mind of the receiver.

Some distinction is made by us naturally in this respect between earned and inherited wealth; that which is inherited appearing to involve the most definite responsibilities, especially when consisting in revenues derived from the soil. The form of taxation which constitutes rental of lands places annually a certain portion of the national wealth in the hands of the nobles, or other proprietors of the soil, under conditions peculiarly calculated to induce them to give their best care to its efficient administration. The want of instruction in even the simplest principles of commerce and economy, which hitherto has disgraced our schools and universities, has indeed been the cause of ruin or total inutility of life to multitudes of our men of estate; but this deficiency in our public education cannot exist much longer, and it appears to be highly advantageous for the State that a certain number of persons distinguished by race should be permitted to set examples of wise expenditure, whether in the advancement of science, or in patronage of art and literature; only they must see to it that they take their right standing more firmly than they have done hitherto for the position of a rich man in relation to those around him is, in our present real life, and is also contemplated generally by political economists as being, precisely the reverse of what it ought to be. A rich man ought to be continually examining how he may spend his money for the advantage of others; at present others are continually plotting how they may beguile him into spending it apparently for his own. The aspect which he presents to the eyes of the world is generally that of a person holding a bag of money with a staunch grasp, and resolved to part with none of it unless he

is forced, and all the people about him are plotting how they may force him; that is to say, how they may persuade him that he wants this thing or that; or how they may produce things that he will covet and buy. One man tries to persuade him that he wants perfumes; another that he wants jewellery; another that he wants sugarplums; another that he wants roses at Christmas. Anybody who can invent a new want for him is supposed to be a benefactor to society; and thus the energies of the poorer people about him are continually directed to the production of covetable, instead of serviceable things; and the rich man has the general aspect of a fool, plotted against by all the world. Whereas the real aspect which he ought to have is that of a person wiser than others, entrusted with the management of a larger quantity of capital, which he administers for the profit of all, directing each man to the labour which is most healthy for him, and most serviceable for the community.

Note 8th, p. 216.—"*Silk and Purple.*"

In various places throughout these lectures I have had to allude to the distinction between productive and unproductive labour, and between true and false wealth. I shall here endeavour, as clearly as I can, to explain the distinction I mean.

Property may be divided generally into two kinds; that which produces life, and that which produces the objects of life. That which produces or maintains life consists of food, in so far as it is nourishing; of furniture and clothing, in so far as they are protective or cherishing; of fuel; and of all land, instruments, or materials, necessary to produce food, houses, clothes, and fuel. It is specially and rightly called useful property.

The property which produces the objects of life consists of all that gives pleasure or suggests and preserves thought: of food, furniture, and land, in so far as they are pleasing to the appetite or the eye; of luxurious dress, and all other kinds of luxuries; of books, pictures, and architecture. But the

modes of connection of certain minor forms of property with human labour render it desirable to arrange them under more than these two heads. Property may therefore be conveniently considered as of five kinds.

1st. Property necessary to life, but not producible by labour, and therefore belonging of right, in a due measure, to every human being as soon as he is born, and morally inalienable. As for instance, his proper share of the atmosphere, without which he cannot breathe, and of water, which he needs to quench his thirst. As much land as he needs to feed from is also inalienable ; but in well regulated communities this quantity of land may often be represented by other possessions, or its need supplied by wages and privileges.

2. Property necessary to life, but only producible by labour, and of which the possession is morally connected with labour, so that no person capable of doing the work necessary for its production has a right to it until he has done that work ;—"he that will not work, neither should he eat." It consists of simple food, clothing, and habitation, with their seeds and materials, or instruments and machinery, and animals used for necessary draught or locomotion, &c. It is to be observed of this kind of property, that its increase cannot usually be carried beyond a certain point, because it depends not on labour only, but on things of which the supply is limited by nature. The possible accumulation of corn depends on the quantity of corn-growing land possessed or commercially accessible ; and that of steel, similarly, on the accessible quantity of coal and ironstone. It follows from this natural limitation of supply that the accumulation of property of this kind in large masses at one point, or in one person's hands, commonly involves, more or less, the scarcity of it at another point and in other persons' hands ; so that the accidents or energies which may enable one man to procure a great deal of it, may, and in all likelihood will partially prevent other men procuring a sufficiency of it, however willing they may be to work for it ; therefore, the modes of its accumulation and distribution need to be in some degree regulated by

law and by national treaties, in order to secure justice to all men.

Another point requiring notice respecting this sort of property is, that no work can be wasted in producing it, provided only the kind of it produced be preservable and distributable, since for every grain of such commodities we produce we are rendering so much more life possible on earth.* But though we are sure, thus, that we are employing people well, we cannot be sure we might not have employed them *better;* for it is possible to direct labour to the production of life, until little or none is left for that of the objects of life, and thus to increase population at the expense of civilization, learning, and morality: on the other hand, it is just as possible—and the error is one to which the world is, on the whole, more liable—to direct labour to the objects of life till too little is left for life, and thus to increase luxury or learning at the expense of population. Right political economy holds its aim poised justly between the two extremes, desiring neither to

* This point has sometimes been disputed; for instance, opening Mill's Political Economy the other day, I chanced on a passage in which he says that a man who makes a coat, if the person who wears the coat does nothing useful while he wears it, has done no more good to society than the man who has only raised a pine-apple. But this is a fallacy induced by endeavour after too much subtlety. None of us have a right to say that the life of a man is of no use to *him*, though it may be of no use to *us;* and the man who made the coat, and thereby prolonged another man's life, has done a gracious and useful work, whatever may come of the life so prolonged. We may say to the wearer of the coat, "You who are wearing coats, and doing nothing in them, are at present wasting your own life and other people's;" but we have no right to say that his existence, however wasted, is wasted *away*. It may be just dragging itself on, in its thin golden line, with nothing dependent upon it, to the point where it is to strengthen into good chain cable, and have thousands of other lives dependent on it. Meantime, the simple fact respecting the coat-maker is, that he has given so much life to the creature, the results of which he cannot calculate; they may be—in all probability will be—infinite results in some way. But the raiser of pines, who has only given a pleasant taste in the mouth to some one, may see with tolerable clearness to the end of the taste in the mouth, and of all conceivable results therefrom.

crowd its dominions with a race of savages, nor to found courts and colleges in the midst of a desert.

3. The third kind of property is that which conduces to bodily pleasures and conveniences, without directly tending to sustain life; perhaps sometimes indirectly tending to destroy it. All dainty (as distinguished from nourishing) food, and means of producing it; all scents not needed for health; substances valued only for their appearance and rarity (as gold and jewels); flowers of difficult culture; animals used for delight (as horses for racing), and such like, form property of this class; to which the term "luxury, or luxuries," ought exclusively to belong.

Respecting which we have to note, first, that all such property is of doubtful advantage even to its possessor. Furniture tempting to indolence, sweet odours, and luscious food, are more or less injurious to health: while jewels, liveries, and other such common belongings of wealthy people, certainly convey no pleasure to their owners proportionate to their cost.

Farther, such property, for the most part, perishes in the using. Jewels form a great exception—but rich food, fine dresses, horses and carriages, are consumed by the owner's use. It ought much oftener to be brought to the notice of rich men what sums of interest of money they are paying towards the close of their lives, for luxuries consumed in the middle of them. It would be very interesting, for instance, to know the exact sum which the money spent in London for ices, at its desserts and balls, during the last twenty years had it been saved and put out at compound interest, would at this moment have furnished for useful purposes.

Also, in most cases, the enjoyment of such property is wholly selfish, and limited to its possessor. Splendid dress and equipage, however, when so arranged as to produce real beauty of effect, may often be rather a generous than a selfish channel of expenditure. They will, however, necessarily in such case involve some of the arts of design; and therefore take their place in a higher category than that of luxuries merely.

4. The fourth kind of property is that which bestows intellectual or emotional pleasure, consisting of land set apart for purposes of delight more than for agriculture, of books, works of art, and objects of natural history.

It is, of course, impossible to fix an accurate limit between property of the last class and of this class, since things which are a mere luxury to one person are a means of intellectual occupation to another. Flowers in a London ball-room are a luxury; in a botanical garden, a delight of the intellect; and in their native fields, both; while the most noble works of art are continually made material of vulgar luxury or of criminal pride; but, when rightly used, property of this fourth class is the only kind which deserves the name of *real* property; it is the only kind which a man can truly be said to "possess." What a man eats, or drinks, or wears, so long as it is only what is needful for life, can no more be thought of as his possession than the air he breathes. The air is as needful to him as the food; but we do not talk of a man's wealth of air, and what food or clothing a man possesses more than he himself requires, must be for others to use (and, to him, therefore, not a real property in itself, but only a means of obtaining some real property in exchange for it). Whereas the things that give intellectual or emotional enjoyment may be accumulated and do not perish in using; but continually supply new pleasures and new powers of giving pleasure to others. And these, therefore, are the only things which can rightly be thought of as giving "wealth" or "well being." Food conduces only to "being," but these to "*well* being." And there is not any broader general distinction between lower and higher orders of men than rests on their possession of this real property. The human race may be properly divided by zoologists into "men who have gardens, libraries, or works of art; and who have none;" and the former class will include all noble persons, except only a few who make the world their garden or museum; while the people who have not, or, which is the same thing, do not care for gardens or libraries, but care for nothing but money or luxuries, will include none but ignoble persons: only it is necessary to understand that I

mean by the term "garden" as much the Carthusian's plot of ground fifteen feet square between his monastery buttresses, as I do the grounds of Chatsworth or Kew; and I mean by the term "art" as much the old sailor's print of the Arethusa bearing up to engage the Belle Poule, as I do Raphael's "Disputa," and even rather more; for when abundant, beautiful possessions of this kind are almost always associated with vulgar luxury, and become then anything but indicative of noble character in their possessors. The ideal of human life is a union of Spartan simplicity of manners with Athenian sensibility and imagination, but in actual results, we are continually mistaking ignorance for simplicity, and sensuality for refinement.

5. The fifth kind of property is representative property, consisting of documents or money, or rather documents only, for money itself is only a transferable document, current among societies of men, giving claim, at sight, to some definite benefit or advantage, most commonly to a certain share of real property existing in those societies. The money is only genuine when the property it gives claim to is real, or the advantages it gives claim to certain; otherwise, it is false money, and may be considered as much "forged" when issued by a government, or a bank, as when by an individual. Thus, if a dozen of men, cast ashore on a desert island, pick up a number of stones, put a red spot on each stone, and pass a law that every stone marked with a red spot shall give claim to a peck of wheat;—so long as no wheat exists, or can exist, on the island, the stones are not money. But the moment so much wheat exists as shall render it possible for the society always to give a peck for every spotted stone, the spotted stones would become money, and might be exchanged by their possessors for whatever other commodities they chose, to the value of the peck of wheat which the stones represented. If more stones were issued than the quantity of wheat could answer the demand of, the value of the stone coinage would be depreciated, in proportion to its increase above the quantity needed to answer it.

Again, supposing a certain number of the men so cast

ashore were set aside by lot, or any other convention, to do the rougher labour necessary for the whole society, they themselves being maintained by the daily allotment of a certain quantity of food, clothing, &c. Then, if it were agreed that the stones spotted with red should be signs of a Government order for the labour of these men ; and that any person presenting a spotted stone at the office of the labourers, should be entitled to a man's work for a week or a day, the red stones would be money ; and might—probably would,—immediately pass current in the island for as much food, or clothing, or iron, or any other article as a man's work for the period secured by the stone was worth. But if the Government issued so many spotted stones that it was impossible for the body of men they employed to comply with the orders ; as, suppose, if they only employed twelve men, and issued eighteen spotted stones daily, ordering a day's work each, then the six extra stones would be forged or false money ; and the effect of this forgery would be the depreciation of the value of the whole coinage by one-third, that being the period of shortcoming which would, on the average, necessarily ensue in the execution of each order. Much occasional work may be done in a state or society, by help of an issue of false money (or false promises) by way of stimulants ; and the fruit of this work, if it comes into the promiser's hands, may sometimes enable the false promises at last to be fulfilled : hence the frequent issue of false money by governments and banks, and the not unfrequent escapes from the natural and proper consequences of such false issues, so as to cause a confused conception in most people's minds of what money really is. I am not sure whether some quantity of such false issue may not really be permissible in a nation, accurately proportioned to the minimum average produce of the labour it excites ; but all such procedures are more or less unsound ; and the notion of unlimited issue of currency is simply one of the absurdest and most monstrous that ever came into disjointed human wits.

The use of objects of real or supposed value for currency, as gold, jewellery, &c., is barbarous ; and it always expresses

either the measure of the distrust in the society of its own government, or the proportion of distrustful or barbarous nations with whom it has to deal. A metal not easily corroded or imitated, is a desirable medium of currency for the sake of cleanliness and convenience, but were it possible to prevent forgery, the more worthless the metal itself, the better. The use of worthless media, unrestrained by the use of valuable media, has always hitherto involved, and is therefore supposed to involve necessarily, unlimited, or at least improperly extended, issue; but we might as well suppose that a man must necessarily issue unlimited promises because his words cost nothing. Intercourse with foreign nations must, indeed, for ages yet to come, at the world's present rate of progress, be carried on by valuable currencies; but such transactions are nothing more than forms of barter. The gold used at present as a currency is not, in point of fact, currency at all, but the real property * which the currency gives claim to, stamped to measure its quantity, and mingling with the real currency occasionally by barter.

The evils necessarily resulting from the use of baseless currencies have been terribly illustrated while these sheets have been passing through the press; I have not had time to examine the various conditions of dishonest or absurd trading which have led to the late "panic" in America and England; this only I know, that no merchant deserving the name ought to be more liable to "panic" than a soldier should; for his

* Or rather, equivalent to such real property, because everybody has been accustomed to look upon it as valuable; and therefore everybody is willing to give labour or goods for it. But real property does ultimately consist only in things that nourish the body or mind; gold would be useless to us if we could not get mutton or books for it. Ultimately all commercial mistakes and embarrassments result from people expecting to get goods without working for them, or wasting them after they have got them. A nation which labours, and takes care of the fruits of labour, would be rich and happy; though there were no gold in the universe. A nation which is idle, and wastes the produce of what work it does, would be poor and miserable, though all its mountains were of gold, and had glens filled with diamond instead of glacier.

name should never be on more paper than he can at any instant meet the call of, happen what will. I do not say this without feeling at the same time how difficult it is to mark, in existing commerce, the just limits between the spirit of enterprise and of speculation. Something of the same temper which makes the English soldier do always all that is possible, and attempt more than is possible, joins its influence with that of mere avarice in tempting the English merchant into risks which he cannot justify, and efforts which he cannot sustain; and the same passion for adventure which our travellers gratify every summer on perilous snow wreaths, and cloud-encompassed precipices, surrounds with a romantic fascination the glittering of a hollow investment, and gilds the clouds that curl round gulfs of ruin. Nay, a higher and a more serious feeling frequently mingles in the motley temptation; and men apply themselves to the task of growing rich, as to a labour of providential appointment, from which they cannot pause without culpability, nor retire without dishonour. Our large trading cities bear to me very nearly the aspect of monastic establishments in which the roar of the mill-wheel and the crane takes the place of other devotional music: and in which the worship of Mammon and Moloch is conducted with a tender reverence and an exact propriety: the merchant rising to his Mammon matins with the self-denial of an anchorite, and expiating the frivolities into which he may be beguiled in the course of the day by late attendance at Mammon vespers. But, with every allowance that can be made for these conscientious and romantic persons, the fact remains the same, that by far the greater number of the transactions which lead to these times of commercial embarrassment may be ranged simply under two great heads,—gambling and stealing; and both of these in their most culpable form, namely, gambling with money which is not ours, and stealing from those who trust us. I have sometimes thought a day might come, when the nation would perceive that a well-educated man who steals a hundred thousand pounds, involving the entire means of subsistence of a hundred families, deserves, on the whole, as severe a punishment

as an ill-educated man who steals a purse from a pocket, or a mug from a pantry. But without hoping for this success of clear-sightedness, we may at least labour for a system of greater honesty and kindness in the minor commerce of our daily life; since the great dishonesty of the great buyers and sellers is nothing more than the natural growth and outcome from the little dishonesty of the little buyers and sellers. Every person who tries to buy an article for less than its proper value, or who tries to sell it at more than its proper value—every consumer who keeps a tradesman waiting for his money, and every tradesman who bribes a consumer to extravagance by credit, is helping forward, according to his own measure of power, a system of baseless and dishonourable commerce, and forcing his country down into poverty and shame. And people of moderate means and average powers of mind would do far more real good by merely carrying out stern principles of justice and honesty in common matters of trade, than by the most ingenious schemes of extended philanthropy, or vociferous declarations of theological doctrine. There are three weighty matters of the law—justice, mercy and truth; and of these the Teacher puts truth last, because that cannot be known but by a course of acts of justice and love. But men put, in all their efforts, truth first, because they mean by it their own opinions; and thus, while the world has many people who would suffer martyrdom in the cause of what they call truth, it has few who will suffer even a little inconvenience in that of justice and mercy.

EDUCATION IN ART.

Read for the author before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science in the autumn of 1858; *and printed in the Transactions of the Society for that year, pp.* 311–16.

I will not attempt in this paper to enter into any general consideration of the possible influence of art on the masses of the people. The inquiry is one of great complexity, involved with that into the uses and dangers of luxury; nor have we as yet data enough to justify us in conjecturing how far the practice of art may be compatible with rude or mechanical employments. But the question, however difficult, lies in the same light as that of the uses of reading or writing; for drawing, so far as it is possible to the multitude, is mainly to be considered as a means of obtaining and communicating knowledge. He who can accurately represent the form of an object, and match its colour, has unquestionably a power of notation and description greater in most instances than that of words; and this science of notation ought to be simply regarded as that which is concerned with the record of form, just as arithmetic is concerned with the record of number. Of course abuses and dangers attend the acquirement of every power. We have all of us probably known persons who, without being able to read or write, discharged the important duties of life wisely and faithfully; as we have also without doubt known others able to read and write, whose reading did little good to themselves, and whose writing little good to any one else. But we do not therefore doubt the expediency of acquiring those arts; neither ought we to doubt the expediency of acquiring the art of drawing, if we admit that it may indeed become practically useful.

Nor should we long hesitate in admitting this, if we were

not in the habit of considering instruction in the arts chiefly as a means of promoting what we call "taste" or dilettantism, and other habits of mind, which, in their more modern developments in Europe, have certainly not been advantageous to nations, or indicative of worthiness in them. Nevertheless, true taste, or the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble, is a necessary accompaniment of high worthiness in nations or men; only it is not to be acquired by seeking it as our chief object, since the first question, alike for man and for multitude, is not at all what they are to like, but what they are to do; and fortunately so, since true taste, so far as it depends on original instinct, is not equally communicable to all men; and, so far as it depends on extended comparison, is unattainable by men employed in narrow fields of life. We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of the Elgin and Lycian marbles; nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him helpful and happy pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge.

Thus, in our simplest codes of school instruction, I hope some day to see local natural history assume a principal place, so that our peasant children may be taught the nature and uses of the herbs that grow in their meadows, and may take interest in observing and cherishing, rather than in hunting or killing, the harmless animals of their country. Supposing it determined that this local natural history should be taught, drawing ought to be used to fix the attention, and test, while it aided, the memory. "Draw such and such a flower in outline, with its bell towards you. Draw it with its side towards you. Paint the spots upon it. Draw a duck's head—her foot. Now a robin's,—a thrush's,—now the spots upon the thrush's breast." These are the kind of tasks which it seems to me should be set to the young peasant student. Surely the occupation would no more be thought contemptible which was thus subservient to knowledge and to compassion; and perhaps we should find in process of time that the Italian connexion of art with *diletto*, or delight, was both consistent

with, and even mainly consequent upon, a pure Greek connexion of art with *arete*, or virtue.

It may perhaps be thought that the power of representing in any sufficient manner natural objects such as those above instanced would be of too difficult attainment to be aimed at in elementary instruction. But I have had practical proof that it is not so. From workmen who had little time to spare, and that only after they were jaded by the day's labour, I have obtained, in the course of three or four months from their first taking a pencil in hand, perfectly useful, and in many respects admirable, drawings of natural objects. It is, however, necessary, in order to secure this result, that the student's aim should be absolutely restricted to the representation of visible fact. All more varied or elevated practice must be deferred until the powers of true sight and just representation are acquired in simplicity ; nor, in the case of children belonging to the lower classes, does it seem to me often advisable to aim at anything more. At all events, their drawing lessons should be made as recreative as possible. Undergoing due discipline of hard labour in other directions, such children should be painlessly initiated into employments calculated for the relief of toil. It is of little consequence that they should know the principles of art, but of much that their attention should be pleasurably excited. In our higher public schools, on the contrary, drawing should be taught rightly ; that is to say, with due succession and security of preliminary steps,—it being here of little consequence whether the student attains great or little skill, but of much that he should perceive distinctly what degree of skill he has attained, reverence that which surpasses it, and know the principles of right in what he has been able to accomplish. It is impossible to make every boy an artist or a connoisseur, but quite possible to make him understand the meaning of art in its rudiments, and to make him modest enough to forbear expressing, in after life, judgments which he has not knowledge enough to render just.

There is, however, at present this great difficulty in the way of such systematic teaching—that the public do not believe the principles of art are determinable, and in no wise matters

of opinion. They do not believe that good drawing is good, and bad drawing is bad, whatever any number of persons may think or declare to the contrary—that there is a right or best way of laying colours to produce a given effect, just as there is a right or best way of dyeing cloth of a given colour, and that Titian and Veronese are not merely accidentally admirable but eternally right.

The public, of course, cannot be convinced of this unity and stability of principle until clear assertion of it is made to them by painters whom they respect; and the painters whom they respect are generally too modest, and sometimes too proud, to make it. I believe the chief reason for their not having yet declared at least the fundamental laws of labour as connected with art-study is a kind of feeling on their part that "*cela va sans dire.*" Every great painter knows so well the necessity of hard and systematized work, in order to attain even the lower degrees of skill, that he naturally supposes if people use no diligence in drawing, they do not care to acquire the power of it, and that the toil involved in wholesome study being greater than the mass of people have ever given, is also greater than they would ever be willing to give. Feeling, also, as any real painter feels, that his own excellence is a gift, no less than the reward of toil, perhaps slightly disliking to confess the labour it has cost him to perfect it, and wholly despairing of doing any good by the confession, he contemptuously leaves the drawing-master to do the best he can in his twelve lessons, and with courteous unkindness permits the young women of England to remain under the impression that they can learn to draw with less pains than they can learn to dance. I have had practical experience enough, however, to convince me that this treatment of the amateur student is unjust. Young girls will work with steadiest perseverance when once they understand the need of labour, and are convinced that drawing is a kind of language which may for ordinary purposes be learned as easily as French and German; this language, also, having its grammar and its pronunciation, to be conquered or acquired only by persistence in irksome exercise—an error in a form being as

entirely and simply an error as a mistake in a tense, and an ill-drawn line as reprehensible as a vulgar accent.

And I attach great importance to the sound education of our younger females in art, thinking that in England the nursery and the drawing-room are perhaps the most influential of academies. We address ourselves in vain to the education of the artist while the demand for his work is uncertain or unintelligent; nor can art be considered as having any serious influence on a nation while gilded papers form the principal splendour of the reception room, and ill-wrought though costly trinkets the principal entertainment of the boudoir.

It is surely, therefore, to be regretted, that the art-education of our Government schools is addressed so definitely to the guidance of the artisan, and is therefore so little acknowledged hitherto by the general public, especially by its upper classes. I have not acquaintance enough with the practical working of that system to venture any expression of opinion respecting its general expediency; but it is my conviction that, so far as references are involved in it to the designing of patterns capable of being produced by machinery, such references must materially diminish its utility considered as a general system of instruction.

We are still, therefore, driven to the same point,—the need of an authoritative recommendation of some method of study to the public; a method determined upon by the concurrence of some of our best painters, and avowedly sanctioned by them, so as to leave no room for hesitation in its acceptance.

Nor need it be thought that, because the ultimate methods of work employed by painters vary according to the particular effects produced by each, there would be any difficulty in obtaining their collective assent to a system of elementary precept. The facts of which it is necessary that the student should be assured in his early efforts, are so simple, so few, and so well known to all able draughtsmen that, as I have just said, it would be rather doubt of the need of stating what seemed to them self-evident, than reluctance to speak authoritatively on points capable of dispute, that would stand in the

way of their giving form to a code of general instruction. To take merely two instances: It will perhaps appear hardly credible that among amateur students, however far advanced in more showy accomplishments, there will not be found one in a hundred who can make an accurate drawing to scale. It is much, if they can copy anything with approximate fidelity of its real size. Now, the inaccuracy of eye which prevents a student from drawing to scale is in fact nothing else than an entire want of appreciation of proportion, and therefore of composition. He who alters the relations of dimensions to each other in his copy, shows that he does not enjoy those relations in the original—that is to say, that all appreciation of noble design (which is based on the most exquisite relations of magnitude) is impossible to him. To give him habits of mathematical accuracy in transference of the outline of complex form, is therefore, among the first, and even among the most important, means of educating his taste. A student who can fix with precision the cardinal points of a bird's wing, extended in any fixed position, and can then draw the curves of its individual plumes without measurable error, has advanced further towards a power of understanding the design of the great masters than he could by reading many volumes of criticism, or passing many months in undisciplined examination of works of art.

Again, it will be found that among amateur students there is almost universal deficiency in the power of expressing the roundness of a surface. They frequently draw with considerable dexterity and vigour, but never attain the slightest sense of those modulations in form which can only be expressed by gradations in shade. They leave sharp edges to their blots of colour, sharp angles in their contours of lines, and conceal from themselves their incapacity of completion by redundance of object. The assurance to such persons that no object could be rightly seen or drawn until the draughtsman had acquired the power of modulating surfaces by gradations wrought with some pointed instrument (whether pen, pencil, or chalk), would at once prevent much vain labour, and put an end to many errors of that worst kind which not only re-

tard the student, but blind him ; which prevent him from either attaining excellence himself, or understanding it in others.

It would be easy, did time admit it, to give instances of other principles which it is equally essential that the student should know, and certain that all painters of eminence would sanction ; while even those respecting which some doubt may exist in their application of consummate practice, are yet perfectly determinable, so far as they are needed to guide a beginner. It may, for instance, be a question how far local colour should be treated as an element of chiaro-oscuro in a master's drawing of the human form. But there can be no question that it must be so treated in a boy's study of a tulip or a trout.

A still more important point would be gained if authoritative testimony of the same kind could be given to the merit and exclusive sufficiency of any series of examples of works of art, such as could at once be put within the reach of masters of schools. For the modern student labours under heavy disadvantages in what at first sight might appear an assistance to him, namely, the number of examples of many different styles which surround him in galleries or museums. His mind is disturbed by the inconsistencies of various excellences, and by his own predilection for false beauties in second or third-rate works. He is thus prevented from observing any one example long enough to understand its merit, or following any one method long enough to obtain facility in its practice. It seems, therefore, very desirable that some such standard of art should be fixed for all our schools,—a standard which, it must be remembered, need not necessarily be the highest possible, provided only it is the rightest possible. It is not to be hoped that the student should imitate works of the most exalted merit, but much to be desired that he should be guided by those which have fewest faults.

Perhaps, therefore, the most serviceable examples which could be set before youth might be found in the studies or drawings, rather than in the pictures, of first-rate masters ; and the art of photography enables us to put renderings of such studies, which for most practical purposes are as good

as the originals, on the walls of every school in the kingdom. Supposing (I merely name these as examples of what I mean) the standard of manner in light-and-shade drawing fixed by Leonardo's study, No. 19, in the collection of photographs lately published from drawings in the Florence Gallery; the standard of pen drawing with a wash, fixed by Titian's sketch No. 30 in the same collection; that of etching, fixed by Rembrandt's spotted shell; and that of point work with the pure lines, by Dürer's crest with the cock; every effort of the pupil, whatever the instrument in his hands, would infallibly tend in a right direction, and the perception of the merits of these four works, or of any others like them, once attained thoroughly, by efforts, however distant or despairing, to copy portions of them, would lead securely in due time to the appreciation of their modes of excellence.

I cannot, of course, within the limits of this paper, proceed to any statement of the present requirements of the English operative as regards art education. But I do not regret this, for it seems to me very desirable that our attention should for the present be concentrated on the more immediate object of general instruction. Whatever the public demand the artist will soon produce; and the best education which the operative can receive is the refusal of bad work and the acknowledgment of good. There is no want of genius among us, still less of industry. The least that we do is laborious, and the worst is wonderful. But there is a want among us, deep and wide, of discretion in directing toil, and of delight in being led by imagination. In past time, though the masses of the nation were less informed than they are now, they were for that very reason simpler judges and happier gazers; it must be ours to substitute the gracious sympathy of the understanding for the bright gratitude of innocence. An artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased, but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation.

REMARKS ADDRESSED TO THE MANSFIELD ART NIGHT CLASS, OCTOBER 14, 1873.*

It is to be remembered that the giving of prizes can only be justified on the ground of their being the reward of superior diligence and more obedient attention to the directions of the teacher. They must never be supposed, because practically they never can become, indications of superior genius; unless in so far as genius is likely to be diligent and obedient, beyond the strength and temper of the dull.

But it so frequently happens that the stimulus of vanity, acting on minds of inferior calibre, produces for a time an industry surpassing the tranquil and self-possessed exertion of real power, that it may be questioned whether the custom of bestowing prizes at all may not ultimately cease in our higher Schools of Art, unless in the form of substantial assistance given to deserving students who stand in need of it: a kind of prize, the claim to which, in its nature, would depend more on accidental circumstances, and generally good conduct, than on genius.

But, without any reference to the opinion of others, and without any chance of partiality in your own, there is one test by which you can all determine the rate of your real progress.

Examine, after every period of renewed industry, how far you have enlarged your faculty of *admiration.*

Consider how much more you can see to reverence, in the work of masters; and how much more to love, in the work of nature.

This is the only constant and infallible test of progress: that you wonder more at the work of great men, and that you care more for natural objects.

You have often been told by your teachers to expect this last result; but I fear that the tendency of modern thought

* This address was written for the Art Night Class, Mansfield, but not delivered by me. In my absence—I forget from what cause, but inevitable—the Duke of St. Albans honoured me by reading it to the meeting.

is to reject the idea of that essential difference in rank between one intellect and another, of which increasing reverence is the wise acknowledgment.

You may, at least in early years, test accurately your power of doing anything in the least rightly, by your increasing conviction that you never will be able to do it as well as it has been done by others.

That is a lesson, I repeat, which differs much, I fear, from the one you are commonly taught. The vulgar and incomparably false saying of Macaulay's, that the intellectual giants of one age become the intellectual pigmies of the next, has been the text of too many sermons lately preached to you.

You think you are going to do better things—each of you—than Titian and Phidias—write better than Virgil—think more wisely than Solomon.

My good young people, this is the foolishest, quite pre-eminently—perhaps almost the harmfullest—notion that could possibly be put into your empty little eggshells of heads. There is not one in a million of you who can ever be great in *any* thing. To be greater than the greatest that *have* been, is permitted perhaps to one man in Europe in the course of two or three centuries. But because you cannot be Handel and Mozart—is it any reason why you should not learn to sing "God save the Queen" properly, when you have a mind to? Because a girl cannot be prima donna in the Italian Opera, is it any reason that she should not learn to play a jig for her brothers and sisters in good time, or a soft little tune for her tired mother, or that she should not sing to please herself, among the dew, on a May morning? Believe me, joy, humility, and usefulness always go together: as insolence with misery, and these both with destructiveness. You may learn with proud teachers how to throw down the Vendôme Column, and burn the Louvre, but never how to lay so much as one touch of safe colour, or one layer of steady stone: and if indeed there be among you a youth of true genius, be assured that he will distinguish himself first, not by petulance or by disdain, but by discerning firmly what to admire, and whom to obey.

It will, I hope, be the result of the interest lately awakened

in art through our provinces, to enable each town of importance to obtain, in permanent possession, a few—and it is desirable there should be no more than a few—examples of consummate and masterful art: an engraving or two by Dürer—a single portrait by Reynolds—a fifteenth-century Florentine drawing—a thirteenth-century French piece of painted glass, and the like; and that, in every town occupied in a given manufacture, examples of unquestionable excellence in that manufacture should be made easily accessible in its civic museum.

I must ask you, however, to observe very carefully that I use the word *manufacture* in its literal and proper sense. It means the making of things *by the hand*. It does not mean the making them by machinery. And, while I plead with you for a true humility in rivalship with the works of others, I plead with you also for a just pride in what you really can honestly do yourself.

You must neither think your work the best ever done by man:—nor, on the other hand, think that the tongs and poker can do better—and that, although you are wiser than Solomon, all this wisdom of yours can be outshone by a shovelful of coke.

Let me take, for instance, the manufacture of lace, for which, I believe, your neighbouring town of Nottingham enjoys renown. There is still some distinction between machine-made and hand-made lace. I will suppose that distinction so far done away with, that, a pattern once invented, you can spin lace as fast as you now do thread. Everybody then might wear, not only lace collars, but lace gowns. Do you think they would be more comfortable in them than they are now in plain stuff—or that, when everybody could wear them, anybody would be proud of wearing one? A spider may perhaps be rationally proud of his own cobweb, even though all the fields in the morning are covered with the like, for he made it himself—but suppose a machine spun it for him?

Suppose all the gossamer were Nottingham-made, would a sensible spider be either prouder, or happier, think you?

A sensible spider! You cannot perhaps imagine such a

creature. Yet surely a spider is clever enough for his own ends?

You think him an insensible spider, only because he cannot understand yours—and is apt to impede yours. Well, be assured of this: sense in human creatures is shown also, not by cleverness in promoting their own ends and interests, but by quickness in understanding other people's ends and interests, and by putting our own work and keeping our own wishes in harmony with theirs.

But I return to my point, of cheapness. You don't think that it would be convenient, or even creditable, for women to wash the doorsteps or dish the dinners in lace gowns? Nay, even for the most ladylike occupations—reading, or writing, or playing with her children—do you think a lace gown, or even a lace collar, so great an advantage or dignity to a woman? If you think of it, you will find the whole value of lace, as a possession, depends on the fact of its having a beauty which has been the reward of industry and attention.

That the thing itself is a prize—a thing which everybody cannot have. That it proves by the *look* of it, the *ability* of its *maker;* that it proves, by the *rarity* of it, the *dignity* of its *wearer*—either that she has been so industrious as to save money, which can buy, say, a piece of jewellery, of gold tissue, or of fine lace—or else, that she is a noble person, to whom her neighbours concede, as an honour, the privilege of wearing finer dress than they.

If they all choose to have lace too—if it ceases to be a prize—it becomes, does it not, only a cobweb?

The real good of a piece of lace, then, you will find, is that it should show, first, that the designer of it had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had fine fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain what is difficult to obtain, and common sense enough not to wear it on all occasions. I limit myself, in what farther I have to say, to the question of the manufacture—nay, of one requisite in the manufacture: that which I have just called a pretty fancy.

What do you suppose I mean by a pretty fancy? Do you

think that, by learning to draw, and looking at flowers, you will ever get the ability to design a piece of lace beautifully? By no means. If that were so, everybody would soon learn to draw—everybody would design lace prettily—and then,—nobody would be paid for designing it. To some extent, that will indeed be the result of modern endeavour to teach design. But against all such endeavours, mother-wit, in the end, will hold her own.

But anybody who *has* this mother-wit, may make the exercise of it more pleasant to themselves, and more useful to other people, by learning to draw.

An Indian worker in gold, or a Scandinavian worker in iron, or an old French worker in thread, could produce indeed beautiful designs out of nothing but groups of knots and spirals; but you, when you are rightly educated, may render your knots and spirals infinitely more interesting by making them suggestive of natural forms, and rich in elements of true knowledge.

You know, for instance, the pattern which for centuries has been the basis of ornament in Indian shawls—the bulging leaf ending in a spiral. The Indian produces beautiful designs with nothing but that spiral. You cannot better his powers of design, but you make them more civil and useful by adding knowledge of nature to invention.

Suppose you learn to draw rightly, and, therefore, to know correctly the spirals of springing ferns—not that you may give ugly names to all the species of them—but that you may understand the grace and vitality of every hour of their existence. Suppose you have sense and cleverness enough to translate the essential character of this beauty into forms expressible by simple lines—therefore expressible by thread—you might then have a series of fern-patterns which would each contain points of distinctive interest and beauty, and of scientific truth, and yet be variable by fancy, with quite as much ease as the meaningless Indian one. Similarly, there is no form of leaf, of flower, or of insect, which might not become suggestive to you, and expressible in terms of manufacture, so as to be interesting, and useful to others.

Only don't think that this kind of study will ever "pay," in the vulgar sense.

It will make you wiser and happier. But do you suppose that it is the law of God, or nature, that people shall be paid in money for becoming wiser and happier? They are so, by that law, for honest work; and as all honest work makes people wiser and happier, they are indeed, in some sort, paid in money for becoming wise.

But if you seek wisdom only that you may get money, believe me, you are exactly on the foolishest of all fools' errands. "She is more precious than rubies"—but do you think that is only because she will help you to *buy* rubies?

"All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared to her." Do you think that is only because she will enable you to get all the things you desire? She is offered to you as a blessing *in herself*. She is the reward of kindness, of modesty, of industry. She is the Prize of Prizes—and alike in poverty or in riches—the strength of your Life now, the earnest of whatever Life is to come.

SOCIAL POLICY.

BASED ON NATURAL SELECTION.

*Paper read before the Metaphysical Society, May 11th, 1875.**

It has always seemed to me that Societies like this of ours, happy in including members not a little diverse in thought and various in knowledge, might be more useful to the public than perhaps they can fairly be said to have approved themselves hitherto, by using their variety of power rather to support intellectual conclusions by concentric props, than to shake them with rotatory stones of wit; and modestly endeavouring to initiate the building of walls for the Bridal city of Science, in which no man will care to identify the particular

* I trust that the Society will not consider its privileges violated by the publication of an essay, which, for such audience, I wrote with more than ordinary care.

stones he lays, rather than complying farther with the existing picturesque, but wasteful, practice of every knight to throw up a feudal tower of his own opinions, tenable only by the most active pugnacity, and pierced rather with arrow-slits from which to annoy his neighbours, than windows to admit light or air.

The paper read at our last meeting was unquestionably, within the limits its writer has prescribed to himself, so logically sound, that (encouraged also by the suggestion of some of our most influential members), I shall endeavour to make the matter of our to-night's debate consequent upon it, and suggestive of possibly further advantageous deductions.

It will be remembered that, in reference to the statement in the Bishop of Peterborough's Paper, of the moral indifference of certain courses of conduct on the postulate of the existence only of a Mechanical base of Morals, it was observed by Dr. Adam Clarke that, even on such mechanical basis, the word "moral" might still be applied specially to any course of action which tended to the development of the human race. Whereupon I ventured myself to inquire, in what direction such development was to be understood as taking place; and the discussion of this point being then dropped for want of time, I would ask the Society's permission to bring it again before them this evening in a somewhat more extended form; for in reality the question respecting the development of men is twofold,—first, namely,—in what direction; and secondly, in what social relations, it is to be sought.

I would therefore at present ask more deliberately than I could at our last meeting,—first, in what direction it is desirable that the development of humanity should take place? Should it, for instance, as in Greece, be of physical beauty, —emulation, (Hesiod's second Eris),—pugnacity and patriotism? or, as in modern England, of physical ugliness,—envy, (Hesiod's first Eris),—cowardice, and selfishness? or, as by a conceivably humane but hitherto unexampled—education might be attempted, of physical beauty, humility, courage, and affection, which should make all the world one native land, and *πᾶσα γῆ τάφος*?

I do not doubt but that the first automatic impulse of all our automatic friends here present, on hearing this sentence, will be strenuously to deny the accuracy of my definition of the aims of modern English education. Without attempting to defend it, I would only observe that this automatic development of solar caloric in scientific minds must be grounded on an automatic sensation of injustice done to the members of the School Board, as well as to many other automatically well-meaning and ingenious persons; and that this sense of the injuriousness and offensiveness of my definition cannot possibly have any other basis (if I may be permitted to continue my professional similitudes) than the fallen remnants and goodly stones, not one now left on another, but still forming an unremovable cumulus of ruin, and eternal Birs Nimroud, as it were, on the site of the old belfry of Christian morality, whose top looked once so like touching Heaven.

For no offence could be taken at my definition, unless traceable to adamantine conviction,—that ugliness, however indefinable, envy, however natural, and cowardice, however commercially profitable, are nevertheless eternally disgraceful; contrary, that is to say, to the grace of our Lord Christ, if there be among us any Christ; to the grace of the King's Majesty, if there be among us any King; and to the grace even of Christless and Kingless Manhood, if there be among us any Manhood.

To this fixed conception of a difference between Better and Worse, or, when carried to the extreme, between good and evil, in conduct, we all, it seems to me, instinctively and therefore rightly, attach the term of Moral sense;—the sense, for instance, that it would be better if the members of this Society who are usually automatically absent were, instead, automatically present; or better, that this Paper, if (which is, perhaps, too likely) it be thought automatically impertinent, had been made, by the molecular action of my cerebral particles, pertinent.

Trusting, therefore, without more ado, to the strength of rampart in this Old Sarum of the Moral sense, however subdued into vague banks under the modern steam-plough, I will venture to suppose the first of my two questions to have been

answered by the choice on the part at least of a majority of our Council, of the third direction of development, above specified as being the properly called "moral" one; and will go on to the second subject of inquiry, both more difficult and of great practical importance in the political crisis through which Europe is passing,—namely, what relations between men are to be desired, or with resignation allowed, in the course of their Moral Development?

Whether, that is to say, we should try to make some men beautiful at the cost of ugliness in others, and some men virtuous at the cost of vice in others,—or rather, all men beautiful and virtuous in the degree possible to each under a system of equitable education? And evidently our first business is to consider in what terms the choice is put to us by Nature. What can we do, if we would? What must we do, whether we will or not? How high can we raise the level of a diffused Learning and Morality? and how far shall we be compelled, if we limit, to exaggerate the advantages and injuries of our system? And are we prepared, if the extremity be inevitable, to push to their utmost the relations implied when we take off our hats to each other, and triple the tiara of the Saint in Heaven, while we leave the sinner bareheaded in Cocytus?

It is well, perhaps, that I should at once confess myself to hold the principle of limitation in its utmost extent; and to entertain no doubt of the rightness of my ideal, but only of its feasibility. I am ill at ease, for instance, in my uncertainty whether our greatly regretted Chairman will ever be Pope, or whether some people whom I could mention, (not, of course, members of our society,) will ever be in Cocytus.

But there is no need, if we would be candid, to debate the principle in the violences of operation, any more than the proper methods of distributing food, on the supposition that the difference between a Paris dinner and a platter of Scotch porridge must imply that one-half of mankind are to die of eating, and the rest of having nothing to eat. I will, therefore, take for example a case in which the discrimination is less conclusive.

When I stop writing metaphysics this morning, it will be to arrange some drawings for a young lady to copy. They are leaves of the best illuminated MSS. I have, and I am going to spend my whole afternoon in explaining to her what she is to aim at in copying them.

Now, I would not lend these leaves to any other young lady that I know of; nor give up my afternoon to, perhaps, more than two or three other young ladies that I know of. But to keep to the first-instanced one, I lend her my books, and give her, for what they are worth, my time and most careful teaching, because she at present paints butterflies better than any other girl I know, and has a peculiar capacity for the softening of plumes and finessing of antennæ. Grant me to be a good teacher, and grant her disposition to be such as I suppose, and the result will be what might at first appear an indefensible iniquity, namely, that this girl, who has already excellent gifts, having also excellent teaching, will become perhaps the best butterfly-painter in England; while myriads of other girls, having originally inferior powers, and attracting no attention from the Slade Professor, will utterly lose their at present cultivable faculties of entomological art, and sink into the vulgar career of wives and mothers, to which we have Mr. Mill's authority for holding it a grievous injustice that any girl should be irrevocably condemned.

There is no need that I should be careful in enumerating the various modes, analogous to this, in which the Natural selection of which we have lately heard, perhaps, somewhat more than enough, provokes and approves the Professional selection which I am so bold as to defend; and if the automatic instincts of equity in us, which revolt against the great ordinance of Nature and practice of Man that "to him that hath, shall more be given," are to be listened to when the possessions in question are only of wisdom and virtue, let them at least prove their sincerity by correcting, first, the injustice which has established itself respecting more tangible and more esteemed property; and terminating the singular arrangement prevalent in commercial Europe, that to every man with a hundred pounds in his pocket there shall annually

be given three, to every man with a thousand thirty, and to every man with nothing, none.

I am content here to leave under the scrutiny of the evening my general statement that as human development, when moral, is with special effort in a given direction, so, when moral, it is with special effort in favour of a limited class; but I yet trespass for a few moments on your patience in order to note that the acceptance of this second principle still leaves it to what point the disfavour of the reprobate class, or the privileges of the elect, may advisably extend. For I cannot but feel for my own part, as if the daily bread of moral instruction might at least be so widely broken among the multitudes as to preserve them from utter destitution and pauperism in virtue; and that even the simplest and lowest of the rabble should not be so absolutely sons of perdition, but that each might say for himself,—"For my part—no offence to the General, or any man of quality—I hope to be saved." Whereas it is, on the contrary, implied by the habitual expressions of the wisest aristocrats, that the completely developed persons whose Justice and Fortitude—poles to the Cardinal points of virtue—are marked as their sufficient characteristics by the great Roman moralist in his phrase, "Justus, et tenax propositi," will in the course of nature be opposed by a civic ardour, not merely of the innocent and ignorant, but of persons developed in a contrary direction to that which I have ventured to call "moral," and therefore not merely incapable of desiring or applauding what is right, but in an evil harmony, *prava jubentium*, clamorously demanding what is wrong.

The point to which both Natural and Divine Selection would permit us to advance in severity towards this profane class, to which the enduring "Ecce Homo," or manifestation of any properly human sentiment or person, must always be instinctively abominable, seem to be conclusively indicated by the order following on the parable of the Talents,—"Those mine enemies, bring hither, and slay them before me." Nor does it seem reasonable, on the other hand, to set the limits of favouritism more narrowly. For even if, among fallible

mortals, there may frequently be ground for the hesitation of just men to award the punishment of death to their enemies, the most beautiful story, to my present knowledge, of all antiquity, that of Cleobis and Bito, might suggest to them the fitness, on some occasions, of distributing without any hesitation the reward of death to their friends. For sure the logical conclusion of the Bishop of Peterborough, respecting the treatment due to old women who have nothing supernatural about them, holds with still greater force when applied to the case of old women who have everything supernatural about them ; and while it might remain questionable to some of us, whether we had any right to deprive an invalid who had no soul of what might still remain to her of even painful earthly existence, it would surely on the most religious grounds be both our privilege and our duty, at once to dismiss any troublesome sufferer who *had* a soul to the distant and inoffensive felicities of heaven.

But I believe my hearers will approve me in again declining to disturb the serene confidence of daily action by these speculations in extreme; the really useful conclusion, which it seems to me, cannot be evaded, is that without going so far as the exile of the inconveniently wicked, and translation of the inconveniently sick, to their proper spiritual mansions, we should at least be certain that we do not waste care in protracting disease which might have been spent in preserving health ; that we do not appease in the splendour of our turreted hospitals the feelings of compassion which, rightly directed, might have prevented the need of them ; nor pride ourselves on the peculiar form of Christian benevolence which leaves the cottage roofless to model the prison, and spends itself with zealous preference where, in the keen words of Carlyle, if you desire the material on which maximum expenditure of means and effort will produce the minimum result, "here you accurately have it."

I cannot but, in conclusion, most respectfully, but most earnestly, express my hope that measures may be soon taken by the Lords Spiritual of England to assure her doubting mind of the real existence of that supernatural revelation of the

basis of morals to which the Bishop of Peterborough referred in the close of his paper; or at least to explain to her bewildered populace the real meaning of the force of the Ten Commandments, whether written originally by the finger of God or Man. To me, personally, I own, as one of that bewildered populace, that the essay by one of our most distinguished members on the Creed of Christendom seems to stand in need of explicit answer from our Divines; but if not, and the common application of the terms "Word of God" to the books of Scripture be against all questions tenable, it becomes yet more imperative on the interpreters of that Scripture to see that they are not made void by our traditions,[1] and that the Mortal sins of Covetousness, Fraud, Usury, and Contention be not the essence of a National life orally professing submission to the laws of Christ, and satisfaction in His Love.

J. RUSKIN.

[1] "Thou shalt not covet; but tradition
Approves all forms of Competition."
ARTHUR CLOUGH.

THE END.

OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF CHRISTENDOM FOR BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HAVE BEEN HELD AT ITS FONTS

PREFACE.

THE long abandoned purpose, of which the following pages begin some attempt at fulfilment, has been resumed at the request of a young English governess, that I would write some pieces of history which her pupils could gather some good out of;—the fruit of historical documents placed by modern educational systems at her disposal, being to them labour only, and sorrow.

What else may be said for the book, if it ever become one, it must say for itself: preface, more than this, I do not care to write: and the less, because some passages of British history, at this hour under record, call for instant, though brief, comment.

I am told that the Queen's Guards have gone to Ireland; playing "God save the Queen." And being, (as I have declared myself in the course of some letters to which public attention has been lately more than enough directed,) to the best of my knowledge, the staunchest Conservative in England, I am disposed gravely to question the propriety of the mission of the Queen's Guards on the employment commanded them. My own Conservative notion of the function of the Guards is that they should guard the Queen's throne and life, when threatened either by domestic or foreign enemy: but not that they should become a substitute for her inefficient police force, in the execution of her domiciliary laws.

And still less so, if the domiciliary laws which they are sent to execute, playing "God save the Queen," be perchance precisely contrary to that God the Saviour's law; and therefore, such as, in the long run, no quantity either of Queens, or Queen's men, *could* execute. Which is a question I have for

these ten years been endeavouring to get the British public to consider—vainly enough hitherto ; and will not at present add to my own many words on the matter. But a book has just been published by a British officer, who, if he had not been otherwise and more actively employed, could not only have written all my books about landscape and picture, but is very singularly also of one mind with me, (God knows of how few Englishmen I can now say so,) on matters regarding the Queen's safety, and the Nation's honour. Of whose book ("Far out: Rovings retold"), since various passages will be given in my subsequent terminal notes, I will content myself with quoting for the end of my Preface the memorable words which Colonel Butler himself quotes, as spoken to the British Parliament by its last Conservative leader, a British officer who had also served with honour and success.

The Duke of Wellington said: "It is already well known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—at least one half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people ;—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

Let these noble words of tender Justice be the first example to my young readers of what all History ought to be. It

has been told them, in the Laws of Fésole, that all great Art is Praise. So is all faithful History, and all high Philosophy. For these three, Art, History, and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which sees not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity ; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, *therefore* rejoices in the Truth.

For true knowledge is of Virtues only : of poisons and vices, it is Hecate who teaches, not Athena. And of all wisdom, chiefly the Politician's must consist in this divine Prudence ; it is not, indeed, always necessary for men to know the virtues of their friends, or their masters ; since the friend will still manifest, and the master use. But woe to the Nation which is too cruel to cherish the virtue of its subjects, and too cowardly to recognize that of its enemies !

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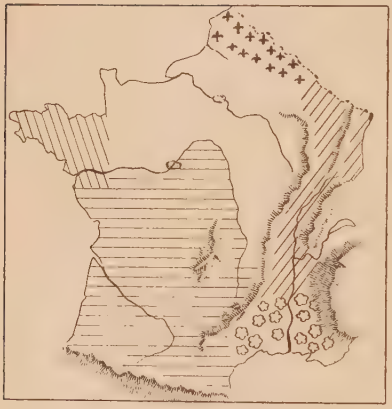

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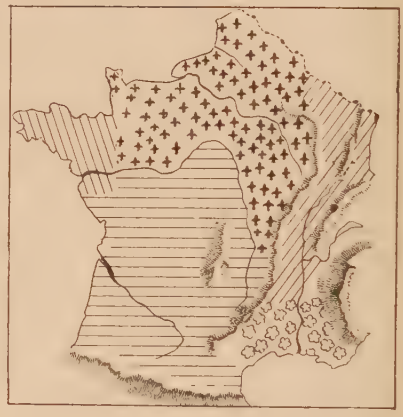

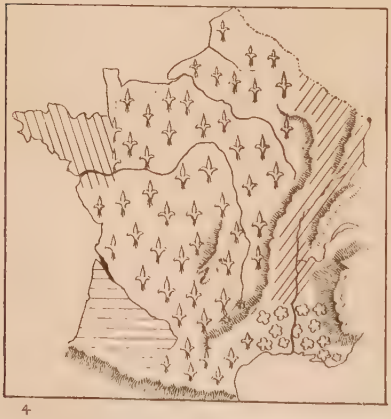

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PLATE I.—THE DYNASTIES OF FRANCE.—To the close of the Tenth Century.

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE RIVERS OF WATERS.

The intelligent English traveller, in this fortunate age for him, is aware that, half-way between Boulogne and Paris, there is a complex railway-station, into which his train, in its relaxing speed, rolls him with many more than the average number of bangs and bumps prepared, in the access of every important French *gare*, to startle the drowsy or distrait passenger into a sense of his situation.

He probably also remembers that at this halting-place in mid-journey there is a well-served buffet, at which he has the privilege of "Dix minutes d'arrêt."

He is not, however, always so distinctly conscious that these ten minutes of arrest are granted to him within not so many minutes' walk of the central square of a city which was once the Venice of France.

Putting the lagoon islands out of question, the French River-Queen was nearly as large in compass as Venice herself; and divided, not by slow currents of ebbing and returning tide, but by eleven beautiful trout-streams, of which some four or five are as large, each separately, as our Surrey Wandle, or as Isaac Walton's Dove; and which, branching out of one strong current above the city, and uniting again after they have eddied through its streets, are bordered, as they flow down, (fordless except where the two Edwards rode them, the day before Crecy,) to the sands of St. Valery, by groves of aspen, and glades of poplar, whose grace and glad-

ness seem to spring in every stately avenue instinct with the image of the just man's life,—"Erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum."

But the Venice of Picardy owed her name, not to the beauty of her streams merely, but to their burden. She was a worker, like the Adriatic princess, in gold and glass, in stone, wood, and ivory; she was skilled like an Egyptian in the weaving of fine linen; dainty as the maids of Judah in divers colours of needlework. And of these, the fruits of her hands, praising her in her own gates, she sent also portions to stranger nations, and her fame went out into all lands.

"Un règlement de l'échevinage, du 12me avril 1566, fait voir qu'on fabriquait à cette epoque, des velours de toutes couleurs pour meubles, des colombettes à grands et petits carreaux, des burailles croises, qu'on expédiait en Allemagne —en Espagne, en Turquie, et en Barbarie!" *

All-coloured velvets, pearl-iridescent colombettes! (I wonder what they may be?) and sent to vie with the variegated carpet of the Turk, and glow upon the arabesque towers of Barbary! † Was not this a phase of provincial Picard life which an intelligent English traveller might do well to inquire into? Why should this fountain of rainbows leap up suddenly here by Somme; and a little Frankish maid write herself the sister of Venice, and the servant of Carthage and of Tyre?

And if she, why not others also of our northern villages? Has the intelligent traveller discerned anything, in the country, or in its shores, on his way from the gate of Calais to the *gare* of Amiens, of special advantage for artistic design, or for commercial enterprise? He has seen league after league of sandy dunes. We also, we, have our sands by Severn, by Lune, by Solway. He has seen extensive plains of useful and not unfragrant peat,—an article sufficiently accessible also to

* M. H. Dusevel, Histoire de la Ville d'Amiens. Amiens, Caron et Lambert, 1848; p. 305.

† Carpaccio trusts for the chief splendour of any festa in cities to the patterns of the draperies hung out of windows.

our Scotch and Irish industries. He has seen many a broad down and jutting cliff of purest chalk ; but, opposite, the perfide Albion gleams no whit less blanche beyond the blue. Pure waters he has seen, issuing out of the snowy rock ; but are ours less bright at Croydon, at Guilford, or at Winchester ? And yet one never heard of treasures sent from Solway sands to African ; nor that the builders at Romsey could give lessons in colour to the builders at Granada ? What can it be, in the air or the earth—in her stars or in her sunlight—that fires the heart and quickens the eyes of the little white-capped Amienoise soubrette, till she can match herself against Penelope ?

The intelligent English traveller has of course no time to waste on any of these questions. But if he has bought his ham-sandwich, and he is ready for the "En voiture, messieurs," he may perhaps condescend for an instant to hear what a lounger about the place, neither wasteful of his time, nor sparing of it, can suggest as worth looking at, when his train glides out of the station.

He will see first, and doubtless with the respectful admiration which an Englishman is bound to bestow upon such objects, the coal-sheds and carriage-sheds of the station itself; extending in their ashy and oily splendours for about a quarter of a mile out of the town ; and then, just as the train gets into speed, under a large chimney tower, which he cannot see to nearly the top of, but will feel overcast by the shadow of its smoke, he *may* see, if he will trust his intelligent head out of the window, and look back, fifty or fifty-one (I am not sure of my count to a unit) similar chimneys, all similarly smoking, all with similar works attached, oblongs of brown brick wall, with portholes numberless of black square window. But in the midst of these fifty tall things that smoke, he will see one, a little taller than any, and more delicate, that does not smoke ; and in the midst of these fifty masses of blank wall, enclosing 'works'—and doubtless producing works profitable and honourable to France and the world—he will see *one* mass of wall—not blank, but strangely wrought by the hands of foolish men of long ago, for the purpose of enclosing or producing no manner of profitable work whatsoever, but one—

"This is the work of God; that ye should believe on Him whom He hath sent!"

Leaving the intelligent traveller now to fulfil his vow of pilgrimage to Paris,—or wherever else God may be sending him,—I will suppose that an intelligent Eton boy or two, or thoughtful English girl, may care quietly to walk with me as far as this same spot of commanding view, and to consider what the workless—shall we also say worthless?—building, and its unshadowed minaret, may perhaps farther mean.

Minaret I have called it, for want of better English word. Flêche—arrow—is its proper name; vanishing into the air you know not where, by the mere fineness of it. Flameless—motionless—hurtless—the fine arrow; unplumed, unpoisoned and unbarbed; aimless—shall we say also, readers young and old, travelling or abiding? It, and the walls it rises from—what have they once meant? What meaning have they left in them yet, for you, or for the people that live round them, and never look up as they pass by?

Suppose we set ourselves first to learn how they came there.

At the birth of Christ, all this hillside, and the brightly-watered plain below, with the corn-yellow champaign above, were inhabited by a Druid-taught race, wild enough in thoughts and ways, but under Roman government, and gradually becoming accustomed to hear the names, and partly to confess the power, of Roman gods. For three hundred years after the birth of Christ they heard the name of no other God.

Three hundred years! and neither apostles nor inheritors of apostleship had yet gone into all the world and preached the gospel to every creature. Here, on their peaty ground, the wild people, still trusting in Pomona for apples, in Silvanus for acorns, in Ceres for bread, and in Proserpina for rest, hoped but the season's blessing from the Gods of Harvest, and feared no eternal anger from the Queen of Death.

But at last, three hundred years being past and gone, in the year of Christ 301, there came to this hillside of Amiens, on the sixth day of the Ides of October, the Messenger of a new Life.

His name, Firminius (I suppose) in Latin, Firmin in French, —so to be remembered here in Picardy. Firmin, not Firminius; as Denis, not Dionysius; coming out of space—no one tells what part of space. But received by the pagan Amienois with surprised welcome, and seen of them—Forty days—many days, we may read—preaching acceptably, and binding with baptismal vows even persons in good society: and that in such numbers, that at last he is accused to the Roman governor, by the priests of Jupiter and Mercury, as one turning the world upside-down. And in the last day of the Forty—or of the indefinite many meant by Forty—he is beheaded, as martyrs ought to be, and his ministrations in a mortal body ended.

The old, old story, you say? Be it so; you will the more easily remember it. The Amienois remembered it so carefully, that, twelve hundred years afterwards, in the sixteenth century, they thought good to carve and paint the four stone pictures, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of our first photograph, (see prefatory references). Scene 1st, St. Firmin arriving; scene 2nd, St. Firmin preaching; scene 3rd, St. Firmin baptizing; and scene 4th, St. Firmin beheaded, by an executioner with very red legs, and an attendant dog of the character of the dog in 'Faust,' of whom we may have more to say presently.

Following in the meantime the tale of St. Firmin, as of old time known, his body was received, and buried, by a Roman senator, his disciple, (a kind of Joseph of Arimathea to St. Firmin,) in the Roman senator's own garden. Who also built a little oratory over his grave. The Roman senator's son built a church to replace the oratory, dedicated it to Our Lady of Martyrs, and established it as an episcopal seat—the first of the French nation's. A very notable spot for the French nation, surely? One deserving, perhaps, some little memory or monument,—cross, tablet, or the like? Where, therefore, do you suppose this first cathedral of French Christianity stood, and with what monument has it been honoured?

It stood where we now stand, companion mine, whoever you may be; and the monument wherewith it has been honoured is this—chimney, whose gonfalon of smoke overshadows us—

the latest effort of modern art in Amiens, the chimney of St. Acheul.

The first cathedral, you observe, of the *French* nation ; more accurately, the first germ of cathedral *for* the French nation—who are not yet here ; only this grave of a martyr is here, and this church of Our Lady of Martyrs, abiding on the hillside, till the Roman power pass away.

Falling together with it, and trampled down by savage tribes, alike the city and the shrine ; the grave forgotten,—when at last the Franks themselves pour from the north, and the utmost wave of them, lapping along these downs of Somme, is *here* stayed, and the Frankish standard planted, and the French kingdom throned.

Here their first capital, here the first footsteps * of the Frank in his France ! Think of it. All over the south are Gauls, Burgundians, Bretons, heavier-hearted nations of sullen mind :—at their utmost brim and border, here at last are the Franks, the source of all Franchise, for this our Europe. You have heard the word in England, before now, but English word for it is none ! *Honesty* we have of our own : but *Frankness* we must learn of these : nay, all the western nations of us are in a few centuries more to be known by this name of Frank. Franks, of Paris that is to be, in time to come ; but French of Paris is in year of grace 500 an unknown tongue in Paris, as much as in Stratford-att-ye-Bowe. French of Amiens is the kingly and courtly form of Christian speech, Paris lying yet in Lutetian clay, to develop into tile-field, perhaps, in due time. Here, by soft-glittering Somme, reign Clovis and his Clotilde.

And by St. Firmin's grave speaks now another gentle evangelist, and the first Frank king's prayer to the King of kings is made to Him, known only as "the God of Clotilde."

I must ask the reader's patience now with a date or two. and stern facts—two—three—or more.

Clodion, the leader of the first Franks who reach irrevocably

* The first fixed and set-down footsteps ; wandering tribes called of Franks, had overswept the country, and recoiled, again and again. But *this* invasion of the so-called Salian Franks, never retreats again.

beyond the Rhine, fights his way through desultory Roman cohorts as far as Amiens, and takes it, in 445.*

Two years afterwards, at his death, the scarcely asserted throne is seized—perhaps inevitably—by the tutor of his children, Merovée, whose dynasty is founded on the defeat of Attila at Chalons.

He died in 457. His son Childeric, giving himself up to the love of women, and scorned by the Frank soldiery, is driven into exile, the Franks choosing rather to live under the law of Rome than under a base chief of their own. He receives asylum at the court of the king of Thuringia, and abides there. His chief officer in Amiens, at his departure, breaks a ring in two, and, giving him the half of it, tells him, when the other half is sent, to return.

And, after many days, the half of the broken ring is sent, and he returns, and is accepted king by his Franks.

The Thuringian queen follows him, (I cannot find if her husband is first dead—still less, if dead, how dying,) and offers herself to him for his wife.

"I have known thy usefulness, and that thou art very strong; and I have come to live with thee. Had I known, in parts beyond sea, any one more useful than thou, I should have sought to live with *him*."

He took her for his wife, and their son is Clovis.

A wonderful story; how far in literalness true is of no manner of moment to us; the myth, and power of it, *do* manifest the nature of the French kingdom, and prophesy its future destiny. Personal valour, personal beauty, loyalty to kings, love of women, disdain of unloving marriage, note all these things for true, and that in the corruption of these will be the last death of the Frank, as in their force was his first glory.

Personal valour, worth. *Utilitas*, the keystone of all. Birth nothing, except as gifting with valour;—Law of primogeniture unknown;—Propriety of conduct, it appears, for the present, also nowhere! (but we are all pagans yet, remember).

* See note at end of chapter, as also for the allusions in p. 14, to the battle of Soissons.

Let us get our dates and our geography, at any rate, gathered out of the great 'nowhere' of confused memory, and set well together, thus far.

457. Merovée dies. The useful Childeric, counting his exile, and reign in Amiens, together, is King altogether twenty-four years, 457 to 481, and during his reign Odoacer ends the Roman empire in Italy, 476.

481. Clovis is only fifteen when he succeeds his father, as King of the Franks in Amiens. At this time a fragment of Roman power remains isolated in central France, while four strong and partly savage nations form a cross round this dying centre: the Frank on the north, the Breton on the west, the Burgundian on the east, the Visigoth strongest of all and gentlest, in the south, from Loire to the sea.

Sketch for yourself, first, a map of France, as large as you like, as in Plate I., fig. 1, marking only the courses of the five rivers, Somme, Seine, Loire, Saone, Rhone; then, rudely, you find it was divided at the time thus, fig. 2: Fleur-de-lysée part, Frank; \\\, Breton; ///, Burgundian; ≡, Visigoth. I am not sure how far these last reached across Rhone into Provence, but I think best to indicate Provence as semée with roses.

Now, under Clovis, the Franks fight three great battles. The first, with the Romans, near Soissons, which they win—and become masters of France as far as the Loire. Copy the rough map fig. 2, and put the fleur-de-lys all over the middle of it, extinguishing the Romans (fig. 3). This battle was won by Clovis, I believe, before he married Clotilde. He wins his princess by it: cannot get his pretty vase, however, to present to her. Keep that story well in your mind, and the battle of Soissons, as winning mid-France for the French, and ending the Romans there for ever. Secondly, after he marries Clotilde, the wild Germans attack *him* from the north, and he has to fight for life and throne at Tolbiac. This is the battle in which he prays to the God of Clotilde, and quits himself of the Germans by His help. Whereupon he is crowned in Rheims by St. Remy.

And now, in the new strength of his Christianity and his

twin victory over Rome and Germany, and his love for his queen, and his ambition for his people, he looks south on that vast Visigothic power, between Loire and the snowy mountains. Shall Christ, and the Franks, not be stronger than villainous Visigoths 'who are Arians also'? All his Franks are with him, in that opinion. So he marches against the Visigoths, meets them and their Alaric at Poitiers, ends their Alaric and their Arianism, and carries his faithful Franks to the Pic du Midi.

And so now you must draw the map of France once more, and put the fleur-de-lys all over its central mass from Calais to the Pyrenees: only Brittany still on the west, Burgundy in the east, and the white Provence rose beyond Rhone. And now poor little Amiens has become a mere border town like our Durham, and Somme a border streamlet like our Tyne. Loire and Seine have become the great French rivers, and men will be minded to build cities by these; where the well-watered plains, not of peat, but richest pasture, may repose under the guard of saucy castles on the crags and moated towers on the islands. But now let us think a little more closely what our changed symbols in the map may mean—five fleur-de-lys for level bar.

They don't mean, certainly that all the Goths are gone, and nobody but Franks in France? The Franks have not massacred Visigothic man, woman, and child, from Loire to Garonne. Nay, where their own throne is still set by the Somme, the peat-bred people whom they found there, live there still, though subdued. Frank, or Goth, or Roman may fluctuate hither and thither, in chasing or flying troops: but, unchanged through all the gusts of war, the rural people whose huts they pillage, whose farms they ravage, and over whose arts they reign, must still be diligently, silently, and with no time for lamentation, ploughing, sowing, cattle-breeding!

Else how could Frank or Hun, Visigoth or Roman, live for a month, or fight for a day?

Whatever the name, or the manners, of their masters, the ground delvers must be the same; and the goatherd of the Pyrenees, and the vine-dresser of Garonne, and the milkmaid

of Picardy, give them what lords you may, abide in their land always, blossoming as the trees of the field, and enduring as the crags of the desert. And these, the warp and first substance of the nation, are divided, not by dynasties, but by climates; and are strong here, and helpless there, by privileges which no invading tyrants can abolish, and through faults which no preaching hermit can repress. Now, therefore, please let us leave our history a minute or two, and read the lessons of constant earth and sky.

In old times, when one posted from Calais to Paris, there was about half an hour's trot on the level, from the gate of Calais to the long chalk hill, which had to be climbed before arriving at the first post-house in the village of Marquise.

That chalk rise, virtually, is the front of France; that last bit of level north of it, virtually the last of Flanders; south of it, stretches now a district of chalk and fine building limestone,—(if you keep your eyes open, you may see a great quarry of it on the west of the railway, half-way between Calais and Boulogne, where once was a blessed little craggy dingle opening into velvet lawns;)—this high, but never mountainous, calcareous tract, sweeping round the chalk basin of Paris away to Caen on one side, and Nancy on the other, and south as far as Bourges, and the Limousin. This limestone tract, with its keen fresh air, everywhere arable surface, and everywhere quarriable banks above well-watered meadow, is the real country of the French. Here only are their arts clearly developed. Farther south they are Gascons, or Limousins, or Auvergnats, or the like. Westward, grim-granitic Bretons; eastward, Alpine-bearish Burgundians: here only, on the chalk and finely-knit marble, between, say, Amiens and Chartres one way, and between Caen and Rheims on the other, have you real *France*.

Of which, before we carry on the farther vital history, I must ask the reader to consider with me, a little, how history, so called, has been for the most part written, and of what particulars it usually consists.

Suppose that the tale of King Lear were a true one; and that a modern historian were giving the abstract of it in a school manual, purporting to contain all essential facts in

British history valuable to British youth in competitive examination. The story would be related somewhat after this manner :—

"The reign of the last king of the seventy-ninth dynasty closed in a series of events with the record of which it is painful to pollute the pages of history. The weak old man wished to divide his kingdom into dowries for his three daughters ; but on proposing this arrangement to them, finding it received by the youngest with coldness and reserve, he drove her from his court, and divided the kingdom between his two elder children.

"The youngest found refuge at the court of France, where ultimately the prince royal married her. But the two elder daughters, having obtained absolute power, treated their father at first with disrespect, and soon with contumely. Refused at last even the comforts necessary to his declining years, the old king, in a transport of rage, left the palace, with, it is said, only the court fool for an attendant, and wandered, frantic and half naked, during the storms of winter, in the woods of Britain.

"Hearing of these events, his youngest daughter hastily collected an army, and invaded the territory of her ungrateful sisters, with the object of restoring her father to his throne : but, being met by a well disciplined force, under the command of her eldest sister's paramour, Edmund, bastard son of the Earl of Gloucester, was herself defeated, thrown into prison, and soon afterwards strangled by the adulterer's order. The old king expired on receiving the news of her death ; and the participators in these crimes soon after received their reward ; for the two wicked queens being rivals for the affections of the bastard, the one of them who was regarded by him with less favour poisoned the other, and afterwards killed herself. Edmund afterwards met his death at the hand of his brother, the legitimate son of Gloucester, under whose rule, with that of the Earl of Kent, the kingdom remained for several succeeding years."

Imagine this succinctly graceful recital of what the historian conceived to be the facts, adorned with violently black

and white woodcuts, representing the blinding of Gloucester, the phrenzy of Lear, the strangling of Cordelia, and the suicide of Goneril, and you have a type of popular history in the nineteenth century; which is, you may perceive after a little reflection, about as profitable reading for a young person (so far as regards the general colour and purity of their thoughts) as the Newgate Calendar would be; with this farther condition of incalculably greater evil, that, while the calendar of prison-crime would teach a thoughtful youth the dangers of low life and evil company, the calendar of kingly crime overthrows his respect for any manner of government, and his faith in the ordinances of Providence itself.

Books of loftier pretence, written by bankers, members of Parliament, or orthodox clergymen, are of course not wanting; and show that the progress of civilization consists in the victory of usury over ecclesiastical prejudice, or in the establishment of the Parliamentary privileges of the borough of Puddlecombe, or in the extinction of the benighted superstitions of the Papacy by the glorious light of Reformation. Finally, you have the broadly philosophical history, which proves to you that there is no evidence whatever of any overruling Providence in human affairs; that all virtuous actions have selfish motives; and that a scientific selfishness, with proper telegraphic communications, and perfect knowledge of all the species of Bacteria, will entirely secure the future well-being of the upper classes of society, and the dutiful resignation of those beneath them.

Meantime, the two ignored powers—the Providence of Heaven, and the virtue of men—have ruled, and rule, the world, not invisibly; and they are the only powers of which history has ever to tell any profitable truth. Under all sorrow, there is the force of virtue; over all ruin, the restoring charity of God. To these alone we have to look; in these alone we may understand the past, and predict the future, destiny of the ages.

I return to the story of Clovis, king now of all central France. Fix the year 500 in your minds as the approximate date of his baptism at Rheims, and of St. Remy's sermon to

him, telling him of the sufferings and passion of Christ, till Clovis sprang from his throne, grasping his spear, and crying, "Had I been there with my brave Franks, I would have avenged His wrongs."

"There is little doubt," proceeds the cockney historian, "that the conversion of Clovis was as much a matter of policy as of faith." But the cockney historian had better limit his remarks on the characters and faiths of men to those of the curates who have recently taken orders in his fashionable neighbourhood, or the bishops who have lately preached to the population of its manufacturing suburbs. Frankish kings were made of other clay.

The Christianity of Clovis does not indeed produce any fruits of the kind usually looked for in a modern convert. We do not hear of his repenting ever so little of any of his sins, nor resolving to lead a new life in any the smallest particular. He had not been impressed with convictions of sin at the battle of Tolbiac; nor, in asking for the help of the God of Clotilde, had he felt or professed the remotest intention of changing his character, or abandoning his projects. What he was, before he believed in his queen's God, he only more intensely afterwards became, in the confidence of that before unknown God's supernatural help. His natural gratitute to the Delivering Power, and pride in its protection, added only fierceness to his soldiership, and deepened his political enmities with the rancour of religious indignation. No more dangerous snare is set by the fiends for human frailty than the belief that our own enemies are also the enemies of God; and it is perfectly conceivable to me that the conduct of Clovis might have been the more unscrupulous, precisely in the measure that his faith was more sincere.

Had either Clovis or Clotilde fully understood the precepts of their Master, the following history of France, and of Europe, would have been other than it is. What they could understand, or in any wise were taught, you will find that they obeyed, and were blessed in obeying. But their history is complicated with that of several other persons, respecting whom we must note now a few too much forgotten particulars.

If from beneath the apse of Amiens Cathedral we take the street leading due south, leaving the railroad station on the left, it brings us to the foot of a gradually ascending hill, some half a mile long—a pleasant and quiet walk enough, terminating on the level of the highest land near Amiens; whence, looking back, the Cathedral is seen beneath us, all but the flêche, our gained hill-top being on a level with its roof-ridge: and, to the south, the plain of France.

Somewhere about this spot, or in the line between it and St. Acheul, stood the ancient Roman gate of the Twins, whereon were carved Romulus and Remus being suckled by the wolf; and out of which, one bitter winter's day, a hundred and seventy years ago when Clovis was baptized—had ridden a Roman soldier, wrapped in his horseman's cloak,* on the causeway which was part of the great Roman road from Lyons to Boulogne.

And it is well worth your while also, some frosty autumn or winter day when the east wind is high, to feel the sweep of it at this spot, remembering what chanced here, memorable to all men, and serviceable, in that winter of the year 332, when men were dying for cold in Amiens streets:—namely, that the Roman horseman, scarce gone out of the city gate, was met by a naked beggar, shivering with cold; and that, seeing no other way of shelter for him, he drew his sword, divided his own cloak in two, and gave him half of it.

No ruinous gift, nor even enthusiastically generous: Sydney's cup of cold water needed more self-denial; and I am well assured that many a Christian child of our day, himself well warmed and clad, meeting one naked and cold, would be ready enough to give the *whole* cloak off his own shoulders to the necessitous one, if his better-advised nurse, or mamma, would let him. But this Roman soldier was no Christian, and did his serene charity in simplicity, yet with prudence.

Nevertheless, that same night, he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him in the midst of angels.

* More properly, his knight's cloak: in all likelihood the trabea, with purple and white stripes, dedicate to the kings of Rome, and chiefly to Romulus.

having on his shoulders the half of the cloak he had bestowed on the beggar.

And Jesus said to the angels that were around him, "Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, has done this." And Martin after this vision hastened to receive baptism, being then in his twenty-third year.*

Whether these things ever were so, or how far so, credulous or incredulous reader, is no business whatever of yours or mine. What is, and shall be, everlastingly, *so*,—namely, the infallible truth of the lesson herein taught, and the actual effect of the life of St. Martin on the mind of Christendom,—is, very absolutely, the business of every rational being in any Christian realm.

You are to understand, then, first of all, that the especial character of St. Martin is a serene and meek charity to all creatures. He is not a preaching saint—still less a persecuting one: not even an anxious one. Of his prayers we hear little—of his wishes, nothing. What he does always, is merely the right thing at the right moment;—rightness and kindness being in his mind one: an extremely exemplary saint, to my notion.

Converted and baptized—and conscious of having seen Christ—he nevertheless gives his officers no trouble whatever—does not try to make proselytes in his cohort. "It is Christ's business, surely!—if He wants them, He may appear to them as He has to me," seems the feeling of his first baptized days. He remains seventeen years in the army on those tranquil terms.

At the end of that time, thinking it might be well to take other service, he asks for his dismissal from the Emperor Julian,—who, accusing him of faintheartedness, Martin offers, unarmed, to lead his cohort into battle, bearing only the sign of the cross. Julian takes him at his word,—keeps him in ward till time of battle comes; but, the day before he counts on putting him to that war ordeal, the barbarian enemy sends embassy with irrefusable offers of submission and peace.

* Mrs. Jameson, Legendary Art, Vol. II., p. 721.

The story is not often dwelt upon: how far literally true, again observe, does not in the least matter;—here *is* the lesson for ever given of the way in which a Christian soldier should meet his enemies. Which, had John Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart understood, the Celestial gates had opened by this time to many a pilgrim who has failed to hew his path up to them with the sword of sharpness.

But true in some practical and effectual way the story *is*; for after a while, without any oratorizing, anathematizing, or any manner of disturbance, we find the Roman Knight made Bishop of Tours, and becoming an influence of unmixed good to all mankind, then, and afterwards. And virtually the same story is repeated of his bishop's robe as of his knight's cloak —not to be rejected because so probable an invention; for it is just as probable an act.

Going, in his full robes, to say prayers in church, with one of his deacons, he came across some unhappily robeless person by the wayside; for whom he forthwith orders his deacon to provide some manner of coat, or gown.

The deacon objecting that no apparel of that profane nature is under his hand, St. Martin, with his customary serenity, takes off his own episcopal stole, or whatsoever flowing stateliness it might be, throws it on the destitute shoulders, and passes on to perform indecorous public service in his waistcoat, or such mediæval nether attire as remained to him.

But, as he stood at the altar, a globe of light appeared above his head; and when he raised his bare arms with the Host—the angels were seen round him, hanging golden chains upon them, and jewels, not of the earth.

Incredible to you in the nature of things, wise reader, and too palpably a gloss of monkish folly on the older story?

Be it so: yet in this fable of monkish folly, understood with the heart, would have been the chastisement and check of every form of the church's pride and sensuality, which in our day have literally sunk the service of God and His poor into the service of the clergyman and his rich; and changed what was once the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, into the spangling of Pantaloons in an ecclesiastical Masquerade.

But one more legend,—and we have enough to show us the roots of this saint's strange and universal power over Christendom.

"What peculiarly distinguished St. Martin was his sweet, serious, unfailing serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or gay; there was nothing in his heart but piety to God and pity for men. The Devil, who was particularly envious of his virtues, detested above all his exceeding charity, because it was the most inimical to his own power, and one day reproached him mockingly that he so soon received into favour the fallen and the repentant. But St. Martin answered him sorrowfully, saying, 'Oh most miserable that thou art! if *thou* also couldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also couldst repent, thou also shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ.'" *

In this gentleness was his strength; and the issue of it is best to be estimated by comparing its scope with that of the work of St. Firmin. The impatient missionary riots and rants about Amiens' streets—insults, exhorts, persuades, baptizes, —turns everything, as aforesaid, upside down for forty days: then gets his head cut off, and is never more named, *out* of Amiens. St. Martin teases nobody, spends not a breath in unpleasant exhortation, understands, by Christ's first lesson to himself, that undipped people may be as good as dipped if their hearts are clean; helps, forgives, and cheers, (companionable even to the loving-cup,) as readily the clown as the king; he is the patron of honest drinking; the stuffing of your Martinmas goose is fragrant in his nostrils, and sacred to him the last kindly rays of departing summer. And somehow—the idols totter before him far and near—the Pagan gods fade, *his* Christ becomes all men's Christ—his name is named over new shrines innumerable in all lands; high on the Roman hills, lowly in English fields;—St. Augustine baptized his first English converts in St. Martin's church at Canterbury; and the Charing Cross station itself has not yet effaced wholly from London minds his memory or his name.

That story of the Episcopal Robe is the last of St. Martin re-

* Mrs. Jameson, Vol. II., p. 722.

specting which I venture to tell you that it is wiser to suppose it literally true, than a *mere* myth; myth, however, of the deepest value and beauty it remains assuredly: and this really last story I have to tell, which I admit you will be wiser in thinking a fable than exactly true, nevertheless had assuredly at its root some grain of fact (sprouting a hundred-fold) cast on good ground by a visible and unforgetable piece of St. Martin's actual behaviour in high company; while, as a myth, it is every whit and for ever valuable and comprehensive.

St. Martin, then, as the tale will have it, was dining one day at the highest of tables in the terrestrial globe—namely, with the Emperor and Empress of Germany! You need not inquire what Emperor, or which of the Emperor's wives! The Emperor of Germany is, in all early myths, the expression for the highest sacred power of the State, as the Pope is the highest sacred power of the Church. St. Martin was dining then, as aforesaid, with the Emperor, of course sitting next him on his left—Empress opposite on his right: everything orthodox. St. Martin much enjoying his dinner, and making himself generally agreeable to the company: not in the least a John Baptist sort of a saint. You are aware also that in Royal feasts in those days persons of much inferior rank in society were allowed in the hall: got behind people's chairs, and saw and heard what was going on, while they unobtrusively picked up crumbs, and licked trenchers.

When the dinner was a little forward, and time for wine came, the Emperor fills his own cup—fills the Empress's—fills St. Martin's,—affectionately hobnobs with St. Martin. The equally loving, and yet more truly believing, Empress, looks across the table, humbly, but also royally, expecting St. Martin, of course, next to hobnob with *her*. St. Martin looks round, first, deliberately;—becomes aware of a tatterdemalion and thirsty-looking soul of a beggar at his chair side, who has managed to get *his* cup filled somehow, also—by a charitable lacquey.

St. Martin turns his back on the Empress, and hobnobs with *him*!

For which charity—mythic if you like, but evermore exem-

plary—he remains, as aforesaid, the patron of good-Christian topers to this hour.

As gathering years told upon him, he seems to have felt that he had carried weight of crozier long enough—that busy Tours must now find a busier Bishop—that, for himself, he might innocently henceforward take his pleasure and his rest where the vine grew and the lark sang. For his episcopal palace, he takes a little cave in the chalk cliffs of the up-country river: arranges all matters therein, for bed and board, at small cost. Night by night the stream murmurs to him, day by day the vine-leaves give their shade; and, daily by the horizon's breadth so much nearer Heaven, the fore-running sun goes down for him beyond the glowing water;—there, where now the peasant woman trots homewards between her panniers, and the saw rests in the half-cleft wood, and the village spire rises grey against the farthest light, in Turner's 'Loireside.' *

All which things, though not themselves without profit, my special reason for telling you now, has been that you might understand the significance of what chanced first on Clovis' march south against the Visigoths.

"Having passed the Loire at Tours, he traversed the lands of the abbey of St. Martin, which he declared inviolate, and refused permission to his soldiers to touch anything, save water and grass for their horses. So rigid were his orders, and the obedience he exacted in this respect, that a Frankish soldier having taken, without the consent of the owner, some hay, which belonged to a poor man, saying in raillery "that it was but grass," he caused the aggressor to be put to death, exclaiming that "Victory could not be expected, if St. Martin should be offended."

Now, mark you well, this passage of the Loire at Tours is virtually the fulfilment of the proper bounds of the French kingdom, and the sign of its approved and securely set power is "Honour to the poor!" Even a little grass is not to be stolen from a poor man, on pain of Death. So wills the Christian knight of Roman armies; throned now high with God.

* Modern Painters, Plate 73.

So wills the first Christian king of far victorious Franks;—here baptized to God in Jordan of his goodly land, as he goes over to possess it.

How long?

Until that same Sign should be read backwards from a degenerate throne;—until, message being brought that the poor of the French people had no bread to eat, answer should be returned to them "They may eat grass." Whereupon—by St. Martin's faubourg, and St. Martin's gate—there go, forth commands from the Poor Man's Knight against the King—which end *his* Feasting.

And be this much remembered by you, of the power over French souls, past and to come, of St. Martin of Tours.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

THE reader will please observe that notes immediately necessary to the understanding of the text will be given, with *numbered* references, under the text itself; while questions of disputing authorities, or quotations of supporting documents will have *lettered* references, and be thrown together at the end of each chapter. One good of this method will be that, after the numbered notes are all right, if I see need of farther explanation, as I revise the press, I can insert a letter referring to a *final* note without confusion of the standing types. There will be some use also in the final notes, in summing the chapters, or saying what is to be more carefully remembered of them. Thus just now it is of no consequence to remember that the first taking of Amiens was in 445, because that is not the founding of the Merovingian dynasty; neither that Merovæus seized the throne in 447 and died ten years later. The real date to be remembered is 481, when Clovis himself comes to the throne, a boy of fifteen; and the three battles of Clovis' reign to be remembered are Soissons, Tolbiac, and Poitiers—remembering also that this was the first of the three great battles of Poitiers;—how the Poitiers district came to have such importance as a battle-position, we must afterwards discover if we can. Of Queen Clotilde and her flight from Burgundy to her Frank lover we must hear more in next chapter,—the story of the vase at Soissons is given in "The Pictorial History of France," but must be deferred also, with such comment as it needs, to next chapter; for I wish the reader's mind, in the close of this first number, to be left fixed on two descriptions of the modern 'Frank' (taking that word in its Saracen sense), as distinguished from the modern Saracen. The first description is by Colonel Butler, entirely true and admirable, except in the implied extension of the contrast to olden time: for the Saxon soul under Alfred, the Teutonic under Charlemagne, and the Frank under St. Louis, were quite as religious as any Asiatic's, though more practical; it is only the modern mob of kingless miscreants in the West, who have sunk themselves by gambling, swindling, machine-making, and gluttony, into the scurviest louts that have ever fouled the Earth with the carcasses she lent them.

"Of the features of English character brought to light by the spread of British dominion in Asia, there is nothing more observable than the

contrast between the religious bias of Eastern thought and the innate absence of religion in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Turk and Greek, Buddhist and Armenian, Copt and Parsee, all manifest in a hundred ways of daily life the great fact of their belief in a God. In their vices as well as in their virtues the recognition of Deity is dominant.

"With the Western, on the contrary, the outward form of practising belief in a God is a thing to be half-ashamed of—something to hide. A procession of priests in the Strada Reale would probable cause an average Briton to regard it with less tolerant eye than he would cast upon a Juggernaut festival in Orissa: but to each alike would he display the same iconoclasm of creed, the same idea, not the less fixed because it is seldom expressed in words: "You pray; therefore I do not think much of you." But there is a deeper difference between East and West lying beneath this incompatibility of temper on the part of modern Englishmen to accept the religious habit of thought in the East. All Eastern peoples possess this habit of thought. It is the one tie which links together their widely differing races. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. On an Austrian Lloyd's steamboat in the Levant a traveller from Beyrout will frequently see strange groups of men crowded together on the quarter-deck. In the morning the missal books of the Greek Church will be laid along the bulwarks of the ship, and a couple of Russian priests, coming from Jerusalem, will be busy muttering mass. A yard to right or left a Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, sits a respectful observer of the scene. It is prayer, and therefore it is holy in his sight. So, too, when the evening hour has come, and the Turk spreads out his bit of carpet for the sunset prayers and obeisance towards Mecca, the Greek looks on in silence, without trace of scorn in his face, for it is again the worship of the Creator by the created. They are both fulfilling the *first* law of the East—prayer to God; and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassa, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary, and protects the pilgrim.

"Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet. We have never yet got beyond the stage of conquest; never assimilated a people to our ways, never even civilised a single tribe around the wide dominion of our empire. It is curious how frequently a well-meaning Briton will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blucher—as something to loot. The other idea, that a priest was a person to hang, is one which is also often observable in the British brain. On one occasion, when we were endeavouring to enlighten our minds on the Greek question, as it had presented itself to a naval officer whose vessel had been stationed in Greek and Adriatic waters during our occupation of Corfu and the other

Ionian Isles, we could only elicit from our informant the fact that one morning before breakfast he had hanged seventeen priests."

The second passage which I store in these notes for future use, is the supremely magnificent one, out of a book full of magnificence,—if truth be counted as having in it the strength of deed: Alphonse Karr's "Grains de Bon Sens." I cannot praise either this or his more recent "Bourdonnements" to my own heart's content, simply because they are by a man utterly after my own heart, who has been saying in France, this many a year, what I also, this many a year, have been saying in England, neither of us knowing of the other, and both of us vainly. (See pages 11 and 12 of "Bourdonnements.") The passage here given is the sixty-third clause in "Grains de Bon Sens."

"Et tout cela, monsieur, vient de ce qu'il n'y a plus de croyances—de ce qu'on ne croit plus à rien.

"Ah! saperlipopette, monsieur, vous me la baillez belle! Vous dites qu'on ne croit plus à rien! Mais jamais, à aucune époque, on n'a cru à tant de billevesées, de bourdes, de mensonges, de sottises, d'absurdités qu'aujourd'hui.

"D'abord, on *croit* à l'incrédulité—l'incrédulité est une croyance, une religion très exigeante, qui a ses dogmes, sa liturgie, ses pratiques, ses rites! . . . son intolérance, ses superstitions. Nous avons des incrédules et des impies jésuites, et des incrédules et des impies jansénistes; des impies molinistes, et des impies quiétistes; des impies pratiquants, et non pratiquants; des impies indifférents et des impies fanatiques; des incrédules cagots et des impies hypocrites et tartuffes.—La religion de l'incrédulité ne se refuse même pas le luxe des hérésies.

"On ne croit plus à la bible, je le veux bien, mais on *croit* aux 'écritures' des journaux, on croit au 'sacerdoce' des gazettes et carrés de papier, et à leurs 'oracles' quotidiens.

"On *croit* au 'baptême' de la police correctionnelle et de la cour d'assises—on appelle 'martyrs' et 'confesseurs' les 'absents' à Nouméa et les 'frères' de Suisse, d'Angleterre et de Belgique—et, quand on parle des 'martyrs de la Commune' ça ne s'entend pas des assassinés, mais des assassins.

"On se fait enterrer 'civilement,' on ne veut plus sur son cercueil des prières de l'Eglise, on ne veut ni cierges, ni chants religieux,—mais on veut un cortège portant derrière la bière des immortelles rouges;—on veut une 'oraison,' une 'prédication' de Victor Hugo, qui a ajouté cette spécialité à ses autres spécialités, si bien qu'un de ces jours derniers, comme il suivait un convoi en amateur, un croque-mort s'approcha de lui, le poussa du coude, et lui dit en souriant: 'Est-ce que nous n'aurons pas quelque chose de vous, aujourd'hui?'—Et cette prédication il la lit ou la récite—ou, s'il ne juge pas à propos 'd'officier' lui-même, s'il s'agit d'un mort de plus, il envoie pour la psalmodier M. Meurice

ou tout autre 'prêtre' ou 'enfant de cœur' du 'Dieu.'—A défaut de M. Hugo, s'il s'agit d'un citoyen obscur, on se contente d'une homélie improvisée pour la dixième fois par n'importe quel député intransigeant —et le *Miserere* est remplacé par les cris de 'Vive la République!' poussés dans le cimetière.

"On n'entre plus dans les églises, mais on fréquente les brasseries et les cabarets; on y officie, on y célèbre les mystères, on y chante les louanges d'une prétendue république *sacro-sainte*, une, indivisible, démocratique, sociale, athénienne, intransigeante, despotique, invisible quoique étant partout. On y communie sous différentes espèces; le matin (*matines*) on 'tue le ver' avec le vin blanc,—il y a plus tard les vêpres de l'absinthe, auxquelles on se ferait un crime de manquer d'assiduité.

"On ne croit plus en Dieu, mais on *croit* pieusement en M. Gambetta, en MM. Marcou, Naquet, Barodet, Tartempion, etc., et en toute une longue litanie de saints et de *dii minores* tels que Goutte-Noire, Polosse, Boriasse et Silibat, le héros lyonnais.

"On *croit* à 'l'immuabilité' de M. Thiers, qui a dit avec aplomb 'Je ne change jamais,' et qui aujourd'hui est à la fois le protecteur et le protégé de ceux qu'il a passé une partie de sa vie à fusiller, et qu'il fusillait encore hier.

"On *croit* au républicanisme 'immaculé' de l'avocat de Cahors qui a jeté par-dessus bord tous les principes républicains,—qui est à la fois de son côté le protecteur et le protégé de M. Thiers, qui hier l'appelait 'fou furieux,' déportait et fusillait ses amis.

"Tous deux, il est vrai, en même temps protecteurs hypocrites, et protégés dupés.

"On ne croit plus aux miracles anciens, mais on *croit* à des miracles nouveaux.

"On *croit* à une république sans le respect religieux et presque fanatique des lois.

"On *croit* qu'on peut s'enrichir en restant imprévoyants, insouciants et paresseux, et autrement que par le travail et l'économie.

"On se *croit* libre en obéissant aveuglément et bêtement à deux ou trois coteries.

"On se *croit* indépendant parce qu'on a tué ou chassé un lion, et qu'on l'a remplacé par deux douzaines de caniches teints en jaune.

"On *croit* avoir conquis le 'suffrage universel' en votant par des mots d'ordre qui en font le contraire du suffrage universel,—mené au vote comme on mène un troupeau au pâturage, avec cette différence que ça ne nourrit pas.—D'ailleurs, par ce suffrage universel qu'on croit avoir et qu'on n'a pas,—il faudrait *croire* que les soldats doivent commander au général, les chevaux mener le cocher;—*croire* que deux radis valent mieux qu'une truffe, deux cailloux mieux qu'un diamant, deux crottins mieux qu'une rose.

"On se *croit* en République, parce que quelques demi-quarterons de farceurs occupent les mêmes places, émargent les mêmes appointments, pratiquent les mêmes abus, que ceux qu'on a renversés à leur bénéfice.

"On se *croit* un peuple opprimé, héroïque, que brise ses fers, et n'est qu'un domestique capricieux qui aime à changer de maîtres.

"On *croit* au génie d'avocats de sixième ordre, qui ne se sont jetés dans la politique et n'aspirent au gouvernement despotique de la France que faute d'avoir pu gagner honaêtement, sans grand travail, dans l'exercice d'une profession correcte, une vie obscure humectée de chopes.

"On *croit* que des hommes dévoyés, déclassés, décavés, fruits secs, etc., qui n'ont étudié que le 'domino à quatre' et le 'bezigue en quinze cents,' se réveillent un matin,—après un sommeil alourdi par le tabac et la bière—possédant la science de la politique, et l'art de la guerre ; et aptes à être dictateurs, généraux, ministres, préfets, sous-préfets, etc.

"Et les soi-disant conservateurs eux-mêmes *croient* que la France peut se relever et vivre tant qu'on n'aura pas fait justice de ce prétendu suffrage universel qui est le contraire du suffrage universel.

"Les croyances ont subi le sort de ce serpent de la fable—coupé, haché par morceaux, dont chaque tronçon devenait un serpent.

"Les croyances se sont changées en monnaie—en billon de crédulités.

"Et pour finir la liste bien incomplète des croyances et des crédulités —vous *croyez*, vous, qu'on ne croit à rien!"

CHAPTER II.

UNDER THE DRACHENFELS.

1. Without ignobly trusting the devices of artificial memory—far less slighting the pleasure and power of resolute and thoughtful memory—my younger readers will find it extremely useful to note any coincidences or links of number which may serve to secure in their minds what may be called Dates of Anchorage, round which others, less important, may swing at various cables' lengths.

Thus, it will be found primarily a most simple and convenient arrangement of the years since the birth of Christ, to divide them by fives of centuries,—that is to say, by the marked periods of the fifth, tenth, fifteenth, and, now fast nearing us, twentieth centuries.

And this—at first seemingly formal and arithmetical—division, will be found, as we use it, very singularly emphasized by signs of most notable change in the knowledge, disciplines, and morals of the human race.

2. All dates, it must farther be remembered, falling within the fifth century, begin with the number 4 (401, 402, etc.); and all dates in the tenth century with the number 9 (901, 902, etc.); and all dates in the fifteenth century with the number 14 (1401, 1402, etc.).

In our immediate subject of study, we are concerned with the first of these marked centuries—the fifth—of which I will therefore ask you to observe two very interesting divisions.

All dates of years in that century, we said, must begin with the number 4.

If you halve it for the second figure, you get 42.

And if you double it for the second figure, you get 48.

Add 1, for the third figure, to each of these numbers, and you get 421 and 481, which two dates you will please fasten well down, and let there be no drifting about of them in your heads.

For the first is the date of the birth of Venice herself, and

PLATE II.—THE BIBLE OF AMIENS.

Northern Porch before Restoration.

her dukedom, (see 'St. Mark's Rest,' Part I., p. 30); and the second is the date of birth of the French Venice, and her kingdom; Clovis being in that year crowned in Amiens.

3. These are the great Birthdays—Birthdates—in the fifth century, of Nations. Its Deathdays we will count, at another time.

Since, not for dark Rialto's dukedom, nor for fair France's kingdom, only, are these two years to be remembered above all others in the wild fifth century; but because they are also the birth-years of a great Lady, and greater Lord, of all future Christendom—St. Genevieve, and St. Benedict.

Genevieve, the 'white wave' (Laughing water)—the purest of all the maids that have been named from the sea-foam or the rivulet's ripple, unsullied,—not the troubled and troubling Aphrodite, but the Leucothea of Ulysses, the guiding wave of deliverance.

White wave on the blue—whether of pure lake or sunny sea—(thenceforth the colours of France, blue field with white lilies), she is always the type of purity, in active brightness of the entire soul and life—(so distinguished from the quieter and restricted innocence of St. Agnes),—and all the traditions of sorrow in the trial or failure of noble womanhood are connected with her name; Ginevra, in Italian, passing into Shakespeare's Imogen; and Guinevere, the torrent wave of the British mountain streams, of whose pollution your modern sentimental minstrels chant and moan to you, lugubriously useless;—but none tell you, that I hear of the victory and might of this white wave of France.

4. A shepherd maid she was—a tiny thing, barefooted, bareheaded—such as you may see running wild and innocent, less cared for now than their sheep, over many a hillside of France and Italy. Tiny enough;—seven years old, all told, when first one hears of her: "Seven times one are seven, (I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet*)," and all around her—fierce as the Furies, and wild as the winds of heaven—the thunder of the Gothic armies reverberated over the ruins of the world.

* Miss Ingelow.

5. Two leagues from Paris, (*Roman* Paris, soon to pass away with Rome herself,) the little thing keeps her flock, not even her own, nor her father's flock, like David; she is the hired servant of a richer farmer of Nanterre. Who can tell me anything about Nanterre?—which of our pilgrims of this omni-speculant, omni-nescient age has thought of visiting what shrine may be there? I don't know even on what side of Paris it lies,* nor under which heap of railway cinders and iron one is to conceive the sheep-walks and blossomed fields of fairy Saint Phyllis. There were such left, even in my time, between Paris and St. Denis, (see the prettiest chapter in all the "Mysteries of Paris," where Fleur de Marie runs wild in them for the first time), but now, I suppose, Saint Phyllis's native earth is all thrown up into bastion and glacis, (profitable and blessed of all saints, and her, as *these* have since proved themselves!), or else are covered with manufactories and cabarets. Seven years old she was, then, when on his way to *England* from Auxerre, St. Germain passed a night in her village, and among the children who brought him on his way in the morning in more kindly manner than Elisha's convoy, noticed this one—wider-eyed in reverence than the rest; drew her to him, questioned her, and was sweetly answered That she would fain be Christ's handmaid. And he hung round her neck a small copper coin, marked with the cross. Thenceforward Genevieve held herself as "separated from the world."

6. It did not turn out so, however. Far the contrary. You must think of her, instead, as the first of the Parisiennes. Queen of Vanity Fair, that was to be, sedately poor St. Phyllis, with her copper-crossed farthing about her neck! More than Nitocris was to Egypt, more than Semiramis to Nineveh, more than Zenobia to the city of palm trees—this seven-years-old shepherd maiden became to Paris and her France. You have not heard of her in that kind?—No: how should you?—for she did not lead armies, but stayed them, and all her power was in peace.

7. There are, however, some seven or eight and twenty lives

* On inquiry, I find in the flat between Paris and Sèvres.

of her, I believe; into the literature of which I cannot enter, nor need, all having been ineffective in producing any clear picture of her to the modern French or English mind; and leaving one's own poor sagacities and fancy to gather and shape the sanctity of her into an intelligible, I do not say a *credible*, form; for there is no question here about belief,—the creature is as real as Joan of Arc, and far more powerful;—she is separated, just as St. Martin is, by his patience, from too provocative prelates—by her quietness of force, from the pitiable crowd of feminine martyr saints.

There are thousands of religious girls who have never got themselves into any calendars, but have wasted and wearied away their lives—heaven knows why, for *we* cannot; but here is one, at any rate, who neither scolds herself to martyrdom, nor frets herself into consumption, but becomes a tower of the Flock, and builder of folds for them all her days.

8. The first thing, then, you have to note of her, is that she is a pure native *Gaul*. She does not come as a missionary out of Hungary, or Illyria, or Egypt, or ineffable space; but grows at Nanterre, like a marguerite in the dew, the first "Reine Blanche" of Gaul.

I have not used this ugly word 'Gaul' before, and we must be quite sure what it means, at once, though it will cost us a long parenthesis.

9. During all the years of the rising power of Rome, her people called everybody a Gaul who lived north of the sources of Tiber. If you are not content with that general statement, you may read the article "Gallia" in Smith's dictionary, which consists of seventy-one columns of close print, containing each as much as three of my pages; and tells you at the end of it, that "though long, it is not complete." You may, however, gather from it, after an attentive perusal, as much as I have above told you.

But, as early as the second century after Christ, and much more distinctly in the time with which we are ourselves concerned—the fifth—the wild nations opposed to Rome, and partially subdued, or held at bay by her, had resolved themselves into two distinct masses, belonging to two distinct *lati-*

tudes. One, *fixed* in habitation of the pleasant temperate zone of Europe—England with her western mountains, the healthy limestone plateaux and granite mounts of France, the German labyrinths of woody hill and winding thal, from the Tyrol to the Hartz, and all the vast enclosed basin and branching valleys of the Carpathians. Think of these four districts, briefly and clearly, as 'Britain,' 'Gaul,' 'Germany,' and 'Dacia.'

10. North of these rudely but patiently *resident* races, possessing fields and orchards, quiet herds, homes of a sort, moralities and memories not ignoble, dwelt, or rather drifted, and shook, a shattered chain of gloomier tribes, piratical mainly, and predatory, nomade essentially; homeless, of necessity, finding no stay nor comfort in earth, or bitter sky: desperately wandering along the waste sands and drenched morasses of the flat country stretching from the mouths of the Rhine, to those of the Vistula, and beyond Vistula nobody knows where, nor needs to know. Waste sands and rootless bogs their portion, ice-fastened and cloud-shadowed, for many a day of the rigorous year: shallow pools and oozings and windings of retarded streams, black decay of neglected woods, scarcely habitable, never loveable; to this day the inner mainlands little changed for good*—and their inhabitants now fallen even on sadder times.

11. For in the fifth century they had herds of cattle† to drive and kill, unpreserved hunting-grounds full of game and wild deer, tameable reindeer also then, even so far in the south; spirited hogs, good for practice of fight as in Meleager's time, and afterwards for bacon; furry creatures innumerable, all good for meat or skin. Fish of the infinite sea breaking their bark-fibre nets; fowl innumerable, migrant in the skies, for their flint-headed arrows; bred horses for

* See generally any description that Carlyle has had occasion to give of Prussian or Polish ground, or edge of Baltic shore.

† Gigantic—and not yet fossilized! See Gibbon's note on the death of Theodebert: "The King pointed his spear—the Bull *overturned a tree on his head*,—he died the same day."—vii. 255. The Horn of Uri and her shield, with the chiefly towering crests of the German helm, attest the terror of these Aurochs herds.

their own riding; ships of no mean size, and of all sorts, flat-bottomed for the oozy puddles, keeled and decked for strong Elbe stream and furious Baltic on the one side,—for mountain-cleaving Danube and the black lake of Colchos on the south.

12. And they were, to all outward aspect, and in all *felt* force, the living powers of the world, in that long hour of its transfiguration. All else known once for awful, had become formalism, folly, or shame:—the Roman armies, a mere sworded mechanism, fast falling confused, every sword against its fellow;—the Roman civil multitude, mixed of slaves, slave-masters, and harlots; the East, cut off from Europe by the intervening weakness of the Greek. These starving troops of the Black forests and White seas, themselves half wolf, half drift-wood, (as *we* once called ourselves Lion-hearts, and Oak-hearts, so they), merciless as the herded hound, enduring as the wild birch-tree and pine. You will hear of few beside them for five centuries yet to come: Visigoths, west of Vistula;—Ostrogoths, east of Vistula; radiant round little Holy Island (Heligoland), our own Saxons, and Hamlet the Dane, and his foe the sledded Polack on the ice,—all these south of Baltic; and, pouring *across* Baltic, constantly, her mountain-ministered strength, Scandinavia, until at last *she* for a time rules all, and the Norman name is of disputeless dominion, from the North Cape to Jerusalem.

13. *This* is the apparent, this the only recognised world history, as I have said, for five centuries to come. And yet the real history is underneath all this. The wandering armies are, in the heart of them, only living hail, and thunder, and fire along the ground. But the Suffering Life, the rooted heart of native humanity, growing up in eternal gentleness, howsoever wasted, forgotten, or spoiled,—itself neither wasting, nor wandering, nor slaying, but unconquerable by grief or death, became the seed ground of all love, that was to be born in due time; giving, then, to mortality, what hope, joy, or genius it could receive; and—if there be immortality—rendering out of the grave to the Church her fostering Saints, and to Heaven her helpful angels.

14. Of this low-nestling, speechless, harmless, infinitely submissive, infinitely serviceable order of being, no Historian ever takes the smallest notice, except when it is robbed, or slain. I can give you no picture of it, bring to your ears no murmur of it, nor cry. I can only show you the absolute 'must have been' of its unrewarded past, and the way in which all we have thought of, or been told, is founded on the deeper facts in its history, unthought of, and untold.

15. The main mass of this innocent and invincible peasant life is, as I have above told you, grouped in the fruitful and temperate districts of (relatively) mountainous Europe,—reaching, west to east, from the Cornish Land's End to the mouth of the Danube. Already, in the times we are now dealing with, it was full of native passion—generosity—and intelligence capable of all things. Dacia gave to Rome the four last of her great Emperors,*—Britain to Christianity the first deeds, and the final legends, of her chivalry,—Germany, to all manhood, the truth and the fire of the Frank,—Gaul, to all womanhood, the patience and strength of St. Genevieve.

16. The *truth*, and the fire, of the Frank,—I must repeat with insistance,—for my younger readers have probably been in the habit of thinking that the French were more polite than true. They will find, if they examine into the matter, that only Truth *can* be polished: and that all we recognize of beautiful, subtle, or constructive, in the manners, the language, or the architecture of the French, comes of a pure veracity in their nature, which you will soon feel in the living creatures themselves if you love them: if you understand even their worst rightly, their very Revolution was a revolt

* Claudius, Aurelian, Probus, Constantius; and after the division of the empire, to the East, Justinian. "The emperor Justinian was born of an obscure race of Barbarians, the inhabitants of a wild and desolate country, to which the names of Dardania, of Dacia, and of Bulgaria have been successively applied. The names of these Dardanian peasants are Gothic, and almost English. Justinian is a translation of Uprauder (upright); his father, Sabatius,—in Græco-barbarous language, Stipes—was styled in his village 'Istock' (Stock)."—Gibbon, beginning of chap. xl. and note.

against lies; and against the betrayal of Love. No people had ever been so loyal in vain.

17. That they were originally Germans, they themselves I suppose would now gladly forget; but how they shook the dust of Germany off their feet—and gave themselves a new name—is the first of the phenomena which we have now attentively to observe respecting them.

"The most rational critics," says Mr. Gibbon in his tenth chapter, "*suppose* that *about* the year 240" (*suppose* then, we, for our greater comfort, say *about* the year 250, half-way to end of fifth century, where we are,—ten years less or more, in cases of 'supposing about,' do not much matter, but some floating buoy of a date will be handy here.)

'About' A.D. 250, then, "a new confederacy was formed under the name of Franks, by the old inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser."

18. My own impression, concerning the old inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser, would have been that they consisted mostly of fish, with superficial frogs and ducks; but Mr. Gibbon's note on the passage informs us that the new confederation composed itself of human creatures, in these items following.

1. The Chauci, who lived we are not told where.
2. The Sicambri " in the Principality of Waldeck.
3. The Attuarii " in the Duchy of Berg.
4. The Bructeri " on the banks of the Lippe.
5. The Chamavii " in the country of the Bructeri.
6. The Catti " in Hessia.

All this I believe you will be rather easier in your minds if you forget than if you remember; but if it please you to read, or re-read, (or best of all, get read to you by some real Miss Isabella Wardour,) the story of Martin Waldeck in the 'Antiquary,' you will gain from it a sufficient notion of the central character of "the Principality of *Waldeck*" connected securely with that important German word; 'woody'—or 'wood*ish*,' I suppose?—descriptive of rock and half-grown forest; to-

gether with some wholesome reverence for Scott's instinctively deep foundations of nomenclature.

19. But for our present purpose we must also take seriously to our maps again, and get things within linear limits of space.

All the maps of Germany which I have myself the privilege of possessing, diffuse themselves, just north of Frankfort, into the likeness of a painted window broken small by Puritan malice, and put together again by ingenious churchwardens with every bit of it wrong side upwards ;—this curious vitrerie purporting to represent the sixty, seventy, eighty, or ninety dukedoms, marquisates, counties, baronies, electorates, and the like, into which hereditary Alemannia cracked itself in that latitude. But under the mottling colours, and through the jotted and jumbled alphabets of distracted dignities—besides a chain-mail of black railroads over all, the chains of it not in links, but bristling with legs, like centipedes,—a hard forenoon's work with good magnifying-glass enables one approximately to make out the course of the Weser, and the names of certain towns near its sources, deservedly memorable.

20. In case you have not a forenoon to spare, nor eyesight to waste, this much of merely necessary abstract must serve you,—that from the Drachenfels and its six brother felsen, eastward, trending to the north, there runs and spreads a straggling company of gnarled and mysterious craglets, jutting and scowling above glens fringed by coppice, and fretful or musical with stream: the crags, in pious ages, mostly castled, for distantly or fancifully Christian purposes ; —the glens, resonant of woodmen, or burrowed at the sides by miners, and invisibly tenanted farther, underground, by gnomes, and above by forest and other demons. The entire district, clasping crag to crag, and guiding dell to dell, some hundred and fifty miles (with intervals) between the Dragon mountain above Rhine, and the Rosin mountain, 'Hartz' shadowy still to the south of the riding grounds of Black Brunswickers of indisputable bodily presence ;—shadowy anciently with 'Hercynian' (hedge, or fence) forest, corrupted or coinciding into Hartz, or Rosin forest, haunted by ob-

scurely apparent foresters of at least resinous, not to say sulphurous, extraction.

21. A hundred and fifty miles east to west, say half as much north to south—about a thousand square miles in whole —of metalliferous, coniferous, and Ghostiferous mountain, fluent, and diffluent for us, both in mediæval and recent times, with the most Essential oil of Turpentine, and Myrrh or Frankincense of temper and imagination, which may be typified by it, producible in Germany ;—especially if we think how the more delicate uses of Rosin, as indispensable to the Fiddle-bow, have developed themselves, from the days of St. Elizabeth of Marburg to those of St. Mephistopheles of Weimar.

22. As far as I know, this cluster of wayward cliff and dingle has no common name as a group of hills ; and it is quite impossible to make out the diverse branching of it in any maps I can lay hand on : but we may remember easily, and usefully, that it is *all* north of the Maine,—that it rests on the Drachenfels at one end, and tosses itself away to the morning light with a concave swoop, up to the Hartz, (Brocken summit, 3700 feet above sea, nothing higher) : with one notable interval for Weser stream, of which presently.

23. We will call this, in future, the chain, or company, of the Enchanted mountains ; and then we shall all the more easily join on the Giant mountains, Riesen-Gebirge, when we want them : but these are altogether higher, sterner, and not yet to be invaded ; the nearer ones, through which our road lies, we might perhaps more patly call the Goblin mountains ; but that would be scarcely reverent to St. Elizabeth, nor to the numberless pretty chatelaines of towers, and princesses of park and glen, who have made German domestic manners sweet and exemplary, and have led their lightly rippling and translucent lives down the glens of ages, until enchantment becomes, perhaps, too canonical, in the Almanach de Gotha.

We will call them therefore the Enchanted Mountains, not the Goblin ; perceiving gratefully also that the Rock spirits of them have really much more of the temper of fairy physicians than of gnomes : each—as it were with sensitive hazel wand

instead of smiting rod—beckoning, out of sparry caves, effervescent Brunnen, beneficently salt and warm.

24. At the very heart of this Enchanted chain, then—(and the beneficentest, if one use it and guide it rightly, of all the Brunnen there,) sprang the fountain of the earliest Frank race; "in the principality of Waldeck,"—you can trace their current to no farther source; there it rises out of the earth.

'Frankenberg' (Burg), on right bank of the Eder, nineteen miles north of Marburg, you may find marked clearly in the map No. 18 of Black's General Atlas, wherein the cluster of surrounding bewitched mountains, and the valley of Eder-stream otherwise (as the village higher up the dell still calls itself) "Engel-Bach," "Angel Brook," joining that of the Fulda, just above Cassel, are also delineated in a way intelligible to attentive mortal eyes. I should be plagued with the names in trying a woodcut; but a few careful pen-strokes, or wriggles, of your own off-hand touching, would give you the concurrence of the actual sources of Weser in a comfortably extricated form, with the memorable towns on them, or just south of them, on the other slope of the watershed, towards Maine. Frankenberg and Waldeck on Eder, Fulda and Cassel on Fulda, Eisenbach on Werra, who accentuates himself into Weser after taking Fulda for bride, as Tees the Greta, by Eisenach, under the Wartzburg, (of which you have heard as a castle employed on Christian mission and Bible Society pur-, poses), town-streets below hard paved with basalt—name of it, Iron-ach, significant of Thuringian armouries in the old time, —it is active with mills for many things yet.

25. The rocks all the way from Rhine, thus far, are jets and spurts of basalt through irony sandstone, with a strip of coal or two northward, by the grace of God not worth digging for; at Frankenberg even a gold mine; also, by Heaven's mercy, poor of its ore; but wood and iron always to be had for the due trouble; and, of softer wealth above ground,—game, corn, fruit, flax, wine, wool, and hemp! Monastic care over all, in Fulda's and Walter's houses—which I find marked by a cross as built by some pious Walter, Knight of Meiningen on the Boden-wasser, Bottom water, as of water having found its way

well down at last: so "Boden-See," of Rhine well got down out of Via Mala.

26. And thus, having got your springs of Weser clear from the rock; and, as it were, gathered up the reins of your river, you can draw for yourself, easily enough, the course of its farther stream, flowing virtually straight north, to the North Sea. And mark it strongly on your sketched map of Europe, next to the border Vistula, leaving out Elbe yet for a time. For now, you may take the whole space between Weser and Vistula (north of the mountains), as wild barbarian (Saxon or Goth); but, piercing the source of the Franks at Waldeck, you will find them gradually, but swiftly, filling all the space between Weser and the mouths of Rhine, passing from mountain foam into calmer diffusion over the Netherland, where their straying forest and pastoral life has at last to embank itself into muddy agriculture, and in bleak-flying sea mist, forget the sunshine on its basalt crags.

27. Whereupon, *we* must also pause, to embank ourselves somewhat; and before other things, try what we can understand in this name of Frank, concerning which Gibbon tells us, in his sweetest tones of satisfied moral serenity—"The love of liberty was the ruling passion of these Germans. They deserved, they assumed, they maintained, the honourable epithet of Franks, or Freemen." He does not, however, tell us in what language of the time—Chaucian, Sicambrian, Chamavian, or Cattian,—'Frank' ever meant Free: nor can I find out myself what tongue of any time it first belongs to; but I doubt not that Miss Yonge ('History of Christian Names,' Articles on Frey and Frank), gives the true root, in what she calls the High German "Frang," Free *Lord*. Not by any means a Free *Commoner*, or anything of the sort! But a person whose nature and name implied the existence around him, and beneath, of a considerable number of other persons who were by no means 'Frang,' nor Frangs. His title is one of the proudest then maintainable;—ratified at last by the dignity of age added to that of valour, into the Seigneur, or Monseigneur, not even yet in the last cockney form of it, 'Mossoo,' wholly understood as a republican term!

28. So that, accurately thought of, the quality of Frankness glances only with the flat side of it into any meaning of 'Libre,' but with all its cutting edge, determinedly, and to all time, it signifies Brave, strong, and honest, above other men.* The old woodland race were never in any wolfish sense 'free,' but in a most human sense Frank, outspoken, meaning what they had said, and standing to it, when they had got it out. Quick and clear in word and act, fearless utterly and restless always;—but idly lawless, or weakly lavish, neither in deed nor word. Their frankness, if you read it as a scholar and a Christian, and not like a modern half-bred, half-brained infidel, knowing no tongue of all the world but in the slang of it, is really opposed, not to Servitude,—but to Shyness! † It is to this day the note of the sweetest and Frenchest of French

* Gibbon touches the facts more closely in a sentence of his 22nd chapter. "The independent warriors of Germany, *who considered truth as the noblest of their virtues*, and freedom as the most valuable of their possessions." He is speaking especially of the Frankish tribe of the Actuarii, against whom the Emperor Julian had to re-fortify the Rhine from Cleves to Basle: but the first letters of the Emperor Jovian, after Julian's death, "delegated the military command of *Gaul* and Illyrium (what a vast one it was, we shall see hereafter), to Malarich, a *brave and faithful* officer of the nation of the Franks;" and they remain the loyal allies of Rome in her last struggle with Alaric. Apparently for the sake only of an interesting variety of language,—and at all events without intimation of any causes of so great a change in the national character,—we find Mr. Gibbon in his next volume suddenly adopting the abusive epithets of Procopius, and calling the Franks "a light and perfidious nation" (vii. 251). The only traceable grounds for this unexpected description of them are that they refuse to be bribed either into friendship or activity, by Rome or Ravenna; and that in his invasion of Italy, the grandson of Clovis did not previously send exact warning of his proposed route, nor even entirely signify his intentions till he had secured the bridge of the Po at Pavia; afterwards declaring his mind with sufficient distinctness by "assaulting, almost at the same instant, the hostile camps of the Goths and Romans, who, instead of uniting their arms, fled with equal precipitation."

† For detailed illustration of the word, see 'Val d'Arno,' Lecture VIII.: 'Fors Clavigera,' Letters XLVI., Vol. III. 276, LXXVII., Vol. IV. 25; and Chaucer, 'Romaunt of Rose,' 1212—"Next *him*" (the knight sibbe to Arthur) "daunced dame Franchise;"—the English lines are quoted and com-

character, that it makes simply perfect *Servants.* Unwearied in protective friendship, in meekly dextrous omnificence, in latent tutorship ; the lovingly availablest of valets,—the mentally and personally bonniest of bonnes. But in no capacity shy of you! Though you be the Duke or Duchess of Montaltissimo, you will not find them abashed at your altitude. They will speak 'up' to you, when they have a mind.

29. Best of servants : best of *subjects*, also, when they have an equally frank King, or Count, or Captal, to lead them ; of which we shall see proof enough in due time ;—but, instantly, note this farther, that, whatever side-gleam of the thing they afterwards called Liberty may be meant by the Frank name, you must at once now, and always in future, guard yourself from confusing their Liberties with their Activities. What the temper of the army may be towards its chief, is *one* question—whether either chief or army can be kept six months quiet,—another, and a totally different one. That they must either be fighting somebody or going somewhere, else, their life isn't worth living to them ; the activity and mercurial flashing and flickering hither and thither, which in the soul of it is set neither on war nor rapine, but only on change of place, mood—tense, and tension ;—which never needs to see its spurs in the dish, but has them always bright, and on, and would ever choose rather to ride fasting than sit feasting, —this childlike dread of being put in a corner, and continual

mented on in the first lecture of 'Ariadne Florentina' ; I give the French here :—

"Apres tous ceulx estoit Franchise
Que ne fut ne brune ne brise.
Ains fut comme la neige blanche
Courtoyse estoit, *joyeuse*, et *franche*.
Le nez avoit long et tretis,
Yeulx vers, riants ; sourcilz faitis ;
Les cheveulx eut très-blons et longs
Simple fut comme les coulous
Le cœur eut doulx et debonnaire.
Elle n'osait dire ne faire
Nulle riens que faire ne deust."

And I hope my girl readers will never more confuse Franchise with 'Liberty.'

want of something to do, is to be watched by us with wondering sympathy in all its sometimes splendid, but too often unlucky or disastrous consequences to the nation itself as well as to its neigbours.

30. And this activity, which we stolid beef-eaters, before we had been taught by modern science that we were no better than baboons ourselves, were wont discourteously to liken to that of the livelier tribes of Monkey, did in fact so much impress the Hollanders, when first the irriguous Franks gave motion and current to their marshes, that the earliest heraldry in which we find the Frank power blazoned seems to be founded on a Dutch endeavour to give some distantly satirical presentment of it. "For," says a most ingenious historian, Mons. André Favine,—'Parisian, and Advocate in the High Court of the French Parliament in the year 1620'—"those people who bordered on the river Sala, called 'Salts,' by the Allemaignes, were on their descent into Dutch lands called by the Romans "Franci Salici"—(whence 'Salique' law to come, you observe) "and by abridgment 'Salii,' as if of the verb 'salire,' that is to say 'saulter,' to leap"—(and in future therefore—duly also to dance—in an incomparable manner)—"to be quicke and nimble of foot, to leap and mount well, a quality most notably requisite for such as dwell in watrie and marshy places; So that while such of the French as dwelt on the great course of the river" (Rhine) "were called 'Nageurs,' Swimmers, they of the marshes were called 'Saulteurs,' Leapers, so that it was a nickname given to the French in regard both of their natural disposition and of their dwelling; as, yet to this day, their enemies call them French Toades, (or Frogs, more properly) from whence grew the fable that their ancient Kings carried such creatures in their Armes."

31. Without entering at present into debate whether fable or not, you will easily remember the epithet 'Salian' of these fosse-leaping and river-swimming folk, (so that, as aforesaid, all the length of Rhine must be refortified against them)—epithet however, it appears, in its origin delicately Saline, so that we may with good discretion, as we call our seasoned mariners, '*old* Salts,' think of these more brightly sparkling

Franks as 'Young Salts,'—but this equivocated presently by the Romans, with natural respect to their martial fire and 'elan,' into 'Salii'—exsultantes,*—such as their own armed priests of war: and by us now with some little farther, but slight equivocation, into useful meaning, to be thought of as here first Salient, as a beaked promontory, towards the France we know of; and evermore, in brilliant elasticities of temper, a salient or out-sallying nation; lending to us English presently—for this much of heraldry we may at once glance on to—their 'Leopard,' not as a spotted or blotted creature, but as an inevitably springing and pouncing one, for our own kingly and princely shields.

Thus much, of their 'Salian' epithet may be enough; but from the interpretation of the Frankish one we are still as far as ever, and must be content, in the meantime, to stay so, noting however, two ideas afterwards entangled with the name, which are of much descriptive importance to us.

32. "The French poet in the first book of his Franciades," (says Mons. Favine; but what poet I know not, nor can enquire) "encounters" (in the sense of en-quarters, or depicts as a herald) "certain fables on the name of the French by the adoption and composure of two *Gaulish* words joyned together, Phere-Encos which signifieth 'Beare-*Launce*,' (—Shake-Lance,

* Their first mischievous exsultation into Alsace being invited by the Romans themselves, (or at least by Constantius in his jealousy of Julian,)—with "presents and promises,—the hopes of spoil, and a perpetual grant of all the territories they were able to subdue." Gibbon, chap. xix. (3, 208). By any other historian than Gibbon, who has really no fixed opinion on any character, or question, but, safe in the general truism that the worst men sometimes do right, and the best often do wrong, praises when he wants to round a sentence, and blames when he cannot otherwise edge one)—it might have startled us to be here told of the nation which "deserved, assumed, and maintained the *honourable* name of freemen," that "*these undisciplined robbers* treated as their natural enemies all the subjects of the empire who possessed any property which they were desirous of acquiring." The first campaign of Julian, which throws both Franks and Alemanni back across the Rhine, but grants the Salian Franks, under solemn oath, their established territory in the Netherlands, must be traced at another time.

we might perhaps venture to translate,) a lighter weapon than the Spear beginning here to quiver in the hand of its chivalry —and Fere-encos then passing swiftly on the tongue into Francos;"—a derivation not to be adopted, but the idea of the weapon most carefully,—together with this following—that "among the arms of the ancient French, over and beside the Launce, was the Battaile-Axe, which they called *Anchon*, and moreover, yet to this day, in many Provinces of France, it is termed an *Achon*, wherewith they served themselves in warre, by throwing it a farre off at joyning with the enemy, onely to discover the man and to cleave his shield. Because this *Achon* was darted with such violence, as it would cleave the Shield, and compell the Maister thereof to hold down his arm, and being so discovered, as naked or unarmed; it made way for the sooner surprizing of him. It seemeth, that this weapon was proper and particuler to the French Souldior, as well him on foote, as on horsebacke. For this cause they called it *Franciscus*. Francisca, *securis oblonga, quam Franci librabant in Hostes*. For the Horseman, beside his shield and Francisca (Armes common, as wee have said, to the Footman), had also the Lance, which being broken, and serving to no further effect, he laid hand on his Francisca, as we learn the use of that weapon in the Archbishop of Tours, his second book, and twenty-seventh chapter."

33. It is satisfactory to find how respectfully these lessons of the Archbishop of Tours were received by the French knights; and curious to see the preferred use of the Francisca by all the best of them—down, not only to Cœur de Lion's time, but even to the day of Poitiers. In the last wrestle of the battle at Poitiers gate, "Là, fit le Roy Jehan de sa main, merveilles d'armes, et tenoit une hache de guerre dont bien se deffendoit et combattoit,—si la quartre partie de ses gens luy eussent ressemblé, la journée eust été pour eux." Still more notably, in the episode of fight which Froissart stops to tell just before, between the Sire de Verclef, (on Severn) and the Picard squire Jean de Helennes: the Englishman, losing his sword, dismounts to recover it, on which Helennes *casts* his own at him with such aim and force "qu'il acconsuit

l'Anglois es cuisses, tellement que l'espée entra dedans et le cousit tout parmi, jusqu'au hans."

On this the knight rendering himself, the squire binds his wound, and nurses him, staying fifteen days 'pour l'amour de lui' at Chasteleraut, while his life was in danger; and afterwards carrying him in a litter all the way to his own chastel in Picardy. His ransom however is 6000 nobles—I suppose about 25,000 pounds, of our present estimate; and you may set down for one of the fatallest signs that the days of chivalry are near their darkening, how "devint celuy Escuyer, Chevalier, pour le grand profit qu'il eut du Seigneur de Verclef."

I return gladly to the dawn of chivalry, when, every hour and year, men were becoming more gentle and more wise; while, even through their worst cruelty and error, native qualities of noblest cast may be seen asserting themselves for primal motive, and submitting themselves for future training.

34. We have hitherto got no farther in our notion of a Salian Frank than a glimpse of his two principal weapons,—the shadow of him, however, begins to shape itself to us on the mist of the Brocken, bearing the lance light, passing into the javelin,—but the axe, his woodman's weapon, heavy;—for economical reasons, in scarcity of iron, preferablest of all weapons, giving the fullest swing and weight of blow with least quantity of actual metal, and roughest forging. Gibbon gives them also a 'weighty' sword, suspended from a 'broad' belt: but Gibbon's epithets are always gratis, and the belted sword, whatever its measure, was probably for the leaders only; the belt, itself of gold, the distinction of the Roman Counts, and doubtless adopted from them by the allied Frank leaders, afterwards taking the Pauline mythic meaning of the girdle of Truth—and so finally; the chief mark of Belted Knighthood.

35. The Shield, for all, was round, wielded like a Highlander's target:—armour, presumably, nothing but hard-tanned leather, or patiently close knitted hemp; "Their close apparel," says Mr. Gibbon, "accurately expressed the figure of their limbs," but 'apparel' is only Miltonic-Gibbonian for 'nobody knows what.' He is more intelligible of their per-

sons. "The lofty stature of the Franks, and their blue eyes, denoted a Germanic origin; the warlike barbarians were trained from their earliest youth to run, to leap, to swim, to dart the javelin and battle-axe with unerring aim, to advance without hesitation against a superior enemy, and to maintain either in life or death, the invincible reputation of their ancestors" (vi. 95). For the first time, in 358, appalled by the Emperor Julian's victory at Strasburg, and besieged by him upon the Meuse, a body of six hundred Franks "dispensed with the ancient law which commanded them to conquer or die." "Although they were strongly actuated by the allurements of rapine, they professed a disinterested love of war, which they considered as the supreme honour and felicity of human nature; and their minds and bodies were so hardened by perpetual action that, according to the lively expression of an orator, the snows of winter were as pleasant to them as the flowers of spring" (iii. 220).

36. These mental and bodily virtues, or indurations, were probably universal in the military rank of the nation: but we learn presently, with surprise, of so remarkably 'free' a people, that nobody but the King and royal family might wear their hair to their own liking. The kings wore theirs in flowing ringlets on the back and shoulders,—the Queens, in tresses rippling to their feet,—but all the rest of the nation "were obliged, either by law or custom, to shave the hinder part of their head, to comb their short hair over their forehead, and to content themselves with the ornament of two small whiskers."

37. Moustaches,—Mr. Gibbon means, I imagine: and I take leave also to suppose that the nobles, and noble ladies, might wear such tress and ringlet as became them. But again, we receive unexpectedly embarrassing light on the democratic institutions of the Franks, in being told that "the various trades, the labours of agriculture, and the arts of hunting and fishing, were *exercised by servile* hands for the *emolument* of the Sovereign."

'Servile' and 'Emolument,' however, though at first they sound very dreadful and very wrong, are only Miltonic-Gib-

PLATE III.—AMIENS.

Jour des Trespassés, 1880.

bonian expressions of the general fact that the Frankish Kings had ploughmen in their fields, employed weavers and smiths to make their robes and swords, hunted with huntsmen, hawked with falconers, and were in other respects tyrannical to the ordinary extent that an English Master of Hounds may be. "The mansion of the long-haired Kings was surrounded with convenient yards and stables for poultry and cattle; the garden was planted with useful vegetables; the magazines filled with corn and wine either for sale or consumption; and the whole administration conducted by the strictest rules of private economy."

38. I have collected these imperfect, and not always extremely consistent, notices of the aspect and temper of the Franks out of Mr. Gibbon's casual references to them during a period of more than two centuries,—and the last passage quoted, which he accompanies with the statement that "one hundred and sixty of these rural palaces were scattered through the provinces of their kingdom," without telling us what kingdom, or at what period, must I think be held descriptive of the general manner and system of their monarchy after the victories of Clovis. But, from the first hour you hear of him, the Frank, closely considered, is always an extremely ingenious, well meaning, and industrious personage;—if eagerly acquisitive, also intelligently conservative and constructive; an element of order and crystalline edification, which is to consummate itself one day, in the aisles of Amiens; and things generally insuperable and impregnable, if the inhabitants of them had been as sound-hearted as their builders, for many a day beyond.

39. But for the present, we must retrace our ground a little; for indeed I have lately observed with compunction, in re-reading some of my books for revised issue, that if ever I promise, in one number or chapter, careful consideration of any particular point in the next, the next never *does* touch upon the promised point at all, but is sure to fix itself passionately on some antithetic, antipathic, or antipodic, point in the opposite hemisphere. This manner of conducting a treatise I find indeed extremely conducive to impartiality

and largeness of view; but can conceive it to be—to the general reader—not only disappointing, (if indeed I may flatter myself that I ever interest enough to disappoint), but even liable to confirm in his mind some of the fallacious and extremely absurd insinuations of adverse critics respecting my inconsistency, vacillation, and liability to be affected by changes of the weather in my principles or opinions. I purpose, therefore, in these historical sketches, at least to watch, and I hope partly to correct myself in this fault of promise breaking, and at whatever sacrifice of my variously fluent or re-fluent humour, to tell in each successive chapter in some measure what the reader justifiably expects to be told.

40. I left, merely glanced at, in my opening chapter, the story of the vase of Soissons. It may be found (and it is very nearly the only thing that *is* to be found respecting the personal life or character of the first Louis) in every cheap popular history of France; with cheap popular moralities engrafted thereon. Had I time to trace it to its first sources, perhaps it might take another aspect. But I give it as you may anywhere find it—asking you only to consider whether even as so read—it may not properly bear a somewhat different moral.

41. The story is, then, that after the battle of Soissons, in the division of Roman, or Gallic spoil, the king wished to have a beautifully wrought silver vase for—'himself, I was going to write—and in my last chapter *did* mistakenly infer that he wanted it for his better self,—his Queen. But he wanted it for neither;—it was restore to St. Remy, that it might remain among the consecrated treasures of Rheims. That is the first point on which the popular histories do not insist, and which one of his warriors claiming equal division of treasure, chose also to ignore. The vase was asked by the King in addition to his own portion, and the Frank knights, while they rendered true obedience to their king as a leader, had not the smallest notion of allowing him what more recent kings call 'Royalties'—taxes on everything they touch. And one of these Frank knights or Counts—a little franker than the rest—and as incredulous of St. Remy's saintship as a Protestant Bishop, or Positivist Philosopher—took upon him to dispute the King's

and the Church's claim, in the manner, suppose, of a Liberal opposition in the House of Commons; and disputed it with such security of support by the public opinion of the fifth century, that—the king persisting in his request—the fearless soldier dashed the vase to pieces with his war-axe, exclaiming "Thou shalt have no more than thy portion by lot."

42. It is the first clear assertion of French 'Liberté, Fraternité and Egalité,' supported, then, as now, by the destruction, which is the only possible active operation of "free" personages, on the art they cannot produce.

The king did not continue the quarrel. Cowards will think that he paused in cowardice, and malicious persons, that he paused in malignity. He *did* pause in anger assuredly; but biding its time, which the anger of a strong man always can, and burn hotter for the waiting, which is one of the chief reasons for Christians being told not to let the sun go down upon it. Precept which Christians now-a-days are perfectly ready to obey, if it is somebody else who has been injured; and indeed, the difficulty in such cases is usually to get them to think of the injury even while the Sun rises on their wrath.*

43. The sequel is very shocking indeed—to modern sensibility. I give it in the, if not polished, at least delicately varnished, language of the Pictorial History.

"About a year afterwards, on reviewing his troops, he went to the man who had struck the vase, and *examining his arms, complained* that *they* were in bad condition!" (Italics mine) "and threw them" (What? shield and sword?) on the ground. The soldier stooped to recover them; and at that moment the King struck him on the head with his battle-axe, crying 'Thus didst thou to the vase at Soissons.'" The Moral modern historian proceeds to reflect that "this—as an evidence of the condition of the Franks, and of the ties by which they were united, gives but the idea of a band of Robbers and their chief." Which is, indeed, so far as I can myself look into and decipher the nature of things, the Primary idea to be entertained respecting most of the kingly and military organizations in this world, down to our own day; and, (unless per-

* Read Mr. Plimsoll's article on coal mines for instance.

chance it be the Afghans and Zulus who are stealing our lands in England—instead of we theirs, in their several countries.) But concerning the *manner* of this piece of military execution, I must for the present leave the reader to consider with himself, whether it indeed be less Kingly, or more savage, to strike an uncivil soldier on the head with one's own battle-axe, than, for instance, to strike a person like Sir Thomas More on the neck with an executioner's,—using for the mechanism, and as it were guillotine bar and rope to the blow—the manageable forms of National Law, and the gracefully twined intervention of a polite group of noblemen and bishops.

44. Far darker things have to be told of him than this, as his proud life draws towards the close,—things which, if any of us could see clear *through* darkness, you should be told in all the truth of them. But we never can know the truth of Sin; for its nature is to deceive alike on the one side the Sinner, on the other the Judge. Diabolic—betraying whether we yield to it, or condemn: Here is Gibbon's sneer—if you care for it; but I gather first from the confused paragraphs which conduct to it, the sentences of praise, less niggard than the Sage of Lausanne usually grants to any hero who has confessed the influence of Christianity.

45. "Clovis, when he was no more than fifteen years of age, succeeded, by his father's death, to the command of the Salian tribe. The narrow limits of his kingdom were confined to the island of the Batoerans, with the ancient dioceses of Tournay and Arras; and at the baptism of Clovis, the number of his warriors could not exceed five thousand. The kindred tribes of the Franks who had seated themselves along the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, were governed by their independent kings, of the Merovingian race, the equals, the allies, and sometimes the enemies of the Salic Prince. When he first took the field he had neither gold nor silver in his coffers, nor wine and corn in his magazines; but he imitated the example of Cæsar, who in the same country had acquired wealth by the sword, and purchased soldiers with the fruits of conquest. The untamed spirit of the Bar-

barians was taught to acknowledge the advantages of regular discipline. At the annual review of the month of March, their arms were diligently inspected ; and when they traversed a peaceful territory they were prohibited from touching a blade of grass. The justice of Clovis was inexorable ; and his careless or disobedient soldiers were punished with instant death. It would be superfluous to praise the valour of a Frank ; but the valour of Clovis was directed by cool and consummate prudence. In all his transactions with mankind he calculated the weight of interest, of passion, and of opinion ; and his measures were sometimes adapted to the sanguinary manners of the Germans, and sometimes moderated by the milder genius of Rome, and Christianity.

46. "But the savage conqueror of Gaul was incapable of examining the proofs of a religion, which depends on the laborious investigation of historic evidence, and speculative theology. He was still more incapable of feeling the mild influence of the Gospel, which persuades and purifies the heart of a genuine convert. His ambitious reign was a perpetual violation of moral and Christian duties : his hands were stained with blood, in peace as well as in war ; and, as soon as Clovis had dismissed a synod of the Gallican Church, he calmly assassinated *all* the princes of the Merovingian race."

47. It is too true ; but rhetorically put, in the first place—for we ought to be told how many 'all' the princes were ;—in the second place, we must note that, supposing Clovis had in any degree "searched the Scriptures" as presented to the Western world by St. Jerome, he was likely, as a soldier-king, to have thought more of the mission of Joshua* and Jehu than of the patience of Christ, whose sufferings he thought

* The likeness was afterwards taken up by legend, and the walls of Angoulême, after the battle of Poitiers, are said to have fallen at the sound of the trumpets of Clovis. "A miracle," says Gibbon, "which may be reduced to the supposition that some clerical engineer had secretly undermined the foundations of the rampart." I cannot too often warn my honest readers against the modern habit of "reducing" all history whatever to 'the supposition that' . . . etc., etc. The legend is of course the natural and easy expansion of a metaphor.

rather of avenging than imitating: and the question whether the other Kings of the Franks should either succeed him, or in envy of his enlarged kingdom, attack and dethrone, was easily in his mind convertible from a personal danger into the chance of the return of the whole nation to idolatry. And, in the last place, his faith in the Divine protection of his cause had been shaken by his defeat before Arles by the Ostrogoths; and the Frank leopard had not so wholly changed his spots as to surrender to an enemy the opportunity of a first spring.

48. Finally, and beyond all these personal questions, the forms of cruelty and subtlety—the former, observe, arising much out of a scorn of pain which was a condition of honour in their women as well as men, are in these savage races all founded on their love of glory in war, which can only be understood by comparing what remains of the same temper in the higher castes of the North American Indians; and, before tracing in final clearness the actual events of the reign of Clovis to their end, the reader will do well to learn this list of the personages of the great Drama, taking to heart the meaning of the *name* of each, both in its probable effect on the mind of its bearer, and in its fateful expression of the course of their acts, and the consequences of it to future generations.

1. Clovis. Frank form, Hluodoveh. 'Glorious Holiness,' or consecration. Latin Chlodovisus, when baptized by St. Remy, softening afterwards through the centuries into Lhodovisus, Ludovicus, Louis.
2. Albofleda. 'White household fairy'? His youngest sister; married Theodoric (Theutreich, 'People's ruler'), the great King of the Ostrogoths.
3. Clotilde. Hlod-hilda. 'Glorious Battle-maid.' His wife. 'Hilda' first meaning Battle, pure; and then passing into Queen or Maid of Battle. Christianized to Ste Clotilde in France, and Ste Hilda of Whitby cliff.
3. Clotilde. His only daughter. Died for the Catholic faith, under Arian persecution.

4. Childebert. His eldest son by Clotilde, the first Frank King in Paris. 'Battle Splendour,' softening into Hildebert, and then Hildebrandt, as in the Nibelung.
5. Chlodomir. 'Glorious Fame.' His second son by Clotilde.
6 Clotaire. His youngest son by Clotilde; virtually the destroyer of his father's house. 'Glorious Warrior.'
7. Chlodowald. Youngest son of Chlodomir. 'Glorious Power,' afterwards 'St. Cloud.'

49. I will now follow straight, through their light and shadow, the course of Clovis' reign and deeds.

A.D. 481. Crowned, when he was only fifteen. Five years afterwards, he challenges, "in the spirit, and almost in the language of chivalry," the Roman governor Syagrius, holding the district of Rheims and Soissons. "Campum sibi præparari jussit—he commanded his antagonist to prepare him a battle field"—see Gibbon's note and reference, chap. xxxviii. (6,297). The Benedictine abbey of Nogent was afterwards built on the field, marked by a circle of Pagan sepulchres. "Clovis bestowed the adjacent lands of Leuilly and Coucy on the church of Rheims."*

A.D. 485. The Battle of Soissons. Not dated by Gibbon: the subsequent death of Syagrius at the court of (the younger) Alaric, was in 486—take 485 for the battle.

50. A.D. 493. I cannot find any account of the relations between Clovis and the King of Burgundy, the uncle of Clotilde, which preceded his betrothal to the orphan princess. Her uncle, according to the common history, had killed both her father and mother, and compelled her sister to take the veil—motives none assigned, nor authorities. Clotilde herself was pursued on her way to France,† and the litter in which she

* When ?—for this tradition, as well as that of the vase, points to a friendship between Clovis and St. Remy, and a singular respect on the King's side for the Christians of Gaul, though he was not yet himself converted.

† It is a curious proof of the want in vulgar historians of the slightest sense of the vital interest of anything they tell, that neither in Gibbon, nor in Messrs. Bussey and Gaspey, nor in the elaborate 'Histoire des

travelled captured, with part of her marriage portion. But the princess herself mounted on horseback, and rode, with part of her escort, forward into France, "ordering her attendants to set fire to everything that pertained to her uncle and his subjects which they might meet with on the way."

51. The fact is not chronicled, usually, among the sayings or doings of the Saints: but the punishment of Kings by destroying the property of their subjects, is too well recognized a method of modern Christian warfare to allow our indignation to burn hot against Clotilde; driven, as she was, hard by grief and wrath. The years of her youth are not counted to us; Clovis was already twenty-seven, and for three years maintained the faith of his ancestral religion against all the influence of his queen.

52. A.D. 496. I did not in the opening chapter attach nearly

Villes de France,' can I find, with the best research my winter's morning allows, what city was at this time the capital of Burgundy, or at least in which of its four nominal capitals,—Dijon, Besancon, Geneva, and Vienne,—Clotilde was brought up. The evidence seems to me in favour of Vienne—(called always by Messrs. B. and G., 'Vienna,' with what effect on the minds of their dimly geographical readers I cannot say)—the rather that Clotilde's mother is said to have been "thrown into the *Rhone* with a stone round her neck." The author of the introduction to 'Bourgogne' in the 'Histoire des Villes' is so eager to get his little spiteful snarl at anything like religion anywhere, that he entirely forgets the existence of the first queen of France,—never names her, nor, as such, the place of her birth,—but contributes only to the knowledge of the young student this beneficial quota, that Gondeband, "plus politique que guerrier, trouva au milieu de ses controverses théologiques avec Avitus, évêque de *Vienne*, le temps de faire mourir ses trois frères et de recueillir leur heritage."

The one broad fact which my own readers will find it well to remember is that Burgundy, at this time, by whatever king or victor tribe its inhabitants may be subdued, does practically include the whole of French Switzerland, and even of the German, as far east as Vindonissa:—the Reuss, from Vindonissa through Lucerne to the St. Gothard being its effective eastern boundary; that westward—it meant all Jura, and the plains of the Sāone; and southward, included all Savoy and Dauphiné. According to the author of 'La Suisse Historique' Clotilde was first addressed by Clovis's herald disguised as a beggar, while she distributed alms at the gate of St. Pierre at Geneva; and her departure and pursued flight into France were from Dijon.

enough importance to the battle of Tolbiac, thinking of it as merely compelling the Alemanni to recross the Rhine, and establishing the Frank power on its western bank. But infinitely wider results are indicated in the short sentence with which Gibbon closes his account of the battle. "After the conquest of the western provinces, the Franks *alone* retained their ancient possessions beyond the Rhine. They gradually subdued and *civilized* the exhausted countries as far as the Elbe and the mountains of Bohemia; and the *peace of Europe* was secured by the obedience of Germany."

53. For, in the south, Theodoric had already "sheathed the sword in the pride of victory and the vigour of his age—and his farther reign of three and thirty years was consecrated to the duties of civil government." Even when his son-in-law, Alaric, fell by Clovis' hand in the battle of Poitiers, Theodoric was content to check the Frank power at Arles, without pursuing his success, and to protect his infant grandchild, correcting at the same time some abuses in the civil government of Spain. So that the healing sovereignty of the great Goth was established from Sicily to the Danube—and from Sirmium to the Atlantic ocean.

54. Thus, then, at the close of the fifth century, you have Europe divided simply by her watershed; and two Christian kings reigning, with entirely beneficent and healthy power—one in the north—one in the south—the mightiest and worthiest of them married to the other's youngest sister: a saint queen in the north—and a devoted and earnest Catholic woman, queen mother in the south. It is a conjunction of things memorable enough in the Earth's history,—much to be thought of, oh fast whirling reader, if ever, out of the crowd of pent up cattle driven across Rhine, or Adige, you can extricate yourself for an hour, to walk peacefully out of the south gate of Cologne, or across Fra Giocondo's bridge at Verona—and so pausing look through the clear air across the battlefield of Tolbiac to the blue Drachenfels, or across the plain of St. Ambrogio to the mountains of Garda. For there were fought—if you will think closely—the two victor-battles of the Christian world. Constantine's only gave

changed form and dying colour to the falling walls of Rome; but the Frank and Gothic races, thus conquering and thus ruled, founded the arts and established the laws which gave to all future Europe her joy, and her virtue. And it is lovely to see how, even thus early, the Feudal chivalry depended for its life on the nobleness of its womanhood. There was no *vision* seen, or alleged, at Tolbiac. The King prayed simply to the God of Clotilde. On the morning of the battle of Verona, Theodoric visited the tent of his mother and his sister, "and requested that on the most illustrious festival of his life, they would adorn him with the rich garments which they had worked with their own hands."

55. But over Clovis, there was extended yet another influence—greater than his queen's. When his kingdom was first extended to the Loire, the shepherdess of Nanterre was already aged,—no torch-bearing maid of battle, like Clotilde, no knightly leader of deliverance like Jeanne, but grey in meekness of wisdom, and now "filling more and more with crystal light." Clovis's father had known her; he himself made her his friend, and when he left Paris on the campaign of Poitiers, vowed that if victorious, he would build a Christian church on the hills of Seine. He returned in victory and with St. Genevieve at his side, stood on the site of the ruined Roman Thermæ, just above the "Isle" of Paris, to fulfil his vow: and to design the limits of the foundations of the first metropolitan church of Frankish Christendom.

The King "gave his battle-axe the swing," and tossed it with his full force.

Measuring with its flight also, the place of his own grave, and of Clotilde's, and St. Genevieve's.

There they rested, and rest,—in soul,—together. "La Colline tout entière porte encore le nom de la patronne de Paris une petite rue obscure a gardé celui du Roi Conquerant."

CHAPTER III.

THE LION TAMER.

1. It has been often of late announced as a new discovery, that man is a creature of circumstances; and the fact has been pressed upon our notice, in the hope, which appears to some people so pleasing, of being able at last to resolve into a succession of splashes in mud, or whirlwinds in air, the circumstances answerable for his creation. But the more important fact, that his nature is not levelled, like a mosquito's, to the mists of a marsh, nor reduced, like a mole's, beneath the crumblings of a burrow; but has been endowed with sense to discern, and instinct to adopt, the conditions which will make of it the best that can be, is very necessarily ignored by philosophers who propose, as a beautiful fulfilment of human destinies, a life entertained by scientific gossip, in a cellar lighted by electric sparks, warmed by tubular inflation, drained by buried rivers, and fed, by the ministry of less learned and better provisioned races, with extract of beef, and potted crocodile.

2. From these chemically analytic conceptions of a Paradise in catacombs, undisturbed in its alkaline or acid virtues by the dread of Deity, or hope of futurity, I know not how far the modern reader may willingly withdraw himself for a little time, to hear of men who, in their darkest and most foolish day, sought by their labour to make the desert as the garden of the Lord, and by their love to become worthy of permission to live with Him for ever. It has nevertheless been only by such toil, and in such hope, that, hitherto, the happiness, skill, or virtue of man have been possible: and even on the verge of the new dispensation, and promised Canaan, rich in beatitudes of iron, steam, and fire, there are some of us, here and there, who may pause in filial piety to look back towards that wilderness of Sinai in which their fathers worshipped and died.

3. Admitting then, for the moment, that the main streets of Manchester, the district immediately surrounding the Bank in London, and the Bourse and Boulevards of Paris, are already part of the future kingdom of Heaven, when Earth shall be all Bourse and Boulevard,—the world of which our fathers tell us was divided to them, as you already know, partly by climates, partly by races, partly by times; and the 'circumstances' under which a man's soul was given to him, had to be considered under these three heads:—In what climate is he? Of what race? At what time?

He can only be what these conditions permit. With appeal to these, he is to be heard;—understood, if it may be;—judged, by our love, first—by our pity, if he need it—by our humility, finally and always.

4. To this end, it is needful evidently that we should have truthful maps of the world to begin with, and truthful maps of our own hearts to end with; neither of these maps being easily drawn at any time, and perhaps least of all now—when the use of a map is chiefly to exhibit hotels and railroads; and humility is held the disagreeblest and meanest of the Seven mortal Sins.

5. Thus, in the beginning of Sir Edward Creasy's History of England, you find a map purporting to exhibit the possessions of the British Nation—illustrating the extremely wise and courteous behaviour of Mr. Fox to a Frenchman of Napoleon's suite, in "advancing to a terrestrial globe of unusual magnitude and distinctness, spreading his arms round it, over both the oceans and both the Indies," and observing, in this impressive attitude, that "while Englishmen live, they overspread the whole world, and clasp it in the circle of their power."

6. Fired by Mr. Fox's enthusiasm, the—otherwise seldom fiery—Sir Edward, proceeds to tell us that "our island home is the favourite domicile of freedom, empire and glory," without troubling himself, or his readers, to consider how long the nations over whom our freedom is imperious, and in whose shame is our glory, may be satisfied in that arrangement of the globe and its affairs; or may be even at present convinced

of their degraded position in it by his method of its delineation.

For, the map being drawn on Mercator's projection, represents therefore the British dominions in North America as twice the size of the States, and considerably larger than all South America put together : while the brilliant crimson with which all our landed property is coloured cannot but impress the innocent reader with the idea of a universal flush of freedom and glory throughout all those acres and latitudes. So that he is scarcely likely to cavil at results so marvellous by inquiring into the nature and completeness of our government at any particular place,—for instance in Ireland, in the Hebrides, or at the Cape.

7. In the closing chapter of the first volume of 'The Laws of Fésole' I have laid down the mathematical principles of rightly drawing maps ;—principles which for many reasons it is well that my young readers should learn ; the fundamental one being that you cannot flatten the skin of an orange without splitting it, and must not, if you draw countries on the unsplit skin, stretch them afterwards to fill the gaps.

The British pride of wealth which does not deny itself the magnificent convenience of penny Walter Scotts and penny Shakespeares, may assuredly, in its future greatness, possess itself also of penny universes, conveniently spinnable on their axes. I shall therefore assume that my readers can look at a round globe, while I am talking of the world ; and at a properly reduced drawing of its surfaces, when I am talking of a country.

8. Which, if my reader can at present do—or at least refer to a fairly drawn double-circle map of the globe with converging meridians—I will pray him next to observe, that, although the old division of the world into four quarters is now nearly effaced by emigration and Atlantic cable, yet the great historic question about the globe is not how it is divided, here and there, by ins and outs of land or sea ; but how it is divided into zones all round, by irresistible laws of light and air. It is often a matter of very minor interest to know whether a man is an American or African, a European or an Asiatic. But it

is a matter of extreme and final interest to know if he be a Brazilian or a Patagonian, a Japanese or a Samoyede.

9. In the course of the last chapter, I asked the reader to hold firmly the conception of the great division of climate, which separated the wandering races of Norway and Siberia from the calmly resident nations of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Dacia.

Fasten now that division well home in your mind, by drawing, however rudely, the course of the two rivers, little thought of by common geographers, but of quite unspeakable importance in human history, the Vistula and the Dniester.

10. They rise within thirty miles of each other,* and each runs, not counting ins and outs, its clear three hundred miles, —the Vistula to the north-east, the Dniester to the south-west: the two of them together cut Europe straight across, at the broad neck of it,—and, more deeply looking at the thing, they divide Europe, properly so called—Europa's own, and Jove's,—the small educationable, civilizable, and more or less mentally rational fragment of the globe, from the great Siberian Wilderness, Cis-Ural and Trans-Ural; the inconceivable chaotic space, occupied datelessly by Scythians, Tartars, Huns, Cossacks, Bears, Ermines, and Mammoths, in various thickness of hide, frost of brain, and woe of abode—or of unabiding. Nobody's history worth making out, has anything to do with them; for the force of Scandinavia never came round by Finland at all, but always sailed or paddled itself across the Baltic, or down the rocky west coast; and the Siberian and Russian ice-pressure merely drives the really memorable races into greater concentration, and kneads them up in fiercer and more necessitous exploring masses. But by those exploring masses, of true European birth, our own history was fashioned for ever; and, therefore, these two truncating and guarding rivers are to be marked on your map of Europe with supreme clearness: the Vistula, with Warsaw astride of it half way down, and embouchure in Baltic,—the Dneister, in Euxine, flowing each of them, measured arrow-straight, as far as from Edinburgh to London,—with wind-

* Taking the 'San' branch of Upper Vistula.

ings,* the Vistula six hundred miles, and the Dniester five—count them together for a thousand miles of *moat*, between Europe and the Desert, reaching from Dantzic to Odessa.

11. Having got your Europe moated off into this manageable and comprehensible space, you are next to fix the limits which divide the four Gothic countries, Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Dacia, from the four Classic countries, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Lydia.

There is no other generally opponent term to 'Gothic' but 'Classic': and I am content to use it, for the sake of practical breadth and clearness, though its precise meaning for a little while remain unascertained. Only get the geography well into your mind, and the nomenclature will settle itself at its leisure.

12. Broadly, then, you have sea between Britain and Spain—Pyrenees between Gaul and Spain—Alps between Germany and Italy—Danube between Dacia and Greece. You must consider everything south of the Danube as Greek, variously influenced from Athens on one side, Byzantium on the other: then, across the Ægean, you have the great country absurdly called Asia Minor, (for we might just as well call Greece, Europe Minor, or Cornwall, England Minor,) but which is properly to be remembered as 'Lydia,' the country which infects with passion, and tempts with wealth; which taught the Lydian measure in music, and softened the Greek language on its border into Ionic; which gave to ancient history the tale of Troy, and to Christian history, the glow, and the decline, of the Seven Churches.

13. Opposite to these four countries in the south, but separated from them either by sea or desert, are other four, as easily remembered—Morocco, Libya, Egypt, and Arabia.

Morocco, virtually consisting of the chain of Atlas and the coasts depending on it, may be most conveniently thought of as including the modern Morocco and Algeria, with the Canaries as a dependent group of islands.

* Note, however, generally that the strength of a river, cæteris paribus, is to be estimated by its straight course, windings being almost always caused by flats in which it can receive no tributaries.

Libya, in like manner, will include the modern Tunis and Tripoli: it will begin on the west with St. Augustine's town of Hippo; and its coast is colonized from Tyre and Greece, dividing it into the two districts of Carthage and Cyrene. Egypt, the country of the River, and Arabia, the country of *no* River, are to be thought of as the two great southern powers of separate Religion.

14. You have thus, easily and clearly memorable, twelve countries, distinct evermore by natural laws, and forming three zones from north to south, all healthily habitable—but the races of the northernmost, disciplined in endurance of cold; those of the central zone, perfected by the enjoyable suns alike of summer and winter; those of the southern zone, trained to endurance of heat. Writing them now in tabular view,

Britain	Gaul	Germany	Dacia
Spain	Italy	Greece	Lydia
Morocco	Libya	Egypt	Arabia,

you have the ground of all useful profane history mapped out in the simplest terms; and then, as the fount of inspiration, for all these countries, with the strength which every soul that has possessed, has held sacred and supernatural, you have last to conceive perfectly the small hill district of the Holy Land, with Philistia and Syria on its flanks, both of them chastising forces; but Syria, in the beginning, herself the origin of the chosen race—"A Syrian ready to perish was my father"—and the Syrian Rachel being thought of always as the true mother of Israel.

15. And remember, in all future study of the relations of these countries, you must never allow your mind to be disturbed by the accidental changes of political limit. No matter who rules a country, no matter what it is officially called, or how it is formally divided, eternal bars and doors are set to it by the mountains and seas, eternal laws enforced over it by the clouds and stars. The people that are born on it are its people, be they a thousand times again and again conquered, exiled, or captive. The stranger cannot be its king,

the invader cannot be its possessor ; and, although just laws, maintained whether by the people or their conquerors, have always the appointed good and strength of justice, nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land.

16. Of course, in saying that the invader cannot be the possessor of any country, I speak only of invasion such as that by the Vandals of Libya, or by ourselves of India ; where the conquering race does not become permanently inhabitant. You are not to call Libya Vandalia, nor India England, because these countries are temporarily under the rule of Vandals and English ; neither Italy Gothland under Ostrogoths, nor England Denmark under Canute. National character varies as it fades under invasion or in corruption ; but if ever it glows again into a new life, that life must be tempered by the earth and sky of the country itself. Of the twelve names of countries now given in their order, only one will be changed as we advance in our history;—Gaul will properly become France when the Franks become her abiding inhabitants. The other eleven primary names will serve us to the end.

17. With a moment's more patience, therefore, glancing to the far East, we shall have laid the foundations of all our own needful geography. As the northern kingdoms are moated from the Scythian desert by the Vistula, so the southern are moated from the dynasties properly called 'Oriental' by the Euphrates ; which, "partly sunk beneath the Persian Gulf, reaches from the shores of Beloochistan and Oman to the mountains of Armenia, and forms a huge hot-air funnel, the base" (or mouth) "of which is on the tropics, while its extremity reaches thirty-seven degrees of northern latitude. Hence it comes that the Semoom itself (the specific and gaseous Semoom) pays occasional visits to Mosoul and Djezeerat Omer, while the thermometer at Bagdad attains in summer an elevation capable of staggering the belief of even an old Indian." *

* Sir F. Palgrave, 'Arabia,' vol. ii., p. 155. I gratefully adopt in the next paragraph his division of Asiatic nations, p. 160.

18. This valley in ancient days formed the kingdom of Assyria, as the vally of the Nile formed that of Egypt. In the work now before us, we have nothing to do with its people, who were to the Jews merely a hostile power of captivity, inexorable as the clay of their walls, or the stones of their statues; and, after the birth of Christ, the marshy valley is no more than a field of battle between West and East. Beyond the great river,—Persia, India, and China, form the southern 'Oriens.' Persia is properly to be conceived as reaching from the Persian Gulf to the mountain chains which flank and feed the Indus; and is the true vital power of the East in the days of Marathon: but it has no influence on Christian history except through Arabia; while, of the northern Asiatic tribes, Mede, Bactrian, Parthian, and Scythian, changing into Turk and Tartar, we need take no heed until they invade us in our own historic territory.

19. Using therefore the terms 'Gothic' and 'Classic' for broad distinction of the northern and central zones of this our own territory, we may conveniently also use the word 'Arab'* for the whole southern zone. The influence of Egypt vanishes soon after the fourth century, while that of Arabia, powerful from the beginning, rises in the sixth into an empire whose end we have not seen. And you may most rightly conceive the religious principle which is the base of that empire, by remembering, that while the Jews forfeited their prophetic power by taking up the profession of usury over the whole earth, the Arabs returned to the simplicity of prophecy in its beginning by the well of Hagar, and are not opponents to Christianity; but only to the faults or follies of Christians. They keep still their faith in the one God who spoke to Abra-

* Gibbon's fifty-sixth chapter begins with a sentence which may be taken as the epitome of the entire history we have to investigate: "The three great nations of the world, the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Franks, encountered each other on the theatre of Italy." I use the more general word, Goths, instead of Franks; and the more accurate word, Arab, for Saracen; but otherwise, the reader will observe that the division is the same as mine. Gibbon does not recognize the Roman people as a nation—but only the Roman power as an empire.

ham their Father ; and are His children in that simplicity, far more truly than the nominal Christians who lived, and live, only to dispute in vociferous council, or in frantic schism, the relations of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

20. Trusting my reader then in future to retain in his mind without confusion the idea of the three zones, Gothic, Classic, and Arab, each divided into four countries, clearly recognizable through all ages of remote or recent history ;—I must farther, at once, simplify for him the idea of the Roman *Empire*, (see note to last paragraph,) in the manner of its affecting them. Its nominal extent, temporary conquests, civil dissensions, or internal vices, are scarcely of any historical moment at all ; the real Empire is effectual only as an exponent of just law, military order, and mechanical art, to untrained races, and as a translation of Greek thought into less diffused and more tenable scheme for them. The Classic zone, from the beginning to the end of its visible authority, is composed of these two elements—Greek imagination, with Roman order : and the divisions or dislocations of the third and fourth century are merely the natural apparitions of their differences, when the political system which concealed them was tested by Christianity. It seems almost wholly lost sight of by ordinary historians, that, in the wars of the last Romans with the Goths, the great Gothic captains were all Christians ; and that the vigorous and naïve form which the dawning faith took in their minds is a more important subject of investigation, by far, than the inevitable wars which followed the retirement of Diocletian, or the confused schisms and crimes of the lascivious court of Constantine. I am compelled, however, to notice the terms in which the last arbitrary dissolutions of the empire took place, that they may illustrate, instead of confusing, the arrangement of the nations which I would fasten in your memory.

21. In the middle of the fourth century you have, politically, what Gibbon calls "the final division of the *Eastern* and *Western Empires.*" This really means only that the Emperor Valentinian, yielding, though not without hesitation, to the feeling now confirmed in the legions that the Empire was too

vast to be held by a single person, takes his brother for his colleague, and divides, not, truly speaking, their authority, but their attention, between the east and the west. To his brother Valens he assigns the extremely vague "Præfecture of the East, from the lower Danube to the confines of Persia," while for his own immediate government he reserves the "warlike præfectures of Illyricum, Italy, and Gaul, from the extremity of Greece to the Caledonian rampart, and from the rampart of Caledonia to the foot of Mount Atlas." That is to say, in less poetical cadence, (Gibbon had better have put his history into hexameters at once,) Valentinian kept under his own watch the whole of Roman Europe and Africa, and left Lydia and Caucasus to his brother. Lydia and Caucasus never did, and never could, form an Eastern Empire,—they were merely outside dependencies, useful for taxation in peace, dangerous by their multitudes in war. There never was, from the seventh century before Christ to the seventh after Christ, but *one* Roman Empire, which meant, the power over humanity of such men as Cincinnatus and Agricola; it expires as the race and temper of these expire; the nominal extent of it, or brilliancy at any moment, is no more than the reflection, farther or nearer upon the clouds, of the flames of an altar whose fuel was of noble souls. There is no true date for its division; there is none for its destruction. Whether Dacian Probus or Noric Odoacer be on the throne of it, the force of its living principle alone is to be watched—remaining, in arts, in laws, and in habits of thought, dominant still in Europe down to the twelfth century;—in language and example, dominant over all educated men to this hour.

22. But in the nominal division of it by Valentinian, let us note Gibbon's definition (I assume it to be his, not the Emperor's) of European Roman Empire into Illyricum, Italy, and Gaul. I have already said you must hold everything south of the Danube for Greek. The two chief districts immediately south of the stream are upper and lower Mœsia, consisting of the slope of the Thracian mountains northward to the river, with the plains between it and them. This district you must notice for its importance in forming the Mœso-

Gothic alphabet, in which "the Greek is by far the principal element,"* giving sixteen letters out of the twenty-four. The Gothic invasion under the reign of Valens is the first that establishes a Teutonic nation within the frontier of the empire; but they only thereby bring themselves more directly under its spiritual power. Their bishop, Ulphilas, adopts this Mœsian alphabet, two-thirds Greek, for his translation of the Bible, and it is universally disseminated and perpetuated by that translation, until the extinction or absorption of the Gothic race.

23. South of the Thracian mountains you have Thrace herself, and the countries confusedly called Dalmatia and Illyria, forming the coast of the Adriatic, and reaching inwards and eastwards to the mountain watershed. I have never been able to form a clear notion myself of the real character of the people of these districts, in any given period; but they are all to be massed together as northern Greek, having more or less of Greek blood and dialect according to their nearness to Greece proper; though neither sharing in her philosophy, nor submitting to her discipline. But it is of course far more accurate, in broad terms, to speak of these Illyrian, Mœsian, and Macedonian districts as all Greek, than with Gibbon or Valentinian to speak of Greece and Macedonia as all Illyrian.†

24. In the same imperial or poetical generalization, we find England massed with France under the term Gaul, and bounded by the "Caledonian rampart." Whereas in our own division, Caledonia, Hibernia, and Wales, are from the first considered as essential parts of Britain,‡ and the link with

* Milman, 'Hist. of Christianity,' vol. iii. p. 36.

† I find the same generalization expressed to the modern student under the term 'Balkan Peninsula,' extinguishing every ray and trace of past history at once.

‡ Gibbon's more deliberate statement is clear enough. "From the coast or the extremity of Caithness and Ulster, the memory of Celtic origin was distinctly preserved in the perpetual resemblance of languages, religion, and manners, and the peculiar character of the British tribes might be naturally ascribed to the influence of accidental and local circumstances." The Lowland Scots, "wheat-eaters" or Wan-

the continent is to be conceived as formed by the settlement of Britons in Britany, and not at all by Roman authority beyond the Humber.

25. Thus, then, once more reviewing our order of countries, and noting only that the British Islands, though for the most part thrown by measured degree much north of the rest of the north zone, are brought by the influence of the Gulf stream into the same climate ;—you have, at the time when our history of Christianity begins, the Gothic zone yet unconverted, and having not yet even heard of the new faith. You have the Classic zone variously and increasingly conscious of it, disputing with it, striving to extinguish it—and your Arab zone, the ground and sustenance of it, encompassing the Holy Land with the warmth of its own wings, and cherishing there—embers of phœnix fire over all the earth,—the hope of Resurrection.

26. What would have been the course, or issue, of Christianity, had it been orally preached only, and unsupported by its poetical literature, might be the subject of deeply instructive speculation—if a historian's duty were to reflect instead of record. The power of the Christian faith was however, in the fact of it, always founded on the written prophecies and histories of the Bible ; and on the interpretations of their meaning, given by the example, far more than by the precept, of the great monastic orders. The poetry and history of the Syrian Testaments were put within their reach by St. Jerome, while the virtue and efficiency of monastic life are all expressed, and for the most part summed, in the rule of St. Bene-

derers, and the Irish, are very positively identified by Gibbon at the time our own history begins. "It is *certain*" (italics his, not mine) "that in the declining age of the Roman Empire, Caledonia, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, were inhabited by the Scots."—Chap. 25, vol. iv., p. 279.

The higher civilization and feebler courage of the Lowland *English* rendered them either the victims of Scotland, or the grateful subjects of Rome. The mountaineers, Pict among the Grampians, or of their own colour in Cornwall and Wales, have never been either instructed or subdued, and remain to this day the artless and fearless strength of the British race.

dict. To understand the relation of the work of these two men to the general order of the Church, is quite the first requirement for its farther intelligible history.

26. Gibbon's thirty-seventh chapter professes to give an account of the 'Institution of the Monastic Life' in the third century. But the monastic life had been instituted somewhat earlier, and by many prophets and kings. By Jacob, when he laid the stone for his pillow; by Moses, when he drew aside to see the burning bush; by David, before he had left "those few sheep in the wilderness;" and by the prophet who "was in the desert till the time of his showing unto Israel." Its primary "institution," for Europe, was Numa's, in that of the Vestal Virgins, and College of Augurs; founded on the originally Etrurian and derived Roman conception of pure life dedicate to the service of God, and practical wisdom dependent on His guidance.*

The form which the monastic spirit took in later times depended far more on the corruption of the common world, from which it was forced to recoil either in indignation or terror, than on any change brought about by Christianity in the ideal of human virtue and happiness.

27. "Egypt" (Mr. Gibbon thus begins to account for the new institution!), "the fruitful parent of superstition, afforded the first example of monastic life." Egypt had her superstitions, like other countries; but was so little the *parent* of superstition that perhaps no faith among the imaginative races of the world has been so feebly missionary as her's. She never prevailed on even the nearest of her neighbours to worship cats or cobras with her; and I am alone, to my belief, among recent scholars, in maintaining Herodotus' statement of her influence on the archaic theology of Greece.

*I should myself mark as the fatallest instant in the decline of the Roman Empire, Julian's rejection of the counsel of the Augurs. "For the last time, the Etruscan Haruspices accompanied a Roman Emperor, but by a singular fatality their adverse interpretation by the signs of heaven was disdained, and Julian followed the advice of the philosophers, who coloured their predictions with the bright hues of the Emperor's ambition." (Milman, Hist. of Christianity, chap. vi.)

But that influence, if any, was formative and delineative ; not ritual : so that in no case, and in no country, was Egypt the parent of Superstition ; while she was beyond all dispute, for all people and to all time, the parent of Geometry, Astronomy, Architecture, and Chivalry. She was, in its material and technic elements, the mistress of Literature, showing authors who before could only scratch on wax and wood, how to weave paper and engrave porphyry. She was the first exponent of the law of Judgment after Death for Sin. She was the Tutress of Moses ; and the Hostess of Christ.

28. It is both probable and natural that, in such a country, the disciples of any new spiritual doctrine should bring it to closer trial than was possible among the illiterate warriors, or in the storm-vexed solitudes of the North ; yet it is a thoughtless error to deduce the subsequent power of cloistered fraternity from the lonely passions of Egyptian monachism. The anchorites of the first three centuries vanish like feverish spectres, when the rational, merciful, and laborious laws of Christian societies are established ; and the clearly recognizable rewards of heavenly solitude are granted to those only who seek the Desert for its redemption.

29. 'The clearly *recognizable* rewards,' I repeat, and with cautious emphasis. No man has any data for estimating, far less right of judging, the results of a life of resolute self-denial, until he has had the courage to try it himself, at least for a time : but I believe no reasonable person will wish, and no honest person dare, to deny the benefits he has occasionally felt both in mind and body, during periods of accidental privation from luxury, or exposure to danger. The extreme vanity of the modern Englishman in making a momentary Stylites of himself on the top of a Horn or an Aiguille, and his occasional confession of a charm in the solitude of the rocks, of which he modifies nevertheless the poignancy with his pocket newspaper, and from the prolongation of which he thankfully escapes to the nearest table-d'hôte, ought to make us less scornful of the pride, and more intelligent of the passion, in which the mountain anchorites of Arabia and Palestine condemned themselves to lives of seclu-

sion and suffering, which were comforted only by supernatural vision, or celestial hope. That phases of mental disease are the necessary consequence of exaggerated and independent emotion of any kind must, of course, be remembered in reading the legends of the wilderness; but neither physicians nor moralists have yet attempted to distinguish the morbid states of intellect* which are extremities of noble passion, from those which are the punishments of ambition, avarice, or lasciviousness.

30. Setting all questions of this nature aside for the moment, my younger readers need only hold the broad fact that during the whole of the fourth century, multitudes of self-devoted men led lives of extreme misery and poverty in the effort to obtain some closer knowledge of the Being and Will of God. We know, in any available clearness, neither what they suffered, nor what they learned. We cannot estimate the solemnizing or reproving power of their examples on the less zealous Christian world; and only God knows how far their prayers for it were heard, or their persons accepted. This only we may observe with reverence, that among all their

*Gibbon's hypothetical conclusion respecting the effects of self-mortification, and his following historical statement, must be noted as in themselves containing the entire views of the modern philosophies and policies which have since changed the monasteries of Italy into barracks, and the churches of France into magazines. "This voluntary martyrdom *must* have gradually destroyed the sensibility, both of mind and body; nor *can it be presumed* that the fanatics who torment themselves, are capable of any lively affection for the rest of mankind. *A cruel unfeeling temper has characterized the monks of every age and country.*"

How much of penetration, or judgment, this sentence exhibits, I hope will become manifest to the reader as I unfold before him the actual history of his faith; but being, I suppose, myself one of the last surviving witnesses of the character of recluse life as it still existed in the beginning of this century, I can point to the portraiture of it given by Scott in the introduction to 'The Monastery' as one perfect and trustworthy, to the letter and to the spirit; and for myself can say, that the most gentle, refined, and in the deepest sense amiable, phases of character I have ever known, have been either those of monks, or of servants trained in the Catholic Faith.

numbers, none seem to have repented their chosen manner of existence; none perish by melancholy or suicide; their self-adjudged sufferings are never inflicted in the hope of shortening the lives they embitter or purify; and the hours of dream or meditation, on mountain or in cave, appear seldom to have dragged so heavily as those which, without either vision or reflection, we pass ourselves, on the embankment and in the tunnel.

31. But whatever may be alleged, after ultimate and honest scrutiny, of the follies or virtues of anchorite life, we are unjust to Jerome if we think of him as its introducer into the West of Europe. He passed through it himself as a phase of spiritual discipline; but he represents, in his total nature and final work, not the vexed inactivity of the Eremite, but the eager industry of a benevolent tutor and pastor. His heart is in continual fervor of admiration or of hope—remaining to the last as impetuous as a child's, but as affectionate; and the discrepancies of Protestant objection by which his character has been confused, or concealed, may be gathered in some dim picture of his real self when once we comprehend the simplicity of his faith, and sympathise a little with the eager charity which can so easily be wounded into indignation, and is never repressed by policy.

32. The slight trust which can be placed in modern readings of him, as they now stand, may be at once proved by comparing the two passages in which Milman has variously guessed at the leading principles of his political conduct. "Jerome began (!) and ended his career as a monk of Palestine; he attained, *he aspired to*, no dignity in the Church. Though ordained a presbyter against his will, he escaped the episcopal dignity which was forced upon his distinguished contemporaries." ('History of Christianity,' Book III.)

"Jerome cherished the secret hope, if it was not the avowed object of his ambition, to succeed Damasus as Bishop of Rome. Is the rejection of an aspirant so singularly unfit for the station, from his violent passions, his insolent treatment of his adversaries his utter want of self-command, his almost unrivalled faculty of awakening hatred, to be attributed to the

sagacious and intuitive wisdom of Rome?" ('History of Latin Christianity,' Book I., chap. ii.)

33. You may observe, as an almost unexceptional character in the "sagacious wisdom" of the Protestant clerical mind, that it instinctively assumes the desire of power and place not only to be universal in Priesthood, but to be always *purely selfish* in the ground of it. The idea that power might possibly be desired for the sake of its benevolent use, so far as I remember, does not once occur in the pages of any ecclesiastical historian of recent date. In our own reading of past ages we will, with the reader's permission, very calmly put out of court all accounts of "hopes cherished in secret"; and pay very small attention to the reasons for mediæval conduct which appear logical to the rationalist, and probable to the politician.* We concern ourselves only with what these singular and fantastic Christians of the past really said, and assuredly did.

34. Jerome's life by no means "began as a monk of Palestine." Dean Milman has not explained to us how any man's could; but Jerome's childhood, at any rate, was extremely other than recluse, or precociously religious. He was born of rich parents living on their own estate, the name of his native town in North Illyria, Stridon, perhaps now softened into Strigi, near Aquileia. In Venetian climate, at all events, and in sight of Alps and sea. He had a brother and sister, a kind grandfather, and a disagreeable private tutor, and was a youth still studying grammar at Julian's death in 363.

* The habit of assuming, for the conduct of men of sense and feeling, motives intelligible to the foolish, and probable to the base, gains upon every vulgar historian, partly in the ease of it, partly in the pride; and it is horrible to contemplate the quantity of false witness against their neighbours which commonplace writers commit, in the mere rounding and enforcing of their shallow sentences. "Jerome admits, indeed, with *specious but doubtful humility*, the inferiority of the unordained monk to the ordained priest," says Dean Milman in his eleventh chapter, following up his gratuitous doubt of Jerome's humility with no less gratuitous asseveration of the ambition of his opponents. "The clergy, *no doubt*, had the sagacity to foresee the *dangerous* rival as to influence and authority, which was rising up in Christian society."

35. A youth of eighteen, and well begun in all institutes of the classic schools; but, so far from being a monk, not yet a Christian;—nor at all disposed towards the severer offices even of Roman life! or contemplating with aversion the splendours, either worldly or sacred, which shone on him in the college days spent in its Capital city.

For the "power and majesty of Paganism were still concentrated at Rome; the deities of the ancient faith found their last refuge in the capital of the empire. To the stranger, Rome still offered the appearance of a Pagan city. It contained one hundred and fifty-two temples, and one hundred and eighty smaller chapels or shrines, still sacred to their tutelary God, and used for public worship. Christianity had neither ventured to usurp those few buildings which might be converted to her use, still less had she the power to destroy them. The religious edifices were under the protection of the præfect of the city, and the præfect was usually a Pagan; at all events he would not permit any breach of the public peace, or violation of public property. Above all still towered the Capitol, in its unassailed and awful majesty, with its fifty temples or shrines, bearing the most sacred names in the religious and civil annals of Rome, those of Jove, of Mars, of Janus, of Romulus, of Cæsar, of Victory. Some years after the accession of Theodosius to the Eastern empire, the sacrifices were still performed as national rites at the public cost, —*the pontiffs made their offerings in the name of the whole human race.* The Pagan orator ventures to assert that the Emperor dared not to endanger the safety of the empire by their abolition. The Emperor still bore the title and insignia of the Supreme Pontiff; the Consuls, before they entered upon their functions, ascended the Capitol; the religious processions passed along the crowded streets, and the people thronged to the festivals and theatres which still formed part of the Pagan worship." *

36. Here, Jerome must have heard of what by all the Christian sects was held the judgment of God, between them and

* Milman, 'History of Christianity,' vol. iii. p. 162. Note the sentence in italics, for it relates the true origin of the Papacy.

their chief enemy—the Death of the Emperor Julian. But I have no means of tracing, and will not conjecture, the course of his own thoughts, until the tenor of all his life was changed at his baptism. The candour which lies at the basis of his character has given us one sentence of his own, respecting that change, which is worth some volumes of ordinary confessions. "I left, not only parents and kindred, but *the accustomed luxuries of delicate life*." The words throw full light on what, to our less courageous temper, seems the exaggerated reading by the early converts of Christ's words to them—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." *We* are content to leave, for much lower interests, either father or mother, and do not see the necessity of any farther sacrifice : we should know more of ourselves and of Christianity if we oftener sustained what St. Jerome found the most searching trial. I find scattered indications of contempt among his biographers, because he could not resign one indulgence—that of scholarship ; and the usual sneers at monkish ignorance and indolence are in his case transferred to the weakness of a pilgrim who carried his library in his wallet. It is a singular question (putting, as it is the modern fashion to do, the idea of Providence wholly aside), whether, but for the literary enthusiasm, which was partly a weakness, of this old man's character, the Bible would ever have become the library of Europe.

37. For that, observe, is the real meaning, in its first power, of the word *Bible*. Not book, merely ; but 'Bibliotheca,' Treasury of Books : and it is, I repeat, a singular question, how far, if Jerome, at the very moment when Rome, his tutress, ceased from her material power, had not made her language the oracle of Hebrew prophecy, a literature of their own, and a religion unshadowed by the terrors of the Mosaic law, might have developed itself in the hearts of the Goth, the Frank, and the Saxon, under Theodoric, Clovis, and Alfred.

38. Fate had otherwise determined, and Jerome was so passive an instrument in her hands that he began the study of Hebrew as a discipline only, and without any conception of

the task he was to fulfil, still less of the scope of its fulfilment. I could joyfully believe that the words of Christ, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," had haunted the spirit of the recluse, until he resolved that the voices of immortal appeal should be made audible to the Churches of all the earth. But so far as we have evidence, there was no such will or hope to exalt the quiet instincts of his natural industry; and partly as a scholar's exercise, partly as an old man's recreation, the severity of the Latin language was softened, like Venetian crystal, by the variable fire of Hebrew thought, and the "Book of Books" took the abiding form of which all the future art of the Western nations was to be an hourly expanding interpretation.

39. And in this matter you have to note that the gist of it lies, not in the translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures into an easier and a common language, but in their presentation to the Church as of common authority. The earlier Gentile Christians had naturally a tendency to carry out in various oral exaggeration or corruption, the teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles, until their freedom from the bondage of the Jewish law passed into doubt of its inspiration; and, after the fall of Jerusalem, even into horror-stricken interdiction of its observance. So that, only a few years after the remnant of exiled Jews in Pella had elected the Gentile Marcus for their Bishop, and obtained leave to return to the Ælia Capitolina built by Hadrian on Mount Zion, "it became a matter of doubt and controversy whether a man who sincerely acknowledged Jesus as the Messiah, but who still continued to observe the law of Moses, could possibly hope for salvation!"* While, on the other hand, the most learned and the most wealthy of the Christian name, under the generally recognised title of "knowing" (Gnostic), had more insidiously effaced the authority of the Evangelists by dividing themselves, during the course of the third century, "into more than fifty numerably distinct sects, and producing a multitude of his-

* Gibbon, chap. xv. (II. 277).

tories, in which the actions and discourses of Christ and His Apostles were adapted to their several tenets." *

40. It would be a task of great, and in nowise profitable difficulty to determine in what measure the consent of the general Church, and in what measure the act and authority of Jerome, contributed to fix in their ever since undisturbed harmony and majesty, the canons of Mosaic and Apostolic Scripture. All that the young reader need know is, that when Jerome died at Bethlehem, this great deed was virtually accomplished: and the series of historic and didactic books which form our present Bible, (including the Apocrypha) were established in and above the nascent thought of the noblest races of men living on the terrestrial globe, as a direct message to them from its Maker, containing whatever it was necessary for them to learn of His purposes towards them, and commanding, or advising, with divine authority and infallible wisdom, all that was best for them to do, and happiest to desire.

41. And it is only for those who have obeyed the law sincerely, to say how far the hope held out to them by the lawgiver has been fulfilled. The worst "children of disobedience" are those who accept, of the Word, what they like, and refuse what they hate: nor is this perversity in them always conscious, for the greater part of the sins of the Church have been brought on it by enthusiasm which, in passionate contemplation and advocacy of parts of the Scripture easily grasped, neglected the study, and at last betrayed the balance, of the rest. What forms and methods of self-will are concerned in the wresting of the Scriptures to a man's destruction, is for the keepers of consciences to examine, not for us. The history we have to learn must be wholly cleared of such debate, and the influence of the Bible watched exclusively on the persons who receive the Word with joy, and obey it in truth.

* Ibid., II. 283. His expression "the most learned and most wealthy" should be remembered in confirmation of the evermore recurring fact of Christianity, that minds modest in attainment, and lives careless of gain, are fittest for the reception of every constant,—*i.e.* not local or accidental,—Christian principle.

42. There has, however, been always a farther difficulty in examining the power of the Bible, than that of distinguishing honest from dishonest readers. The hold of Christianity on the souls of men must be examined, when we come to close dealing with it, under these three several heads: there is first, the power of the Cross itself, and of the theory of salvation, upon the heart,—then, the operation of the Jewish and Greek Scriptures on the intellect,—then, the influence on morals of the teaching and example of the living hierarchy. And in the comparison of men as they are and as they might have been, there are these three questions to be separately kept in mind, —first, what would have been the temper of Europe without the charity and labour meant by 'bearing the Cross'; then, secondly, what would the intellect of Europe have become without Biblical literature; and lastly, what would the social order of Europe have become without its hierarchy.

43. You see I have connected the words 'charity' and 'labour' under the general term of 'bearing the cross.' "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, (for charity) and take up his cross (of pain) and follow me."

The idea has been *exactly* reversed by modern Protestantism, which sees, in the cross, not a furca to which it is to be nailed; but a raft on which it, and all its valuable properties,* are to be floated into Paradise.

44. Only, therefore, in days when the Cross was received with courage, the Scripture searched with honesty, and the Pastor heard in faith, can the pure word of God, and the bright sword of the Spirit, be recognised in the heart and hand of Christianity. The effect of Biblical poetry and legend on its intellect, must be traced farther, through decadent ages, and in unfenced fields;—producing 'Paradise Lost' for us, no less than the 'Divina Commedia';—Goethe's 'Faust,' and Byron's 'Cain,' no less than the 'Imitatio Christi.'

45. Much more, must the scholar, who would comprehend in any degree approaching to completeness, the influence of

* Quite one of the most curious colours of modern Evangelical thought is its pleasing connection of Gospel truth with the extension of lucrative commerce! See farther the note at p. 86.

the Bible on mankind, be able to read the interpretations of it which rose into the great arts of Europe at their culmination. In every province of Christendom, according to the degree of art-power it possessed, a series of illustrations of the Bible were produced as time went on; beginning with vignetted illustrations of manuscript, advancing into life-size sculpture, and concluding in perfect power of realistic painting. These teachings and preachings of the Church, by means of art, are not only a most important part of the general Apostolic Acts of Christianity; but their study is a necessary part of Biblical scholarship, so that no man can in any large sense understand the Bible itself until he has learned also to read these national commentaries upon it, and been made aware of their collective weight. The Protestant reader, who most imagines himself independent in his thought, and private in his study, of Scripture, is nevertheless usually at the mercy of the nearest preacher who has a pleasant voice and ingenious fancy; receiving from him thankfully, and often reverently, whatever interpretation of texts the agreeable voice or ready wit may recommend: while, in the meantime, he remains entirely ignorant of, and if left to his own will, invariably destroys as injurious, the deeply meditated interpretations of Scripture which, in their matter, have been sanctioned by the consent of all the Christian Church for a thousand years; and in their treatment, have been exalted by the trained skill and inspired imagination of the noblest souls ever enclosed in mortal clay.

46. There are few of the fathers of the Christian Church whose commentaries on the Bible, or personal theories of its gospel, have not been, to the constant exultation of the enemies of the Church, fretted and disgraced by angers of controversy, or weakened and distracted by irreconcilable heresy. On the contrary, the scriptural teaching, through their art, of such men as Orcagna, Giotto, Angelico, Luca della Robbia, and Luini, is, literally, free from all earthly taint of momentary passion; its patience, meekness, and quietness are incapable of error through either fear or anger; they are able, without offence, to say all that they wish; they are bound by

tradition into a brotherhood which represents unperverted doctrines by unchanging scenes; and they are compelled by the nature of their work to a deliberation and order of method which result in the purest state and frankest use of all intellectual power.

47. I may at once, and without need of returning to this question, illustrate the difference in dignity and safety between the mental actions of literature and art, by referring to a passage, otherwise beautifully illustrative of St. Jerome's sweetness and simplicity of character, though quoted, in the place where we find it, with no such favouring intention,—namely, in the pretty letter of Queen Sophie Charlotte, (father's mother of Frederick the Great,) to the Jesuit Vota, given in part by Carlyle in his first volume, ch. iv.

"'How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?' she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books;—especially of his method in that book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation, and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact, (says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse,) and Jerome answers, 'I followed the commentaries of Origen, of'—five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them, in coming years, 'And to confess the honest truth to you,' continues Jerome, 'I read all that, and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him, now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense'! In another place, (in the book itself further on *) he says, 'I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, or to say the thing better, or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait.' Here is a sacred old gentleman whom it is not safe to depend upon for interpreting the Scriptures,—thinks her Majesty, but does not say so,—

* 'Commentary on the Galatians,' Chap. iii.

leaving Father Vota to his reflections." Alas, no, Queen Sophie, neither old St. Jerome's, nor any other human lips nor mind, may be depended upon in that function ; but only the Eternal Sophia, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God : yet this you may see of your old interpreter, that he is wholly open, innocent, and true, and that, through such a person, whether forgetful of his author, or hurried by his scribe, it is more than probable you may hear what Heaven knows to be best for you ; and extremely improbable you should take the least harm,—while by a careful and cunning master in the literary art, reticent of his doubts, and dexterous in his sayings, any number of prejudices or errors might be proposed to you acceptably, or even fastened in you fatally, though all the while you were not the least required to confide in his inspiration.

48. For indeed, the only confidence, and the only safety which in such matters we can either hold or hope, are in our own desire to be rightly guided, and willingness to follow in simplicity the guidance granted. But all our conceptions and reasonings on the subject of inspiration have been disordered by our habit, first of distinguishing falsely—or at least needlessly—between inspiration of words and of acts ; and secondly by our attribution of inspired strength or wisdom to some persons or some writers only, instead of to the whole body of believers, in so far as they are partakers of the Grace of Christ, the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost. In the degree in which every Christian receives, or refuses, the several gifts expressed by that general benediction, he enters or is cast out from the inheritance of the saints,—in the exact degree in which he denies the Christ, angers the Father, and grieves the Holy Spirit, he becomes uninspired or unholy,—and in the measure in which he trusts Christ, obeys the Father, and consents with the Spirit, he becomes inspired in feeling, act, word, and reception of word, according to the capacities of his nature. He is not gifted with higher ability, nor called into new offices, but enabled to use his granted natural powers, in their appointed place, to the best purpose. A child is inspired as a child, and

a maiden as a maiden; the weak, even in their weakness, and the wise, only in their hour.

That is the simply determinable *theory* of the inspiration of all true members of the Church; its truth can only be known by proving it in trial: but I believe there is no record of any man's having tried and declared it vain.*

49. Beyond this theory of general inspiration, there is that

* Compare the closing paragraph in p. 45 of 'The Shrine of the Slaves' Strangely, as I revise *this* page for press, a slip is sent me from 'The Christian' newspaper, in which the comment of the orthodox evangelical editor may be hereafter representative to us of the heresy of his sect; in its last audacity, actually *opposing* the power of the Spirit to the work of Christ. (I only wish I had been at Matlock, and heard the kind physician's sermon.)

"An interesting and somewhat unusual sight was seen in Derbyshire on Saturday last—two old-fashioned Friends, dressed in the original garb of the Quakers, preaching on the roadside to a large and attentive audience in Matlock. One of them, who is a doctor in good practice in the county, by name Dr. Charles A. Fox, made a powerful and effective appeal to his audience to see to it that each one was living in obedience to the light of the Holy Spirit within. Christ *within* was the hope of glory, and it was as He was followed in the ministry of the Spirit that we were saved by Him, who became thus to each the author and finisher of faith. He cautioned his hearers against building their house on the sand by believing in the free and easy Gospel so commonly preached to the wayside hearers, as if we were saved by 'believing' this or that. Nothing short of the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul of each one could save us, and to preach anything short of this was simply to delude the simple and unwary in the most terrible form.

"[It would be unfair to criticise an address from so brief an abstract, but we must express our conviction that the obedience of Christ unto death, the death of the Cross, *rather* than the work of the Spirit in us, is the good tidings for sinful men.—ED.]"

In juxtaposition with this editoral piece of modern British press theology, I will simply place the 4th, 6th, and 13th verses of Romans viii., italicising the expressions which are of deepest import, and always neglected. "That the *righteousness of the* LAW might be fulfilled *in us*, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For to be carnally *minded*, is death, but to be spiritually *minded*, is life, and peace. . . . For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if *ye through the Spirit* do mortify the *deeds* of the body, ye shall live."

It would be well for Christendom if the Baptismal service explained what it professes to abjure.

of especial call and command, with actual dictation of the deeds to be done or words to be said. I will enter at present into no examination of the evidences of such separating influence ; it is not claimed by the Fathers of the Church, either for themselves, or even for the entire body of the Sacred writers, but only ascribed to certain passages dictated at certain times for special needs : and there is no possibility of attaching the idea of infallible truth to any form of human language in which even these exceptional passages have been delivered to us. But this is demonstrably true of the entire volume of them, as we have it, and read,—each of us as it may be rendered in his native tongue ; that, however mingled with mystery which we are not required to unravel, or difficulties which we should be insolent in desiring to solve, it contains plain teaching for men of every rank of soul and state in life, which so far as they honestly and implicitly obey, they will be happy and innocent to the utmost powers of their nature, and capable of victory over all adversities, whether of temptation or pain.

50. Indeed, the Psalter alone, which practically was the service book of the Church for many ages, contains merely in the first half of it the sum of personal and social wisdom. The 1st, 8th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 23rd, and 24th psalms, well learned and believed, are enough for all personal guidance ; the 48th, 72nd, and 75th, have in them the law and the prophecy of all righteous government ; and every real triumph of natural science is anticipated in the 104th.

51. For the contents of the entire volume, consider what other group of historic and didactic literature has a range comparable with it. There are—

I. The stories of the Fall and of the Flood, the grandest human traditions founded on a true horror of sin.

II. The story of the Patriarchs, of which the effective truth is visible to this day in the polity of the Jewish and Arab races.

III. The story of Moses, with the results of that tradition in the moral law of all the civilized world.

IV. The story of the Kings—virtually that of all Kinghood,

in David, and of all Philosophy, in Solomon: culminating in the Psalms and Proverbs, with the still more close and practical wisdom of Ecclesiasticus and the Son of Sirach.

V. The story of the Prophets—virtually that of the deepest mystery, tragedy, and permanent fate, of national existence.

VI. The story of Christ.

VII. The moral law of St. John, and his closing Apocalypse of its fulfilment.

Think, if you can match that table of contents in any other—I do not say 'book' but 'literature.' Think, so far as it is possible for any of us—either adversary or defender of the faith—to extricate his intelligence from the habit and the association of moral sentiment based upon the Bible, what literature could have taken its place, or fulfilled its function, though every library in the world had remained unravaged, and every teacher's truest words had been written down?

52. I am no despiser of profane literature. So far from it, that I believe no interpretations of Greek religion have ever been so affectionate, none of Roman religion so reverent, as those which will be found at the base of my art teaching, and current through the entire body of my works. But it was from the Bible that I learned the symbols of Homer, and the faith of Horace: the duty enforced upon me in early youth of reading every word of the gospels and prophecies as if written by the hand of God, gave me the habit of awed attention which afterwards made many passages of the profane writers, frivolous to an irreligious reader, deeply grave to me. How far my mind has been paralysed by the faults and sorrow of life,—how far short its knowledge may be of what I might have known, had I more faithfully walked in the light I had, is beyond my conjecture or confession: but as I never wrote for my own pleasure or self-proclaiming, I have been guarded, as men who so write always will be, from errors dangerous to others; and the fragmentary expressions of feeling or statements of doctrine, which from time to time I have been able to give, will be found now by an attentive reader to bind themselves together into a general system of interpretation of Sacred literature,—both classic and Christian, which will

enable him without injustice to sympathize in the faiths of candid and generous souls, of every age and every clime.

53. That there *is* a Sacred classic literature, running parallel with that of the Hebrews, and coalescing in the symbolic legends of mediæval Christendom, is shown in the most tender and impressive way by the independent, yet similar, influence of Virgil upon Dante, and upon Bishop Gawaine Douglas. At earlier dates, the teaching of every master trained in the Eastern schools was necessarily grafted on the wisdom of the Greek mythology; and thus the story of the Nemean Lion, with the aid of Athena in its conquest, is the real root-stock of the legend of St. Jerome's companion, conquered by the healing gentleness of the Spirit of Life.

54. I call it a legend only. Whether Heracles ever slew, or St. Jerome ever cherished, the wild or wounded creature, is of no moment to us in learning what the Greeks meant by their vase-outlines of the great contest, or the Christian painters by their fond insistance on the constancy of the Lion-friend. Former tradition, in the story of Samson,—of the disobedient Prophet,—of David's first inspired victory, and finally of the miracle wrought in the defence of the most favoured and most faithful of the greater Prophets, runs always parallel in symbolism with the Dorian fable: but the legend of St. Jerome takes up the prophecy of the Millennium, and foretells, with the Cumæan Sibyl, and with Isaiah, a day when the Fear of Man shall be laid in benediction, not enmity, on inferior beings,—when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all the holy Mountain, and the Peace of the Earth shall be as far removed from its present sorrow, as the present gloriously animate universe from the nascent desert, whose deeps were the place of dragons, and its mountains, domes of fire.

Of that day knoweth no man; but the Kingdom of God is already come to those who have tamed in their own hearts what was rampant of the lower nature, and have learned to cherish what is lovely and human, in the wandering children of the clouds and fields.

AVALLON, 28*th August*, 1882.

CHAPTER IV.

INTERPRETATIONS.

1. It is the admitted privilege of a custode who loves his cathedral to depreciate, in its comparison, all the other cathedrals of his country that resemble, and all the edifices on the globe that differ from it. But I love too many cathedrals—though I have never had the happiness of becoming the custode of even one—to permit myself the easy and faithful exercise of the privilege in question; and I must vindicate my candour, and my judgment, in the outset, by confessing that the cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the way of towers,—that its central flèche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter,—that the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful pointing and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury—nothing of the might of Durham;—no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mythic fantasy like Verona. And yet, in all, and more than these, ways, outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given it by M. Viollet le Duc—

"The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture." *

2. Of Gothic, mind you; Gothic clear of Roman tradition, and of Arabian taint; Gothic pure, authoritative, unsurpassable, and unaccusable; its proper principles of structure being once understood and admitted.

No well-educated traveller is now without some consciousness of the meaning of what is commonly and rightly called "purity of style," in the modes of art which have been practised by civilized nations; and few are unaware of the distinctive aims and character of Gothic. The purpose of a good

* Of French Architecture, accurately, in the place quoted, "Dictionary of Architecture," vol. i. p. 71; but in the article "Cathédrale," it is called (vol. ii. p. 330) "l'église *ogivale* par excellence."

Gothic builder was to raise, with the native stone of the place he had to build in, an edifice as high and as spacious as he could, with calculable and visible security, in no protracted and wearisome time, and with no monstrous or oppressive compulsion of human labour.

He did not wish to exhaust in the pride of a single city the energies of a generation, or the resources of a kingdom; he built for Amiens with the strength and the exchequer of Amiens; with chalk from the cliffs of the Somme,* and under the orders of two successive bishops, one of whom directed the foundations of the edifice, and the other gave thanks in it for its completion. His object, as a designer, in common with all the sacred builders of his time in the North, was to admit as much light into the building as was consistent with the comfort of it; to make its structure intelligibly admirable, but not curious or confusing; and to enrich and enforce the understood structure with ornament sufficient for its beauty, yet yielding to no wanton enthusiasm in expenditure, nor insolent in giddy or selfish ostentation of skill; and finally, to make the external sculpture of its walls and gates at once an alphabet and epitome of the religion, by the knowledge and inspiration of which an acceptable worship might be rendered, within those gates, to the Lord whose Fear was in His Holy Temple, and whose seat was in Heaven.

3. It is not easy for the citizen of the modern aggregate of bad building, and ill-living held in check by constables, which *we* call a town,—of which the widest streets are devoted by

* It was a universal principle with the French builders of the great ages to use the stones of their quarries as they lay in the bed; if the beds were thick, the stones were used of their full thickness—if thin, of their necessary thinness, adjusting them with beautiful care to directions of thrust and weight. The natural blocks were never sawn, only squared into fitting, the whole native strength and crystallization of the stone being thus kept unflawed—"*ne dédoublant jamais* une pierre. Cette méthode est excellente, elle conserve à la pierre toute sa force naturelle,—tous ses moyens de resistance." See M. Viollet le Duc, Article "Construction" (Matériaux), vol. iv. p. 129. He adds the very notable fact that, *to this day, in seventy departments of France, the use of the stone-saw is unknown.*

consent to the encouragement of vice, and the narrow ones to the concealment of misery,—not easy, I say, for the citizen of any such mean city to understand the feeling of a burgher of the Christian ages to his cathedral. For him, the quite simply and frankly-believed text, "Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them," was expanded into the wider promise to many honest and industrious persons gathered in His name—"They shall be my people and I will be their God;"—deepened in his reading of it, by some lovely local and simply affectionate faith that Christ, as he was a Jew among Jews, and a Galilean among Galileans, was also, in his nearness to any—even the poorest—group of disciples, as one of their nation; and that their own "Beau Christ d'Amiens" was as true a compatriot to them as if He had been born of a Picard maiden.

4. It is to be remembered, however—and this is a theological point on which depended much of the structural development of the northern basilicas—that the part of the building in which the Divine presence was believed to be constant, as in the Jewish Holy of Holies, was only the enclosed choir; in front of which the aisles and transepts might become the King's Hall of Justice, as in the presence-chamber of Christ; and whose high altar was guarded always from the surrounding eastern aisles by a screen of the most finished workmanship; while from those surrounding aisles branched off a series of radiating chapels or cells, each dedicated to some separate saint. This conception of the company of Christ with His saints, (the eastern chapel of all being the Virgin's,) was at the root of the entire disposition of the apse with its supporting and dividing buttresses and piers; and the architectural form can never be well delighted in, unless in some sympathy with the spiritual imagination out of which it rose. We talk foolishly and feebly of symbols and types: in old Christian architecture, every part is *literal:* the cathedral *is* for its builders the House of God;—it is surrounded, like an earthly king's, with minor lodgings for the servants; and the glorious carvings of the exterior walls and interior wood of the choir, which an English rector would almost instinctively

think of as done for the glorification of the canons, was indeed the Amienois carpenter's way of making his Master-carpenter comfortable,*—nor less of showing his own native and insuperable virtue of carpenter, before God and man.

5. Whatever you wish to see, or are forced to leave unseen, at Amiens, if the overwhelming responsibilities of your existence, and the inevitable necessities of precipitate locomotion in their fulfilment, have left you so much as one quarter of an hour, not out of breath—for the contemplation of the capital of Picardy, give it wholly to the cathedral choir. Aisles and porches, lancet windows and roses, you can see elsewhere as well as here—but such carpenter's work, you cannot. It is late,—fully developed flamboyant just past the fifteenth century—and has some Flemish stolidity mixed with the playing French fire of it; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

Sweet and young-grained wood it is: oak, *trained* and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreaths itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, imperishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.†

* The philosophic reader is quite welcome to 'detect' and 'expose' as many carnal motives as he pleases, besides the good ones,—competition with neighbour Beauvais—comfort to sleepy heads—solace to fat sides, and the like. He will find at last that no quantity of competition or comfort-seeking will do anything the like of this carving now;—still less his own philosophy, whatever its species: and that it was indeed the little mustard-seed of faith in the heart, with a very notable quantity of honesty besides in the habit and disposition, that made all the rest grow together for good.

† Arnold Boulin, master-joiner (menuisier) at Amiens, solicited the enterprise, and obtained it in the first months of the year 1508. A contract was drawn and an agreement made with him for the construction of one hundred and twenty stalls with historical subjects, high backings, crownings and pyramidal canopies. It was agreed that the principal

6. I have never been able to make up my mind which was really the best way of approaching the cathedral for the first time. If you have plenty of leisure and the day is fine, and you are not afraid of an hour's walk, the really right thing to do is to walk down the main street of the old town, and across

executor should have seven sous of Tournay (a little less than the sou of France) a day, for himself and his apprentice, (threepence a day the two—say a shilling a week the master, and sixpence a week the man,) and for the superintendence of the whole work, twelve crowns a year, at the rate of twenty-four sous the crown; (*i.e.*, twelve shillings a year). The salary of the simple workman was only to be three sous a day. For the sculptures and histories of the seats, the bargain was made separately with Antoine Avernier, image-cutter, residing at Amiens, at the rate of thirty-two sous (sixteen pence) the piece. Most of the wood came from Clermont en Beauvoisis, near Amiens; the finest, for the bas-reliefs, from Holland, by St. Valery and Abbeville. The Chapter appointed four of its own members to superintend the work: Jean Dumas, Jean Fabres, Pierre Vuaille, and Jean Lenglaché, to whom my authors (canons both) attribute the choice of subjects, the placing of them, and the initiation of the workmen 'au sens véritable et plus élevé de la Bible ou des legendes, et portant quelque fois le simple savoir-faire de l'ouvrier jusqu'à la hauteur du génie du théologien.'

Without pretending to apportion the credit of savoir-faire and theology in the business, we have only to observe that the whole company, master, apprentices, workmen, image-cutter, and four canons, got well into traces, and set to work on the 3rd of July, 1508, in the great hall of the évêché, which was to be the workshop and studio during the whole time of the business. In the following year, another menuisier, Alexander Huet, was associated with the body, to carry on the stalls on the right hand of the choir, while Arnold Boulin went on with those on the left. Arnold, leaving his new associate in command for a time, went to Beauvais and St. Riquier, to see the woodwork there; and in July of 1511 both the masters went to Rouen together, 'pour étudier les chaires de la cathédrale.' The year before, also, two Franciscans, monks of Abbeville, 'expert and renowned in working in wood,' had been called by the Amiens chapter to give their opinion on things in progress, and had each twenty sous for his opinion, and travelling expenses.

In 1516, another and an important name appears on the accounts,—that of Jean Trupin, 'a simple workman at the wages of three sous a day,' but doubtless a good and spirited carver, whose true portrait it is without doubt, and by his own hand, that forms the elbow-rest of the 85th stall (right hand, nearest apse), beneath which is cut his name

the river, and quite out to the chalk hill * out of which the citadel is half quarried—half walled ;—and walk to the top of that, and look down into the citadel's dry 'ditch,'—or, more truly, dry valley of death, which is about as deep as a glen in Derbyshire, (or, more precisely, the upper part of the 'Happy Valley' at Oxford, above Lower Hincksey,) and thence across to the cathedral and ascending slopes of the city ; so, you will

JHAN TRUPIN, and again under the 92nd stall, with the added wish, 'Jan Trupin, God take care of thee' (*Dieu te pourvoie*).

The entire work was ended on St. John's Day, 1522, without (so far as we hear) any manner of interruption by dissension, death, dishonesty, or incapacity, among its fellow-workmen, master or servant. And the accounts being audited by four members of the Chapter, it was found that the total expense was 9,488 livres, 11 sous, and 3 obols (décimes), or 474 napoleons, 11 sous, 3 décimes of modern French money, or roughly four hundred sterling English pounds.

For which sum, you perceive, a company of probably six or eight good workmen, old and young, had been kept merry and busy for fourteen years ; and this that you see—left for substantial result and gift to you.

I have not examined the carvings so as to assign, with any decision, the several masters' work ; but in general the flower and leaf design in the traceries will be by the two head menuisiers, and their apprentices ; the elaborate Scripture histories by Avernier, with variously completing incidental grotesque by Trupin ; and the joining and fitting by the common workmen. No nails are used,—all is morticed, and so beautifully that the joints have not moved to this day, and are still almost imperceptible. The four terminal pyramids 'you might take for giant pines forgotten for six centuries on the soil where the church was built ; they might be looked on at first as a wild luxury of sculpture and hollow traceries—but examined in analysis they are marvels of order and system in construction, uniting all the lightness, strength, and grace of the most renowned spires in the last epoch of the Middle ages.'

The above particulars are all extracted—or simply translated, out of the excellent description of the "Stalles et les Clôtures du Chœur" of the Cathedral of Amiens, by MM. les Chanoines Jourdain et Duval (Amiens Vv. Alfred Caron, 1867). The accompanying lithographic outlines are exceedingly good, and the reader will find the entire series of subjects indicated with precision and brevity, both for the woodwork and the external veil of the choir, of which I have no room to speak in this traveller's summary.

* The strongest and finally to be defended part of the earliest city was on this height.

understand the real height and relation of tower and town :—then, returning, find your way to the Mount Zion of it by any narrow cross streets and chance bridges you can—the more winding and dirty the streets, the better; and whether you come first on west front or apse, you will think them worth all the trouble you have had to reach them.

7. But if the day be dismal, as it may sometimes be, even in France, of late years,—or if you cannot or will not walk, which may also chance, for all our athletics and lawn-tennis, —or if you must really go to Paris this afternoon, and only mean to see all you can in an hour or two,—then, supposing that, notwithstanding these weaknesses, you are still a nice sort of person, for whom it is of some consequence which way you come at a pretty thing, or begin to look at it—I *think* the best way is to walk from the Hotel de France or the Place de Perigord, up the Street of Three Pebbles, towards the railway station—stopping a little as you go, so as to get into a cheerful temper, and buying some bonbons or tarts for the children in one of the charming patissiers' shops on the left. Just pass them, ask for the theatre ; and just past that, you will find, also on the left, three open arches, through which you can turn, passing the Palais de Justice, and go straight up to the south transept, which has really something about it to please everybody. It is simple and severe at the bottom, and daintily traceried and pinnacled at the top, and yet seems all of a piece—though it isn't—and everybody *must* like the taper and transparent fretwork of the flèche above, which seems to bend to the west wind,—though it doesn't—at least, the bending is a long habit, gradually yielded into, with gaining grace and submissiveness, during the last three hundred years. And, coming quite up to the porch, everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet. A Madonna in decadence she is, though, for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness, and her gay soubrette's smile ; and she has no business there, neither, for this is St. Honoré's porch, not hers ; and grim and grey St. Honoré used to stand there to receive you,—he is

banished now to the north porch, where nobody ever goes in. This was done long ago, in the fourteenth-century days, when the people first began to find Christianity too serious, and devised a merrier faith for France, and would have bright-glancing, soubrette Madonnas everywhere—letting their own dark-eyed Joan of Arc be burnt for a witch. And thenceforward, things went their merry way, straight on, 'ça allait, ça ira,' to the merriest days of the guillotine.

But they could still carve, in the fourteenth century, and the Madonna and her hawthorn-blossom lintel are worth your looking at,—much more the field above, of sculpture as delicate and more calm, which tells St. Honoré's own story, little talked of now in his Parisian faubourg.

8. I will not keep you just now to tell St. Honoré's story—(only too glad to leave you a little curious about it, if it were possible)*—for certainly you will be impatient to go into the church; and cannot enter it to better advantage than by this door. For all cathedrals of any mark have nearly the same effect when you enter at the west door; but I know no other which shows so much of its nobleness from the south interior transept; the opposite rose being of exquisite fineness in tracery, and lovely in lustre; and the shafts of the transept aisles forming wonderful groups with those of the choir and nave; also, the apse shows its height better, as it opens to you when you advance from the transept into the mid-nave, than when it is seen at once from the west end of the nave; where it is just possible for an irreverent person rather to think the nave narrow, than the apse high. Therefore, if you let me guide you, go in at this south transept door, (and put a sou into every beggar's box who asks it there,—it is none of your business whether they should be there or not, nor whether they deserve to have the sou,—be sure only that you yourself deserve to have it to give; and give it prettily, and not as if it burnt your fingers). Then, being once inside, take what first sensation and general glimpse of it pleases you—promising the custode to come back to *see* it properly; (only then, mind

* See, however, pages 32 and 130 (§§ 36, 112–114) of the octavo edition of 'The Two Paths.'

you keep the promise), and in this first quarter of an hour, seeing only what fancy bid you—but at least, as I said, the apse from mid-nave, and all the traverses of the building, from its centre. Then you will know, when you go outside again, what the architect was working for, and what his buttresses and traceries mean. For the outside of a French cathedral, except for its sculpture, is always to be thought of as the wrong side of the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern. And if you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circlet of light, when you look up into it from the cross-centre, you need not travel farther in search of cathedrals, for the waiting-room of any station is a better place for you;—but, if it amaze you and delight you at first, then, the more you know of it, the more it will amaze. For it is not possible for imagination and mathematics together, to do anything nobler or stronger than that procession of window, with material of glass and stone—nor anything which shall look loftier, with so temperate and prudent measure of actual loftiness.

9. From the pavement to the keystone of its vault is but 132 French feet—about 150 English. Think only—you who have been in Switzerland,—the Staubbach falls *nine* hundred! Nay, Dover cliff under the castle, just at the end of the Marine Parade, is twice as high; and the little cockneys parading to military polka on the asphalt below, think themselves about as tall as it, I suppose,—nay, what with their little lodgings and stodgings and podgings about it, they have managed to make it look no bigger than a moderate-sized limekiln. Yet it is twice the height of Amiens' apse!—and it takes good building, with only such bits of chalk as one can quarry beside Somme, to make your work stand half that height, for six hundred years.

10. It takes good building, I say, and you may even aver the best—that ever was, or is again likely for many a day to be, on the unquaking and fruitful earth, where one could calculate on a pillar's standing fast, once well set up; and where aisles of aspen, and orchards of apple, and clusters of vine, gave type of what might be most beautifully made sacred in

the constancy of sculptured stone. From the unhewn block set on end in the Druid's Bethel, to *this* Lord's House and blue-vitrailed gate of Heaven, you have the entire course and consummation of the Northern Religious Builder's passion and art.

11. But, note further—and earnestly,—this apse of Amiens is not only the best, but the very *first* thing done *perfectly* in its manner, by Northern Christendom. In pages 323 and 327 of the sixth volume of M. Viollet le Duc, you will find the exact history of the development of these traceries through which the eastern light shines on you as you stand, from the less perfect and tentative forms of Rheims: and so momentary was the culmination of the exact rightness, that here, from nave to transept—built only ten years later,—there is a little change, not towards decline, but to a not quite necessary precision. Where decline begins, one cannot, among the lovely fantasies that succeeded, exactly say—but exactly, and indisputably, we know that this apse of Amiens is the first virgin perfect work,—Parthenon also in that sense,—of Gothic Architecture.

12. Who built it, shall we ask? God, and Man,—is the first and most true answer. The stars in their courses built it, and the Nations. Greek Athena labours here—and Roman Father Jove, and Guardian Mars. The Gaul labours here, and the Frank: knightly Norman,—mighty Ostrogoth,—and wasted anchorite of Idumea.

The actual Man who built it scarcely cared to tell you he did so; nor do the historians brag of him. Any quantity of heraldries of knaves and fainéants you may find in what they call their 'history': but this is probably the first time you ever read the name of Robert of Luzarches. I say he 'scarcely cared'—we are not sure that he cared at all. He signed his name nowhere, that I can hear of. You may perhaps find some recent initials cut by English remarkable visitors desirous of immortality, here and there about the edifice, but Robert the builder—or at least the Master of building, cut *his* on no stone of it. Only when, after his death, the

headstone had been brought forth with shouting, Grace unto it, this following legend was written, recording all who had part or lot in the labour, within the middle of the labyrinth then inlaid in the pavement of the nave. You must read it trippingly on the tongue: it was rhymed gaily for you by pure French gaiety, not the least like that of the Théâtre de Folies.

"En l'an de Grace mil deux cent
Et vingt, fu l'œuvre de cheens
Premièrement encomenchie.
A donc y ert de cheste evesquie
Evrart, évêque bénis;
Et, Roy de France, Loys
Qui fut fils Phelippe le Sage.
Qui maistre y ert de l'œuvre
Maistre Robert estoit només
Et de Luzarches surnomés.
Maistre Thomas fu après lui
De Cormont. Et après, son filz
Maistre Regnault, qui mestre
Fist a chest point chi cheste lectre
Que l'incarnation valoit
Treize cent, moins douze, en faloit."

13. I have written the numerals in letters, else the metre would not have come clear; they were really in figures, thus, "II c. et xx," XIII c. moins XII." I quote the inscription from M. l'Abbé Rozé's admirable little book, "Visite à la Cathédrale d'Amiens,"—Sup. Lib. de Mgr. l'Evêque d'Amiens, 1877,—which every grateful traveller should buy, for I'm only going to steal a little bit of it here and there. I only wish there had been a translation of the legend to steal, too; for there are one or two points, both of idea and chronology, in it, that I should have liked the Abbé's opinion of.

The main purport of the rhyme, however, we perceive to be, line for line, as follows:—

"In the year of Grace, Twelve Hundred
And twenty, the work, then falling to ruin,
Was first begun again.
Then was, of this Bishopric

Everard the blessed Bishop.
And King of France, Louis,
Who was son to Philip the Wise.
He who was Master of the Work
Was called Master Robert,
And called, beyond that, of Luzarches.
Master Thomas was after him,
Of Cormont. And after him, his son,
Master Reginald, who to be put
Made—at this point—this reading.
When the Incarnation was of account
Thirteen hundred less twelve, which it failed of."

In which legend, while you stand where once it was written (it was removed—to make the old pavement more polite—in the year, I sorrowfully observe, of my own earliest tour on the Continent, 1825, when I had not yet turned my attention to Ecclesiastical Architecture), these points are noticeable—if you have still a little patience.

14. 'The work'—*i.e.*, the Work of Amiens in especial, her cathedral, was 'déchéant,' falling to ruin for the—I cannot at once say—fourth, fifth, or what time,—in the year 1220. For it was a wonderfully difficult matter for little Amiens to get this piece of business fairly done, so hard did the Devil pull against her. She built her first Bishop's church (scarcely more than St. Firmin's tomb-chapel) about the year 350, just outside the railway station on the road to Paris;* then, after being nearly herself destroyed, chapel and all, by the Frank invasion, having recovered, and converted her Franks, she built another and a properly called cathedral, where this one stands now, under Bishop St. Save, (St. Sauve, or Salve). But even this proper cathedral was only of wood, and the Normans burnt it in 881. Rebuilt, it stood for 200 years; but was in great part destroyed by lightning in 1019. Rebuilt again, it and the town were more or less burnt together by lightning, in 1107,—my authority says calmly "un incendie provoqué par la même cause détruisit *la ville* et une

* At St. Acheul. See the first chapter of this book, and the "Description Historique de la Cathédrale d'Amiens," by A. P. M. Gilbert, 8vo, Amiens, 1833, pp. 5–7.

partie de la cathédrale." The 'partie' being rebuilt once more, the whole was again reduced to ashes, "réduite en cendre par le feu de ciel en 1218, ainsi que tous les titres, les martyrologies, les calendriers, et les Archives de l'Evêché et du Chapitre."

15. It was the fifth cathedral, I count, then, that lay in 'ashes,' according to Mons. Gilbert—in ruin certainly—déchéant;—and ruin of a very discouraging completeness it would have been, to less lively townspeople—in 1218. But it was rather of a stimulating completeness to Bishop Everard and his people—the ground well cleared for them, as it were; and lightning (feu de l'enfer, not du ciel, recognized for a diabolic plague, as in Egypt), was to be defied to the pit. They only took two years, you see, to pull themselves together; and to work they went, in 1220, they, and their bishop, and their king, and their Robert of Luzarches. And this, that roofs you, was what their hands found to do with their might.

16. Their king was 'à-donc,' 'at that time,' Louis VIII., who is especially further called the son of Philip of August, or Philip the Wise, because his father was not dead in 1220; but must have resigned the practical kingdom to his son, as his own father had done to him; the old and wise king retiring to his chamber, and thence silently guiding his son's hands, very gloriously, yet for three years.

But, farther—and this is the point on which chiefly I would have desired the Abbé's judgment—Louis VIII. died of fever at Montpensier in 1226. And the entire conduct of the main labour of the cathedral, and the chief glory of its service, as we shall hear presently, was *Saint* Louis's; for a time of forty-four years. And the inscription was put "à ce point ci" by the last architect, six years after St. Louis's death. How is it that the great and holy king is not named?

17. I must not, in this traveller's brief, lose time in conjectural answers to the questions which every step here will raise from the ravaged shrine. But this is a very solemn one; and must be kept in our hearts, till we may perhaps get clue to it. One thing only we are sure of,—that at least the *due*

honour—alike by the sons of Kings and sons of Craftsmen—is given always to their fathers; and that apparently the chief honour of all is given here to Philip the Wise. From whose house, not of parliament but of peace, came, in the years when this temple was first in building, an edict indeed of peace-making: "That it should be criminal for any man to take vengeance for an insult or injury till forty days after the commission of the offence—and then only with the approbation of the Bishop of the Diocese." Which was perhaps a wiser effort to end the Feudal system in its Saxon sense,* than any of our recent projects for ending it in the Norman one.

18. "A ce point ci." The point, namely, of the labyrinth inlaid in the Cathedral floor; a recognized emblem of many things to the people, who knew that the ground they stood on was holy, as the roof over their head. Chiefly, to them, it was an emblem of noble human life, strait-gated, narrow-walled, with infinite darknesses and the "inextricabilis error" on either hand—and in the depth of it, the brutal nature to be conquered.

19. This meaning, from the proudest heroic, and purest legislative, days of Greece, the symbol had borne for all men skilled in her traditions: to the schools of craftsmen the sign meant further their craft's noblesse, and pure descent from the divinely-terrestrial skill of Dædalus, the labyrinth-builder, and the first sculptor of imagery *pathetic*† with human life and death.

20. Quite the most beautiful sign of the power of true Christian-Catholic faith is this continual acknowledgment by

* Feud, Saxon faedh, low Latin Faida (Scottish 'fae,' English 'foe,' derivative), Johnson. Remember also that the root of Feud, in its Norman sense of land-allotment, is *foi*, not *fee*, which Johnson, old Tory as he was, did not observe—neither in general does the modern Antifeudalist.

† "Tu quoque, magnam
Partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes,
Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,—
Bis patriæ cecidere manus."

There is, advisedly, no pathos allowed in primary sculpture. Its heroes conquer without exultation, and die without sorrow.

it of the brotherhood—nay, more, the fatherhood, of the elder nations who had not seen Christ; but had been filled with the Spirit of God; and obeyed, according to their knowledge, His unwritten law. The pure charity and humility of this temper are seen in all Christian art, according to its strength and purity of race; but best, to the full, seen and interpreted by the three great Christian-Heathen poets, Dante, Douglas of Dunkeld,* and George Chapman. The prayer with which the last ends his life's work is, so far as I know, the perfectest and deepest expression of Natural Religion given us in literature; and if you can, pray it here—standing on the spot where the builder once wrote the history of the Parthenon of Christianity.

21. "I pray thee, Lord, the father, and the Guide of our reason, that we may remember the nobleness with which Thou hast adorned us; and that Thou would'st be always on our right hand and on our left,† in the motion of our own Wills: that so we may be purged from the contagion of the Body and the Affections of the Brute, and overcome them and rule; and use, as it becomes men to use them, for instruments. And then, that Thou would'st be in Fellowship with us for the careful correction of our reason, and for its conjunction by the light of truth with the things that truly are.

"And in the third place, I pray to Thee the Saviour, that Thou would'st utterly cleanse away the closing gloom from the eyes of our souls, that we may know well who is to be held for God, and who for Mortal. Amen."‡

* See 'Fors Clavigera,' Letter LXI., vol. iii. p. 110.

† Thus, the command to the children of Israel "that they go forward" is to their own wills. They obeying, the sea retreats, *but not before* they dare to advance into it. *Then*, the waters are a wall unto them, on their right hand and their left.

‡ The original is written in Latin only. "Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ Nobilitatis recordemur, quâ tu nos ornasti: et ut tu nobis presto sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et a Corporis contagio, Brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, atque regamus; et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinte, ut nobis adjuncto sis; ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium,

22. And having prayed this prayer, or at least, read it with honest wishing, (which if you cannot, there is no hope of your at present taking pleasure in any human work of large faculty, whether poetry, painting, or sculpture,) we may walk a little farther westwards down the nave, where, in the middle of it, but only a few yards from its end, two flat stones (the custode will show you them), one a little farther back than the other, are laid over the graves of the two great bishops, all whose strength of life was given, with the builder's, to raise this temple. Their actual graves have not been disturbed; but the tombs raised over them, once and again removed, are now set on your right and left hand as you look back to the apse, under the third arch between the nave and aisles.

23. Both are of bronze, cast at one flow—and with insuperable, in some respects inimitable, skill in the caster's art.

"Chef-d'œuvres de fonte,—le tout fondu d'un seul jet, et admirablement." * There are only two other such tombs left in France, those of the children of St. Louis. All others of their kind—and they were many in every great cathedral of France—were first torn from the graves they covered, to destroy the memory of France's dead; and then melted down into sous and centimes, to buy gunpowder and absinthe with for her living,—by the Progressive Mind of Civilization in her first blaze of enthusiasm and new light, from 1789 to 1800.

The children's tombs, one on each side of the altar of St. Denis, are much smaller than these, though wrought more beautifully. These beside you are the *only two Bronze tombs of her Men of the great ages*, left in France!

Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas; ut norimus bene, qui Deus, aut Mortalis habendus. Amen."

* Viollet le Duc, vol. viii., p. 256. He adds: "L'une d'elles est comme art" (meaning general art of sculpture), "un monument du premier ordre;" but this is only partially true—also I find a note in M. Gilbert's account of them, p. 126: "Les deux doigts qui manquent, à la main droite de l'évêque Gaudefroi paraissent être un défaut survenu à la fonte." See further, on these monuments, and those of St. Louis' children, Viollet le Duc, vol. ix., pp. 61, 62.

24. And they are the tombs of the pastors of her people, who built for her the first perfect temple to her God. The Bishop Everard's is on your right, and has engraved round the border of it this inscription :*—

"Who fed the people, who laid the foundations of this
Structure, to whose care the City was given,
Here, in ever-breathing balm of fame, rests Everard.
A man compassionate to the afflicted, the widow's protector, the orphan's
Guardian. Whom he could, he recreated with gifts.
To words of men,
If gentle, a lamb ; if violent, a lion ; if proud, biting steel."

* I steal again from the Abbé Rozé the two inscriptions,—with his introductory notice of the evilly-inspired interference with them.

"La tombe d'Evrard de Fouilloy, (died 1222), coulée en bronze en plein-relief, était supportée dès le principe, par des monstres engagés dans une maçonnerie remplissant le dessous du monument, pour indiquer que cet évêque avait posé les fondements de la Cathédrale. Un *architecte malheureusement inspiré* a osé arracher la maçonnerie, pour qu'on ne vit plus la main du prélat fondateur, à la base de l'édifice.

"On lit, sur la bordure, l'inscription suivante en beaux caractères du XIII^e^ siècle :

"'Qui populum pavit, qui fundamẽta locavit
Huiũs structure, cuius fuit urbs data cure
Hic redolens nardus, famâ requiescit Ewardus,
Vir pius ahflictis, vidvis tutela, relictis
Custos, quos poterat recreabat munere ; v̄bis,
Mitiꝫ agnus erat, tumidis leo, lima sup̄bis.'

"Geoffroy d'Eu (died 1237) est représenté comme son prédécesseur en habits épiscopaux, mais le dessous du bronze supporté par des chimères est évidé, ce prélat ayant élevé l'édifice jusqu'aux voûtes. Voici la légende gravée sur la bordure :

"'Ecce premunt humile Gaufridi membra cubile.
Seu minus aut simile nobis parat omnibus ille ;
Quem laurus gemina decoraverat, in medicinâ
Lege qũ divina, decuerunt cornua bina ;
Clare vir Augensis, quo sedes Ambianensis
Crevit in imensis ; in cœlis auctus, Amen, sis.'

Tout est à étudier dans ces deux monuments ; tout y est d'un haut intérêt, quant au dessin, à la sculpture, à l'agencement des ornements et des draperies."

In saying above that Geoffroy of Eu returned thanks in the Cathedral for its completion, I meant only that he had brought at least the choir into condition for service : "Jusqu'aux voûtes" may or may not mean that the vaulting was closed.

English, at its best, in Elizabethan days, is a nobler language then ever Latin was; but its virtue is in colour and tone, not in what may be called metallic or crystalline condensation. And it is impossible to translate the last line of this inscription in as few English words. Note in it first that the Bishop's friends and enemies are spoken of as in word, not act; because the swelling, or mocking, or flattering, words of men are indeed what the meek of the earth must know how to bear and to welcome;—their deeds, it is for kings and knights to deal with: not but that the Bishops often took deeds in hand also; and in actual battle they were permitted to strike with the mace, but not with sword or lance—*i.e.*, not to "shed blood"! For it was supposed that a man might always recover from a mace-blow; (which, however, would much depend on the bishop's mind who gave it). The battle of Bouvines, quite one of the most important in mediæval history, was won against the English, and against odds besides of Germans, under their Emperor Otho, by two French bishops (Senlis and Bayeux)—who both generalled the French King's line, and led its charges. Our Earl of Salisbury surrendered to the Bishop of Bayeux in person.

25. Note farther, that quite one of the deadliest and most diabolic powers of evil words, or, rightly so called, blasphemy, has been developed in modern days in the effect of sometimes quite innocently meant and enjoyed 'slang.' There are two kinds of slang, in the essence of it: one 'Thieves' Latin'—the special language of rascals, used for concealment; the other, one might perhaps best call Louts' Latin!—the lowering or insulting words invented by vile persons to bring good things, in their own estimates, to their own level, or beneath it. The really worst power of this kind of blasphemy is in its often making it impossible to use plain words without a degrading or ludicrous attached sense:—thus I could not end my translation of this epitaph, as the old Latinist could, with the exactly accurate image: "to the proud, a file"—because of the abuse of the word in lower English, retaining, however, quite shrewdly, the thirteenth-century idea. But the *exact* force of the symbol here is in its allusion to

jewellers' work, filing down facets. A proud man is often also a precious one: and may be made brighter in surface, and the purity of his inner self shown, by good *filing*.

26. Take it all in all, the perfect duty of a Bishop is expressed in these six Latin lines,—au mieux mieux—beginning with his pastoral office—*Feed* my sheep—qui *pavit* populum. And be assured, good reader, these ages never could have told you what a Bishop's, or any other man's, duty was, unless they had each man in his place both done it well—and seen it well done. The Bishop Geoffroy's tomb is on your left, and its inscription is:

> "Behold, the limbs of Godfrey press their lowly bed,
> Whether He is preparing for us all one less than, or like it.
> Whom the twin laurels adorned, in medicine
> And in divine law, the dual crests became him.
> Bright-shining man of Eu, by whom the throne of Amiens
> Rose into immensity, be *thou* increased in Heaven."
>
> Amen.

And now at last—this reverence done and thanks paid—we will turn from these tombs, and go out at one of the western doors—and so see gradually rising above us the immensity of the three porches, and of the thoughts engraved in them.

27. What disgrace or change has come upon them, I will not tell you to-day—except only the 'immeasurable' loss of the great old foundation-steps, open, sweeping broad from side to side for all who came; unwalled, undivided, sunned all along by the westering day, lighted only by the moon and the stars at night; falling steep and many down the hillside—ceasing one by one, at last wide and few towards the level—and worn by pilgrim feet, for six hundred years. So I once saw them, and twice,—such things can now be never seen more.

Nor even of the west front itself, above, is much of the old masonry left: but in the porches, nearly all,—except the actual outside facing, with its rose moulding, of which only a few flowers have been spared here and there.* But the sculpture

* The horizontal lowest part of the moulding between the northern and central porch is old. Compare its roses with the new ones running round the arches above—and you will know what 'Restoration' means.

has been carefully and honourably kept and restored to its place—pedestals or niches restored here and there with clay; or some which you see white and crude, re-carved entirely; nevertheless the impression you may receive from the whole is still what the builder meant; and I will tell you the order of its theology without further notices of its decay.

28. You will find it always well, in looking at any cathedral, to make your quarters of the compass sure, in the beginning; and to remember that, as you enter it, you are looking and advancing eastward; and that if it has three entrance porches, that on your left in entering is the northern, that on your right the southern. I shall endeavour in all my future writing of architecture, to observe the simple law of always calling the door of the north transept the north door; and that on the same side of the west front, the northern door, and so of their opposites. This will save, in the end, much printing and much confusion, for a Gothic cathedral has, almost always, these five great entrances; which may be easily, if at first attentively, recognized under the titles of the Central door (or porch), the Northern door, the Southern door, North door, and the South door.

But when we use the terms right and left, we ought always to use them as in going *out* of the cathedral, or walking down the nave,—the entire north side and aisles of the building being its right side, and the south, its left,—these terms being only used well and authoritatively, when they have reference either to the image of Christ in the apse or on the rood, or else to the central statue, whether of Christ, the Virgin, or a saint, in the west front. At Amiens, this central statue, on the 'trumeau' or supporting and dividing pillar of the central porch, is of Christ Immanuel,—God *with* us. On His right hand and His left, occupying the entire walls of the central porch, are the apostles and the four greater prophets. The twelve minor prophets stand side by side on the front, three on each of its great piers.*

The northern porch is dedicated to St. Firmin, the first Christian missionary to Amiens.

The southern porch, to the Virgin.

* See now the plan at the end of this chapter

But these are both treated as withdrawn behind the great foundation of Christ and the Prophets; and their narrow recesses partly conceal their sculpture, until you enter them. What you have first to think of, and read, is the scripture of the great central porch, and the façade itself.

29. You have then in the centre of the front, the image of Christ Himself, receiving you: "I am the Way, the truth and the life." And the order of the attendant powers may be best understood by thinking of them as placed on Christ's right and left hand: this being also the order which the builder adopts in his Scripture history on the façade—so that it is to be read from left to right—*i.e.* from Christ's left to Christ's right, as *He* sees it. Thus, therefore, following the order of the great statues: first in the central porch, there are six apostles on Christ's right hand, and six on His left. On His left hand, next Him, Peter; then in receding order, Andrew, James, John, Matthew, Simon; on His right hand, next Him, Paul; and in receding order, James the Bishop, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Jude. These opposite ranks of the Apostles occupy what may be called the apse or curved bay of the porch, and form a nearly semicircular group, clearly visible as we approach. But on the sides of the porch, outside the lines of apostles, and not seen clearly till we enter the porch, are the four greater prophets. On Christ's left, Isaiah and Jeremiah, on His right, Ezekiel and Daniel.

30. Then in front, along the whole façade—read in order from Christ's left to His right—come the series of the twelve minor prophets, three to each of the four piers of the temple, beginning at the south angle with Hosea, and ending with Malachi.

As you look full at the façade in front, the statues which fill the minor porches are either obscured in their narrower recesses or withdrawn behind each other so as to be unseen. And the entire mass of the front is seen, literally, as built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone. Literally *that;* for the receding Porch is a deep 'angulus,' and its mid-pillar is the 'Head of the Corner.'

Built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, that is to say of the Prophets who foretold *Christ*, and the Apostles who declared Him. Though Moses was an Apostle, of *God*, he is not here—though Elijah was a Prophet, of *God*, he is not here. The voice of the entire building is that of the Heaven at the Transfiguration, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him."

31. There is yet another and a greater prophet still, who, as it seems at first, is not here. Shall the people enter the gates of the temple, singing "Hosanna to the Son of *David*"; and see no image of His father, then?—Christ Himself declare "I am the root and the offspring of David"; and yet the Root have no sign near it of its Earth?

Not so. David and his son are together. David is the pedestal of the Christ.

32. We will begin our examination of the Temple front, therefore, with this its goodly pedestal stone. The statue of David is only two-thirds life-size, occupying the niche in front of the pedestal. He holds his sceptre in his right hand, the scroll in his left. King and Prophet, type of all Divinely right doing, and right claiming, and right proclaiming, kinghood, for ever.

The pedestal of which this statue forms the fronting or western sculpture, is square, and on the two sides of it are two flowers in vases, on its north side the lily, and on its south the rose. And the entire monolith is one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world.

Above this pedestal comes a minor one, bearing in front of it a tendril of vine which completes the floral symbolism of the whole. The plant which I have called a lily is not the Fleur de Lys, nor the Madonna's, but an ideal one with bells like the crown Imperial (Shakespeare's type of 'lilies of all kinds'), representing the *mode of growth* of the lily of the valley, which could not be sculptured so large in its literal form without appearing monstrous, and is exactly expressed in this tablet—as it fulfils, together with the rose and vine, its companions, the triple saying of Christ, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." "I am the true Vine."

33. On the side of the upper stone are supporters of a different character. Supporters, not captives nor victims; the Cockatrice and Adder. Representing the most active evil principles of the earth, as in their utmost malignity; still, Pedestals of Christ, and even in their deadly life, accomplishing His final will.

Both creatures are represented accurately in the mediæval traditional form, the cockatrice half dragon, half cock; the deaf adder laying one ear against the ground and stopping the other with her tail.

The first represents the infidelity of Pride. The cockatrice —king serpent or highest serpent—saying that he *is* God, and *will be* God.

The second, the infidelity of Death. The adder (nieder or nether snake) saying that he *is* mud, and *will be* mud.

34. Lastly, and above all, set under the feet of the statue of Christ Himself, are the lion and dragon; the images of Carnal sin, or *Human* sin, as distinguished from the Spiritual and Intellectual sin of Pride, by which the angels also fell.

To desire kingship rather than servantship—the Cockatrice's sin, or deaf Death rather than hearkening Life—the Adder's sin,—these are both possible to all the intelligences of the universe. But the distinctively Human sins, anger and lust, seeds in our race of their perpetual sorrow—Christ in His own humanity, conquered; and conquers in His disciples. Therefore his foot is on the heads of these; and the prophecy, "Inculcabis super Leonem et Aspidem," is recognized always as fulfilled in Him, and in all His true servants, according to the height of their authority, and the truth of their power.

35. In this mystic sense, Alexander III. used the words, in restoring peace to Italy, and giving forgiveness to her deadliest enemy, under the porch of St. Mark's.* But the meaning of every act, as of every art, of the Christian ages, lost now for three hundred years, cannot but be in our own times read reversed, if at all, through the counter-spirit which we now

* See my abstract of the history of Barbarossa and Alexander, in 'Fiction, Fair and Foul,' '*Nineteenth Century*,' November, 1880, pp. 752 *seq.*

have reached ; glorifying Pride and Avarice as the virtues by which all things move and have their being—walking after our own lusts as our sole guides to salvation, and foaming out our own shame for the sole earthly product of our hands and lips.

36. Of the statue of Christ, itself, I will not speak here at any length, as no sculpture would satisfy, or ought to satisfy, the hope of any loving soul that has learned to trust in Him ; but at the time, it was beyond what till then had been reached in sculptured tenderness ; and was known far and near as the "Beau Dieu d'Amiens." * Yet understood, observe, just as clearly to be no more than a symbol of the Heavenly Presence, as the poor coiling worms below were no more than symbols of the demoniac ones. No *idol*, in our sense of the word—only a letter, or sign of the Living Spirit, —which, however, was indeed conceived by every worshipper as here meeting him at the temple gate : the Word of Life, the King of Glory, and the Lord of Hosts.

"Dominus Virtutum," "Lord of Virtues," † is the best single rendering of the idea conveyed to a well-taught disciple in the thirteenth century by the words of the twenty-fourth Psalm.

37. Under the feet of His apostles, therefore, in the quatrefoil medallions of the foundation, are represented the virtues which each Apostle taught, or in his life manifested ;—it may have been, sore tried, and failing in the very strength of the character which he afterwards perfected. Thus St. Peter denying in fear, is afterwards the Apostle of courage ; and St. John, who, with his brother, would have burnt the inhospi-

* See account, and careful drawing of it, in Viollet le Duc—article "Christ," Dict. of Architecture, iii. 245.

† See the circle of the Powers of the Heavens in the Byzantine rendering. I. Wisdom ; II. Thrones ; III. Dominations ; IV. Angels ; V. Archangels ; VI. Virtues ; VII. Potentates ; VIII. Princes ; IX. Seraphim. In the Gregorian order, (Dante, Par. xxviii., Cary's note,) the Angels and Archangels are separated, giving altogether nine orders, but not ranks. Note that in the Byzantine circle the cherubim are first, and that it is the strength of the Virtues which calls on the dead to rise ('St. Mark's Rest,' p. 80, and pp. 132–133).

table village, is afterwards the Apostle of love. Understanding this, you see that in the sides of the porch, the apostles with their special virtues stand thus in opposite ranks.

St. Paul,	Faith.	Courage,	St. Peter.
St. James the Bishop,	Hope.	Patience,	St. Andrew.
St. Philip,	Charity.	Gentillesse,	St. James.
St. Bartholomew,	Chastity.	Love,	St. John.
St. Thomas,	Wisdom.	Obedience,	St. Matthew.
St. Jude,	Humility.	Perseverance,	St. Simon.

Now you see how these virtues answer to each other in their opposite ranks. Remember the left-hand side is always the first, and see how the left-hand virtues lead to the right hand:—

Courage to Faith.
Patience to Hope.
Gentillesse to Charity.
Love to Chastity.
Obedience to Wisdom.
Perseverance to Humility.

38. Note farther that the Apostles are all tranquil, nearly all with books, some with crosses, but all with the same message,—"Peace be to this house. And if the Son of Peace be there," etc.*

But the Prophets—all seeking, or wistful, or tormented, or wondering, or praying, except only Daniel. The *most* tormented is Isaiah; spiritually sawn asunder. No scene of his martyrdom below, but his seeing the Lord in His temple, and yet feeling he had unclean lips. Jeremiah also carries his cross—but more serenely.

* The modern slang name for a priest, among the mob of France, is a 'Pax Vobiscum,' or shortly, a Vobiscum.

39. And now, I give in clear succession, the order of the statues of the whole front, with the subjects of the quatrefoils beneath each of them, marking the upper quatrefoil A, the lower B. The six prophets who stand at the angles of the porches, Amos, Obadiah, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, and Haggai, have each of them four quatrefoils, marked A and C the upper ones, B and D the lower.

Beginning, then, on the left-hand side of the central porch, and reading outwards, you have—

1. St. Peter.
- A. Courage.
- B. Cowardice.

2. St. Andrew.
- A. Patience.
- B. Anger.

3. St. James.
- A. Gentillesse.
- B. Churlishness.

4. St. John.
- A. Love.
- B. Discord.

5. St. Matthew.
- A. Obedience.
- B. Rebellion.

6. St. Simon.
- A. Perseverance.
- B. Atheism.

Now, right-hand side of porch, reading outwards:

7. St. Paul.
- A. Faith.
- B. Idolatry.

8. St. James, Bishop.
- A. Hope.
- B. Despair.

9. St. Philip.
- A. Charity.
- B. Avarice.

10. St. Bartholomew.

A. Chastity.
B. Lust.

11. St. Thomas.

A. Wisdom.
B. Folly.

12. St. Jude.

A. Humility.
B. Pride.

Now, left-hand side again—the two outermost statues:

13. Isaiah.

A. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne." vi. 1.
B. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips." vi. 7.

14. Jeremiah.

A. The Burial of the Girdle. xiii. 4, 5.
B. The Breaking of the Yoke. xxviii. 10.

Right-hand side:

15. Ezekiel.

A. Wheel within Wheel. i. 16.
B. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem." xxi. 2.

16. Daniel.

A. "He hath shut the lions' mouths." vi. 22.
B. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand." v. 5.

40. Now, beginning on the left-hand side (southern side) of the entire façade, and reading it straight across, not turning into the porches at all except for the paired quatrefoils:

17. Hosea.

A. "So I bought her to me with fifteen pieces of silver." iii. 2.
B. "So will I also be for thee." iii. 3.

18. Joel.

A. The Sun and Moon lightless. ii. 10.
B. The Fig-tree and Vine leafless. i. 7.

19. Amos.

To the front	A.	"The Lord will cry from Zion."	i. 2.
	B.	"The habitations of the shepherds shall mourn."	i. 2.
Inside porch	C.	The Lord with the mason's line.	vii. 8.
	D.	The place where it rained not.	iv. 7.

20. Obadiah.

Inside porch	A.	"I hid them in a cave."	2 Kings xviii. 13.
	B.	He fell on his face.	xviii. 7.
To the front	C.	The captain of fifty.	
	D.	The messenger.	

21. Jonah.

	A.	Escaped from the sea.
	B.	Under the gourd.

22. Micah.

To the front	A.	The Tower of the Flock.	iv. 8.
	B.	Each shall rest, and "none shall make them afraid."	iv. 4.
Inside porch	C.	Swords into ploughshares.	iv. 3.
	D.	Spears into pruning-hooks.	iv. 3.

23. Nahum.

Inside porch	A.	None shall look back.	ii. 8.
	B.	The burden of Nineveh.	i. 1.
To the front	C.	Thy princes and thy great ones.	iii. 17.
	D.	Untimely figs.	iii. 12.

24. Habakkuk.

	A.	"I will watch to see what he will say."	ii. 1.
	B.	The ministry to Daniel.	

25. Zephaniah.

To the front	A.	The Lord strikes Ethiopia.	ii. 12.
	B.	The Beasts in Nineveh.	ii. 15.
Inside porch	C.	The Lord visits Jerusalem.	i. 12.
	D.	The Hedgehog and Bittern.*	ii. 14.

* See the Septuagint version.

26. Haggai.

Inside porch	A. The houses of the princes, *ornées de lambris.*	i. 4.
	B. The heaven is stayed from dew.	i. 10.
To the front	C. The Lord's temple desolate.	i. 4.
	D. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts."	i. 7.

27. Zechariah.

	A. The lifting up of iniquity.	v. 6—9.
	B. The angel that spake to me.	iv. 1.

28. Malachi.

	A. "Ye have wounded the Lord."	ii. 17.
	B. This commandment is to *you.*	ii. 1.

41. Having thus put the sequence of the statues and their quatrefoils briefly before the spectator—(in case the railway time presses, it may be a kindness to him to note that if he walks from the east end of the cathedral down the street to the south, Rue St. Denis, it takes him by the shortest line to the station)—I will begin again with St. Peter, and interpret the sculptures in the quatrefoils a little more fully. Keeping the fixed numerals for indication of the statues, St. Peter's quartrefoils will be 1 A and 1 B, and Malachi's 28 A and 28 B.

1, A. Courage, with a leopard on his shield; the French and English agreeing in the reading of that symbol, down to the time of the Black Prince's leopard coinage in Aquitaine.*

1, B. Cowardice, a man frightened at an animal darting out of a thicket, while a bird sings on. The coward has not the heart of a thrush.

2, A. Patience, holding a shield with a bull on it (never giving back).†

* For a list of the photographs of the quatrefoils described in this chapter, see the appendices at the end of this volume.

† In the cathedral of Laon there is a pretty compliment paid to the oxen who carried the stones of its tower to the hill-top it stands on. The tradition is that they harnessed themselves,—but tradition does not say how an ox *can* harness himself even if he had a mind. Probably

2, B. Anger, a woman stabbing a man with a sword. Anger is essentially a feminine vice—a man, worth calling so, may be driven to fury or insanity by *indignation*, (compare the Black Prince at Limoges), but not by anger. Fiendish enough often so—"Incensed with indignation, Satan stood, *unterrified*—" but in that last word is the difference, there is as much fear in Anger, as there is in Hatred.

3, A. Gentillesse, bearing shield with a lamb.

3, B. Churlishness, again a woman, kicking over her cup-bearer. The final forms of ultimate French churlishness being in the feminine gestures of the Cancan. See the favourite prints in shops of Paris.

4, A. Love; the Divine, not human love: "I in them, and Thou in me." Her shield bears a tree with many branches grafted into its cut-off stem: "In those days shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself."

4, B. Discord, a wife and husband quarrelling. She has dropped her distaff (Amiens wool manufacture, see farther on—9, A.)

5, A. Obedience, bears shield with camel. Actually the most disobedient and ill-tempered of all serviceable beasts,—yet passing his life in the most painful service. I do not know how far his character was understood by the northern sculptor; but I believe he is taken as a type of burden-bearing, without joy or sympathy, such as the horse has, and without power of offence, such as the ox has. His bite is bad enough, (see Mr. Palgrave's account of him,) but presumably little known of at Amiens, even by Crusaders, who would always ride their own war-horses, or nothing.

5, B. Rebellion, a man snapping his fingers at his Bishop. (As Henry the Eighth at the Pope,—and the modern French and English cockney at all priests whatever.)

the first form of the story was only that they went joyfully, "lowing as they went." But at all events their statues are carved on the height of the tower, eight, colossal, looking from its galleries across the plains of France. See drawing in Viollet le Duc, under article "Clocher."

6, A. PERSEVERANCE, the grandest spiritual form of the virtue commonly called 'Fortitude.' Usually, overcoming or tearing a lion; here, *caressing* one, and *holding* her crown. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

6, B. ATHEISM, leaving his shoes at the church door. The infidel fool is always represented in twelfth and thirteenth century MS. as barefoot—the Christian having "his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace." Compare "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, oh Prince's Daughter!"

7, A. FAITH, holding cup with cross above it, her accepted symbol throughout ancient Europe. It is also an enduring one, for, all differences of Church put aside, the words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and Drink His blood, ye have no life in you," remain in their mystery, to be understood only by those who have learned the sacredness of food, in all times and places, and the laws of life and spirit, dependent on its acceptance, refusal, and distribution.

7, B. IDOLATRY, kneeling to a monster. The *contrary* of Faith—not *want* of Faith. Idolatry is faith in the wrong thing, and quite distinct from Faith in *No* thing (6, B), the "Dixit Insipiens." Very wise men may be idolaters, but they cannot be atheists.

8, A. HOPE, with Gonfalon Standard and *distant* crown; as opposed to the constant crown of Fortitude (6, A).

The Gonfalon (Gund, war, fahr, standard, accord- to Poitevin's dictionary), is the pointed ensign of forward battle; essentially sacred; hence the constant name "Gonfaloniere" of the battle standard-bearers of the Italian republics.

Hope has it, because she fights forward always to her aim, or at least has the joy of seeing it draw nearer. Faith and Fortitude wait, as St. John in prison, but unoffended. Hope is, however, put under St. James, because of the 7th and 8th verses

of his last chapter, ending "Stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." It is he who examines Dante on the nature of Hope. 'Par.,' c. xxv., and compare Cary's notes.

8, B. DESPAIR, stabbing herself. Suicide not thought heroic or sentimental in the 13th century; and no Gothic Morgue built beside Somme.

9, A. CHARITY, bearing shield with woolly ram, and giving a mantle to a naked beggar. The old wool manufacture of Amiens having this notion of its purpose —namely, to clothe the poor first, the rich afterwards. No nonsense talked in those days about the evil consequences of indiscriminate charity.

9, B. AVARICE, with coffer and money. The modern, alike English and Amienois, notion of the Divine consummation of the wool manufacture.

10, A. CHASTITY, shield with the Phœnix.*

10, B. LUST, a too violent kiss.

11, A. WISDOM: shield with, I think, an eatable root; meaning temperance, as the beginning of wisdom.

11, B. FOLLY, the ordinary type used in all early Psalters, of a glutton, armed with a club. Both this vice and virtue are the earthly wisdom and folly, completing the spiritual wisdom and folly opposite under St. Matthew. Temperance, the complement of Obedience, and Covetousness, with violence, that of Atheism.

12, A. HUMILITY, shield with dove.

12, B. PRIDE, falling from his horse.

* For the sake of comparing the pollution, and reversal of its once glorious religion, in the modern French mind, it is worth the reader's while to ask at M. Goyer's (Place St. Denis) for the 'Journal de St. Nicholas' for 1880, and look at the 'Phénix,' as drawn on p. 610. The story is meant to be moral, and the Phœnix there represents Avarice, but the entire destruction of all sacred and poetical tradition in a child's mind by such a picture is an immorality which would neutralize a year's preaching. To make it worth M. Goyer's while to show you the number, buy the one with 'les conclusions de Jeanie' in it, p. 337: the church scene (with dialogue) in the text is lovely.

42. All these quatrefoils are rather symbolic than representative; and, since their purpose was answered enough if their sign was understood, they have been entrusted to a much inferior workman than the one who carved the now sequent series under the Prophets. Most of these subjects represent an historical fact, or a scene spoken of by the prophet as a real vision; and they have in general been executed by the ablest hands at the architect's command.

With the interpretation of these, I have given again the name of the prophet whose life or prophecy they illustrate.

13. Isaiah.

13, A. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne" (vi. 1).
The vision of the throne "high and lifted up" between seraphim.

13, B. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips" (vi. 7).
The Angel stands before the prophet, and holds, or rather held, the coal with tongs, which have been finely undercut, but are now broken away, only a fragment remaining in his hand.

14. Jeremiah.

14, A. The burial of the girdle (xiii. 4, 5).
The prophet is digging by the shore of Euphrates, represented by vertically winding furrows down the middle of the tablet. Note, the translation should be "hole in the ground," not "rock."

14, B. The breaking of the yoke (xxviii. 10).
From the prophet Jeremiah's neck; it is here represented as a doubled and redoubled chain.

15. Ezekiel.

15, A. Wheel within wheel (i. 16).
The prophet sitting; before him two wheels of equal size, one involved in the ring of the other.

15, B. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem" (xxi. 2).
The prophet before the gate of Jerusalem.

16. Daniel.

16, A. "He hath shut the lions' mouths" (vi. 22).

Daniel holding a book, the lions treated as heraldic supporters. The subject is given with more animation farther on in the series (24 B).

16, B. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a Man's hand" (v. 5).

Belshazzar's feast represented by the king alone, seated at a small oblong table. Beside him the youth Daniel, looking only fifteen or sixteen, graceful and gentle, interprets. At the side of the quatrefoil, out of a small wreath of cloud, comes a small bent hand, writing, as if with a pen upside down on a piece of Gothic wall.*

For modern bombast as opposed to old simplicity, compare the Belshazzar's feast of John Martin!

43. The next subject begins the series of the minor prophets.

17. Hosea.

17, A. "So I bought her to me for fifteen pieces of silver and an homer of barley" (iii. 2).

The prophet pouring the grain and the silver into the lap of the woman, "beloved of her friend." The carved coins are each wrought with the cross, and, I believe, legend of the French contemporary coin.

17, B. "So will I also be for thee" (iii. 3).

He puts a ring on her finger.

18. Joel.

18, A. The sun and moon lightless (ii. 10).

The sun and moon as two small flat pellets, up in the external moulding.

18, B. The barked fig-tree and waste vine (i. 7).

Note the continual insistance on the blight of vegetation as a Divine punishment, 19 D.

* I fear this hand has been broken since I described it; at all events, it is indistinguishably shapeless in the photograph (No. 10 of the series.)

19. Amos.

To the front.

19, A. "The Lord will cry from Zion" (i. 2).
Christ appears with crossletted nimbus.

19, B. "The habitations of the shepherds shall mourn" (i. 2).
Amos with the shepherd's hooked or knotted staff, and wicker-worked bottle, before his tent. (Architecture in right hand foil restored.)

Inside Porch.

19, C. The Lord with the mason's line (vii. 8).
Christ, again here, and henceforward always, with crosslet nimbus, has a large trowel in His hand, which He lays on the top of a half-built wall. There seems a line twisted round the handle.

19, D. The place where it rained not (iv. 7).
Amos is gathering the leaves of the fruitless vine, to feed the sheep, who find no grass. One of the finest of the reliefs.

20. Obadiah.

Inside Porch.

20, A. "I hid them in a cave" (2 Kings xviii. 13).
Three prophets at the mouth of a well, to whom Obadiah brings loaves.

20, B. "He fell on his face" (xviii. 7).
He kneels before Elijah, who wears his rough mantle.

To the front.

20, C. The captain of fifty.
Elijah (?) speaking to an armed man under a tree.

20, D. The Messenger.
A messenger on his knees before a king. I cannot interpret these two scenes (20 C and 20 D). The uppermost *may* mean the dialogue of Elijah with the captains, (2 Kings i. 2), and the lower one, the return of the messengers (2 Kings i. 5).

21. Jonah.

21, A. Escaped from the sea.

21, B. Under the gourd. A small grasshopper-like beast gnawing the gourd stem. I should like to know what insects *do* attack the Amiens gourds. This may be an entomological study, for aught we know.

22. Micah.

To the front.

22, A. The Tower of the Flock (iv. 8).

The tower is wrapped in clouds, God appearing above it.

22, B. Each shall rest and "none shall make them afraid" (iv. 4).

A man and his wife "under his vine and fig-tree."

Inside Porch.

22, C. "Swords into ploughshares" (iv. 3).

Nevertheless, two hundred years after these medallions were cut, the sword manufacture had become a staple in Amiens! Not to her advantage.

22, D. "Spears into pruning-hooks" (iv. 3).

23. Nahum.

Inside Porch.

23, A. "None shall look back" (ii. 8).

23, B. The Burden of Nineveh (i. 1).*

* The statue of the prophet, above, is the grandest of the entire series; and note especially the "diadema" of his own luxuriant hair plaited like a maiden's, indicating the Achillean force of this most terrible of the prophets. (Compare 'Fors Clavigera,' Letter LXV., vol. iii. p. 203.) For the rest, this long flowing hair was always one of the insignia of the Frankish kings, and their way of dressing both hair and beard may be seen more nearly and definitely in the angle-sculptures of the long font in the north transept, the most interesting piece of work in the whole cathedral, in an antiquarian sense, and of much artistic value also. (See ante chap. ii. p. 50.)

To the front.

23, C. "Thy Princes and thy great ones" (iii. 17).

23. A, B, and C, are all incapable of sure interpretation. The prophet in A is pointing down to a little hill, said by the Père Rozé to be covered with grasshoppers. I can only copy what he says of them.

23, D. "Untimely figs" (iii. 12).

Three people beneath a fig-tree catch its falling fruit in their mouths.

24. Habakkuk.

24, A. "I will watch to see what he will say unto me" (ii. 1).

The prophet is writing on his tablet to Christ's dictation.

24, B. The ministry to Daniel.

The traditional visit to Daniel. An angel carries Habakkuk by the hair of his head; the prophet has a loaf of bread in each hand. They break through the roof of the cave. Daniel is stroking one young lion on the back; the head of another is thrust carelessly under his arm. Two more are gnawing bones in the bottom of the cave.

25. Zephaniah.

To the front.

25, A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia (ii. 12).

Christ striking a city with a sword. Note that all violent actions are in these bas-reliefs feebly or ludicrously expressed; quiet ones always right.

25, B. The beasts in Nineveh (ii. 15).

Very fine. All kinds of crawling things among the tottering walls, and peeping out of their rents and crannies. A monkey sitting squat, developing into a demon, reverses the Darwinian theory.

Inside Porch.

25, C. The Lord visits Jerusalem (i. 12).

Christ passing through the streets of Jerusalem, with a lantern in each hand.

25, D. The Hedgehog and Bittern * (ii. 14).

With a singing bird in a cage in the window.

26. Haggai.

Inside Porch.

26, A. The houses of the princes, *ornées de lambris* (i. 4).

A perfectly built house of square stones gloomily strong, the grating (of a prison?) in front of foundation.

26, B. The Heaven is stayed from dew (i. 10).

The heavens as a projecting mass, with stars, sun, and moon on surface. Underneath, two withered trees.

To the front.

26, C. The Lord's temple desolate (i. 4).

The falling of the temple, "not one stone left on another," grandly loose. Square stones again. Examine the text (i. 6).

26, D. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts" (i. 7).

Christ pointing up to His ruined temple.

27. Zechariah.

27, A. The lifting up of Iniquity (v. 6 to 9).

Wickedness in the Ephah.

27, B. "The angel that spake to me" (iv. 1).

The prophet almost reclining, a glorious winged angel hovering out of cloud.

28. Malachi.

28, A. "Ye have wounded the Lord" (ii. 17).

The priests are thrusting Christ through with a barbed lance, whose point comes out at His back.

* See ante p. 117, note.

28, B. "This commandment is to *you*" (ii. 1).

In these panels, the undermost is often introductory to the one above, an illustration of it. It is perhaps chapter i. verse 6, that is meant to be spoken here by the sitting figure of Christ, to the indignant priests.

44. With this bas-relief terminates the series of sculpture in illustration of Apostolic and Prophetic teaching, which constitutes what I mean by the "Bible" of Amiens. But the two lateral porches contain supplementary subjects necessary for completion of the pastoral and traditional teaching addressed to her people in that day.

The Northern Porch, dedicated to her first missionary St. Firmin, has on its central pier his statue; above, on the flat field of the back of the arch, the story of the finding of his body; on the sides of the porch, companion saints and angels in the following order:—

CENTRAL STATUE.

St. Firmin.

Southern (left) side.

41. St. Firmin the Confessor.
42. St. Domice.
43. St. Honoré.
44. St. Salve.
45. St. Quentin.
46. St. Gentian.

Northern (right) side.

47. St. Geoffroy.
48. An angel.
49. St. Fuscien, martyr.
50. St. Victoric, martyr.
51. An angel.
52. St. Ulpha.

45. Of these saints, excepting St. Firmin and St. Honoré, of whom I have already spoken,* St. Geoffroy is more real for us than the rest; he was born in the year of the battle of Hastings, at Molincourt, in the Soissonais, and was Bishop of Amiens from 1104 to 1150. A man of entirely simple, pure, and right life: one of the severest of ascetics, but without gloom —always gentle and merciful. Many miracles are recorded of him, but all indicating a tenour of life which was chiefly miraculous by its justice and peace. Consecrated at Rheims, and attended by a train of other bishops and nobles to his diocese, he dismounts from his horse at St. Acheul, the place of St. Firmin's first tomb, and walks barefoot to his cathedral, along the causeway now so defaced: at another time he walks barefoot from Amiens to Picquigny to ask from the Vidame of Amiens the freedom of the Chatelain Adam. He maintained the privileges of the citizens, with the help of Louis le Gros, against the Count of Amiens, defeated him, and razed his castle; nevertheless, the people not enough obeying him in the order of their life, he blames his own weakness, rather than theirs, and retires to the Grande Chartreuse, holding himself unfit to be their bishop. The Carthusian superior questioning him on his reasons for retirement, and asking if he had ever sold the offices of the Church, the Bishop answered, "My father, my hands are pure of simony, but I have a thousand times allowed myself to be seduced by praise."

46 St. Firmin the Confessor was the son of the Roman senator who received St. Firmin himself. He preserved the tomb of the martyr in his father's garden, and at last built a church over it, dedicated to our Lady of martyrs, which was the first episcopal seat of Amiens, at St. Acheul, spoken of above. St. Ulpha was an Amienoise girl, who lived in a chalk cave above the marshes of the Somme; if ever Mr. Murray provides you with a comic guide to Amiens, no doubt the enlightened composer of it will count much on your enjoyment of the story of her being greatly disturbed at her devotions

* See ante Chap. I., p. 11, for the history of St. Firmin, and for St. Honoré p. 97, § 8 of this chapter, with the reference there given.

by the frogs, and praying them silent. You are now, of course, wholly superior to such follies, and are sure that God cannot, or will not, so much as shut a frog's mouth for you. Remember, therefore, that as He also now leaves open the mouth of the liar, blasphemer, and betrayer, you must shut your own ears against *their* voices as you can.

Of her name, St. Wolf—or Guelph—see again Miss Yonge's Christian names. Our tower of Wolf's stone, Ulverstone, and Kirk of Ulpha, are, I believe, unconscious of Picard relatives.

47. The other saints in this porch are all in like manner provincial, and, as it were, personal friends of the Amienois; and under them, the quatrefoils represent the pleasant order of the guarded and hallowed year—the zodiacal signs above, and labours of the months below; little differing from the constant representations of them—except in the May: see below. The Libra also is a little unusual in the female figure holding the scales; the lion especially good-tempered—and the 'reaping' one of the most beautiful figures in the whole series of sculptures; several of the others peculiarly refined and far-wrought. In Mr. Kaltenbacher's photographs, as I have arranged them, the bas-reliefs may be studied nearly as well as in the porch itself. Their order is as follows, beginning with December, in the left-hand inner corner of the porch:—

41. December.—Killing and scalding swine. Above, Capricorn with quickly diminishing tail; I cannot make out the accessories.

42. January.—Twin-headed, obsequiously served. Aquarius feebler than most of the series.

43. February.—Very fine; warming his feet and putting coals on fire. Fish above, elaborate but uninteresting.

44. March.—At work in vine-furrows. Aries careful, but rather stupid.

45. April.—Feeding his hawk—very pretty. Taurus above with charming leaves to eat.

46. May.—Very singularly, a middle-aged man sitting under the trees to hear the birds sing; and Gemini above,

a bridegroom and bride. This quatrefoil joins the interior angle ones of Zephaniah.

52. JUNE.—Opposite, joining the interior angle ones of Haggai. Mowing. Note the lovely flowers sculptured all through the grass. Cancer above, with his shell superbly modelled.

51. JULY.—Reaping. Extremely beautiful. The smiling lion completes the evidence that all the seasons and signs are regarded as alike blessing and providentially kind.

50. AUGUST.—Threshing. Virgo above, holding a flower, her drapery very modern and confused for thirteenth-century work.

49. SEPTEMBER.—I am not sure of his action, whether pruning, or in some way gathering fruit from the full-leaved tree. Libra above; charming.

48. OCTOBER.—Treading grapes. Scorpio, a very traditional and gentle form—forked in the tail indeed, but stingless.

47. NOVEMBER.—Sowing, with Sagittarius, half concealed when this photograph was taken by the beautiful arrangements always now going on for some job or other in French cathedrals:—they never can let them alone for ten minutes.

48. And now, last of all, if you care to see it, we will go into the Madonna's porch—only, if you come at all, good Protestant feminine reader—come civilly: and be pleased to recollect, if you have, in known history, material for recollection, this (or if you cannot recollect—be you very solemnly assured of this): that neither Madonna-worship, nor Lady-worship of any sort, whether of dead ladies or living ones, ever did any human creature any harm,—but that Money worship, Wig worship, Cocked-Hat-and-Feather worship, Plate worship, Pot worship and Pipe worship, have done, and are doing, a great deal,—and that any of these, and all, are quite million-fold more offensive to the God of Heaven and Earth and the Stars, than all the absurdest and lovingest mistakes

made by any generations of His simple children, about what the Virgin-mother could, or would, or might do, or feel for them.

49. And next, please observe this broad historical fact about the three sorts of Madonnas.

There is first the Madonna Dolorosa; the Byzantine type, and Cimabue's. It is the noblest of all; and the earliest, in distinct popular influence.*

Secondly. The Madone Reine, who is essentially the Frank and Norman one; crowned, calm, and full of power and gentleness. She is the one represented in this porch.

Thirdly. The Madone Nourrice, who is the Raphaelesque and generally late and decadence one. She is seen here in a good French type in the south transept porch, as before noticed.

An admirable comparison will be found instituted by M. Viollet le Duc (the article 'Vierge,' in his dictionary, is altogether deserving of the most attentive study) between this statue of the Queen-Madonna of the southern porch and the Nurse-Madonna of the transept. I may perhaps be able to get a photograph made of his two drawings, side by side: but, if I can, the reader will please observe that he has a little flattered the Queen, and a little vulgarized the Nurse, which is not fair. The statue in this porch is in thirteenth-century style, extremely good: but there is no reason for making any fuss about it—the earlier Byzantine types being far grander.

50. The Madonna's story, in its main incidents, is told in the series of statues round the porch, and in the quatrefoils below—several of which refer, however, to a legend about the Magi to which I have not had access, and I am not sure of their interpretation.

The large statues are on the left hand, reading outwards as usual.

29. The Angel Gabriel.
30. Virgin Annunciate.
31. Virgin Visitant.
32. St. Elizabeth.

* See the description of the Madonna of Murano, in second volume of 'Stones of Venice.'

33. Virgin in Presentation.
34. St. Simeon.

On the right hand, reading outward,

35, 36, 37, The three Kings.
38. Herod.
39. Solomon.
40. The Queen of Sheba.

51. I am not sure of rightly interpreting the introduction of these two last statues: but I believe the idea of the designer was that virtually the Queen Mary visited Herod when she sent, or had sent for her, the Magi to tell him of her presence at Bethlehem: and the contrast between Solomon's reception of the Queen of Sheba, and Herod's driving out the Madonna into Egypt, is dwelt on throughout this side of the porch, with their several consequences to the two Kings and to the world.

The quatrefoils underneath the great statues run as follows:

29. Under Gabriel—
- A. Daniel seeing the stone cut out without hands.
- B. Moses and the burning bush.

30. Under Virgin Annunciate—
- A. Gideon and the dew on the fleece.
- B. Moses with written law, retiring; Aaron, dominant, points to his budding rod.

31. Under Virgin Visitant—
- A. The message to Zacharias: "Fear not, for thy prayer is heard."
- B. The dream of Joseph: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife." (?)

32. Under St. Elizabeth—
- A. The silence of Zacharias: "They perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple."
- B. "There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name." "He wrote saying, His name is John."

33. Under Virgin in presentation—
- A. Flight into Egypt.
- B. Christ with the Doctors.

34. Under St. Simeon—
- A. Fall of the idols in Egypt.
- B. The return to Nazareth.

These two last quatrefoils join the beautiful C and D of Amos.

Then on the opposite side, under the Queen of Sheba, and joining the A and B of Obadiah—

40.
- A. Solomon entertains the Queen of Sheba. The Grace cup.
- B. Solomon teaches the Queen of Sheba. "God is above."

39. Under Solomon—
- A. Solomon on his throne of judgment.
- B. Solomon praying before his temple-gate.

38. Under Herod—
- A. Massacre of Innocents.
- B. Herod orders the ship of the Kings to be burned.

37. Under the third King—
- A. Herod inquires of the Kings.
- B. Burning of the ship.

36. Under the second King—
- A. Adoration in Bethlehem?—not certain.
- B. The voyage of the Kings.

35. Under the first King—
- A. The Star in the East.
- B. "Being warned in a dream that they should not return to Herod."

I have no doubt of finding out in time the real sequence of these subjects: but it is of little import—this group of quatrefoils being of less interest than the rest, and that of the Massacre of the Innocents curiously illustrative of the incapability of the sculptor to give strong action or passion.

But into questions respecting the art of these bas-reliefs I do not here attempt to enter. They were never intended to

serve as more than signs, or guides to thought. And if the reader follows this guidance quietly, he may create for himself better pictures in his heart ; and at all events may recognize these following general truths, as their united message.

52. First, that throughout the Sermon on this Amiens Mount, Christ never appears, or is for a moment thought of, as the Crucified, nor as the Dead : but as the Incarnate Word —as the present Friend—as the Prince of Peace on Earth,—and as the Everlasting King in Heaven. What His life *is*, what His commands *are*, and what His judgment *will be*, are the things here taught : not what He once did, nor what He once suffered, but what He is now doing—and what He requires us to do. That is the pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity ; and the fall from that faith, and all the corruptions of its abortive practice, may be summed briefly as the habitual contemplation of Christ's death instead of his Life, and the substitution of His past suffering for our present duty.

53. Then, secondly, though Christ bears not *His* cross, the mourning prophets,—the persecuted apostles—and the martyred disciples *do* bear theirs. For just as it is well for you to remember what your undying Creator is *doing* for you —it is well for you to remember what your dying fellow-creatures *have done :* the Creator you may at your pleasure deny or defy—the Martyr you can only forget ; deny, you cannot. Every stone of this building is cemented with his blood, and there is no furrow of its pillars that was not ploughed by his pain.

54. Keeping, then, these things in your heart, look back now to the central statue of Christ, and hear His message with understanding. He holds the Book of the Eternal Law in His left hand ; with His right He blesses,—but blesses on condition. "This do, and thou shalt live ;" nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, This *be*, and thou shalt live : to show Mercy is nothing—thy soul must be full of mercy ; to be pure in act is nothing—thou shalt be pure in heart also.

And with this further word of the unabolished law—"This if thou do *not*, this if thou art not, thou shalt die."

55. Die (whatever Death means)—totally and irrevocably. There is no word in thirteenth-century Theology of the pardon (in our modern sense) of sins; and there is none of the Purgatory of them. Above that image of Christ with us, our Friend, is set the image of Christ over us, our Judge. For this present life—here is His helpful Presence. After this life—there is His coming to take account of our deeds, and of our desires in them; and the parting asunder of the Obedient from the Disobedient, of the Loving from the Unkind, with no hope given to the last of recall or reconciliation. I do not know what commenting or softening doctrines were written in frightened minuscule by the Fathers, or hinted in hesitating whispers by the prelates of the early Church. But I know that the language of every graven stone and every glowing window,—of things daily seen and universally understood by the people, was absolutely and alone, this teaching of Moses from Sinai in the beginning, and of St. John from Patmos in the end, of the Revelation of God to Israel.

This it was, simply—sternly—and continually, for the great three hundred years of Christianity in her strength (eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries), and over the whole breadth and depth of her dominion, from Iona to Cyrene,—and from Calpe to Jerusalem. At what time the doctrine of Purgatory was openly accepted by Catholic Doctors, I neither know nor care to know. It was first formalized by Dante, but never accepted for an instant by the sacred artist teachers of his time—or by those of any great school or time whatsoever.*

* The most authentic foundations of the Purgatorial scheme in art teaching are in the renderings, subsequent to the thirteenth century, of the verse "by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison," forming gradually into the idea of the deliverance of the waiting saints from the power of the grave.

In literature and tradition, the idea is originally, I believe, Platonic; certainly not Homeric. Egyptian possibly—but I have read nothing yet of the recent discoveries in Egypt. Not, however, quite liking to leave the matter in the complete emptiness of my own resources, I have appealed to my general investigator, Mr. Anderson (James R.), who writes as follows:—

"There is no possible question about the doctrine and universal in-

56. Neither do I know nor care to know—at what time the notion of Justification by Faith, in the modern sense, first got itself distinctively fixed in the minds of the heretical sects and schools of the North. Practically its strength was founded by its first authors on an asceticism which differed from monastic rule in being only able to destroy, never to build; and in endeavouring to force what severity it thought proper for itself on everybody else also; and so striving to make one artless, letterless, and merciless monastery of all the world. Its virulent effort broke down amidst furies of reactionary dissolute-

culcation of it, ages before Dante. Curiously enough, though, the statement of it in the Summa Theologiæ as we have it is a later insertion; but I find by references that St. Thomas teaches it elsewhere. Albertus Magnus develops it at length. If you refer to the 'Golden Legend' under All Souls' Day, you will see how the idea is assumed as a commonplace in a work meant for popular use in the thirteenth century. St. Gregory (the Pope) argues for it (Dial. iv. 38) on two scriptural quotations: (1), the sin that is forgiven neither in hôc sæculo *nor in that which is to come*, and (2), the fire which shall try every man's work. I think Platonic philosophy and the Greek mysteries must have had a good deal to do with introducing the idea originally; but with them—as to Virgil—it was part of the Eastern vision of a circling stream of life from which only a few drops were at intervals tossed to a definitely permanent Elysium or a definitely permanent Hell. It suits that scheme better than it does the Christian one, which attaches ultimately in all cases infinite importance to the results of life in hôc sæculo.

"Do you know any representation of Heaven or Hell unconnected with the Last Judgment? I don't remember any, and as Purgatory is by that time past, this would account for the absence of pictures of it.

"Besides, Purgatory precedes the Resurrection—there is continual question among divines what manner of purgatorial fire it may be that affects spirits separate from the body—perhaps Heaven and Hell, as opposed to Purgatory, were felt to be picturable because not only spirits, but the risen bodies too are conceived in them.

"Bede's account of the Ayrshire seer's vision gives Purgatory in words very like Dante's description of the second stormy circle in Hell; and the angel which ultimately saves the Scotchman from the fiends comes through hell, 'quasi fulgor stellæ micantis inter tenebras'—'qual sul presso del mattino Per gli grossi vapor Marte rosseggia.' Bede's name was great in the middle ages. Dante meets him in Heaven, and, I like to hope, may have been helped by the vision of my fellow-countryman more than six hundred years before."

ness and disbelief, and remains now the basest of popular solders and plasters for every condition of broken law and bruised conscience which interest can provoke, or hypocrisy disguise.

57. With the subsequent quarrels between the two great sects of the corrupted church, about prayers for the Dead, Indulgences to the Living, Papal supremacies, or Popular liberties, no man, woman, or child need trouble themselves in studying the history of Christianity; they are nothing but the squabbles of men, and laughter of fiends among its ruins. The Life, and Gospel, and Power of it, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers: in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno. But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens.

58. Believe it or not, reader, as you will: understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of it—until what we may call 'this present time,' in which it is gravely asked whether Religion has any effect on morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either Religion or Morality.

Concerning which dispute, this much perhaps you may have the patience finally to read, as the Flèche of Amiens fades in the distance, and your carriage rushes towards the Isle of France, which now exhibits the most admired patterns of European Art, intelligence, and behaviour.

59. All human creatures, in all ages and places of the world, who have had warm affections, common sense and self-command, have been, and are, Naturally Moral. Human nature in its fulness is necessarily Moral,—without Love, it is inhuman, without sense,* inhuman,—without discipline, inhuman.

In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of these things, and are educated to love, to think, and to en-

* I don't mean æsthesis,—but νοῦς, if you *must* talk in Greek slang.

dure, they become noble,—live happily—die calmly: are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it. All wise men know and have known these things since the form of man was separated from the dust. The knowledge and enforcement of them have nothing to do with religion: a good and wise man differs from a bad and idiotic one, simply as a good dog from a cur, and as any manner of dog from a wolf or a weasel. And if you are to believe in, or preach without half believing in, a spiritual world or law—only in the hope that whatever you do, or anybody else does, that is foolish or beastly, may be in them and by them mended and patched and pardoned and worked up again as good as new—the less you believe in—and most solemnly, the less you talk about—a spiritual word, the better.

60. But if, loving well the creatures that are like yourself, you feel that you would love still more dearly, creatures better than yourself—were they revealed to you;—if striving with all your might to mend what is evil, near you and around, you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the Earth shall wholly do right, and the little hills rejoice on every side; if, parting with the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on Earth, you desire ever to meet their eyes again and clasp their hands,—where eyes shall no more be dim, nor hands fail;—if, preparing yourselves to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, seeing no more beauty, and feeling no more gladness—you would care for the promise to you of a time when you should see God's light again, and know the things you have longed to know, and walk in the peace of everlasting Love—*then*, the Hope of these things to you is religion, the Substance of them in your life is Faith. And in the power of them, it is promised us, that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

CHRIST IMMANUEL.
Lion, Dragon,
Vine,
Cockatrice, Adder.
DAVID.
Lily, Rose.

St. FIRMIN.

MADONNA.

47 St. Geoffroy.
48 An Angel.
49 St. Fuscien, Martr.
50 St. Victoric, Martr.
51 An Angel.
52 St. Ulpha.

41 St. Firmin, Confessor.
42 St. Domice.
43 St. Honoré.
44 St. Salve.
45 St. Quentin.
46 St. Gentian.

7 PAUL, Faith.
8 JAMES Bp., Hope.
9 PHILIP, Charity.
10 BARTHw., Chastity.
11 THOMAS, Wisdom.
12 JUDE, Humility.
15 EZEKIEL.
16 DANIEL.

1 Courage, PETER.
2 Patience, ANDREW.
3 Gentillesse, JAMES.
4 Love, JOHN.
5 Obedience, MATTw.
6 Perseverance, SIMON.
13 ISAIAH.
14 JEREMIAH.

35 Star King.
36 Star King.
37 Star King.
38 Herod.
39 Solomon.
40 Queen of Sheba.

29 Gabriel.
30 Virgin Annuntiate.
31 Virgin Visitant.
32 Elizabeth.
33 Virgin in Presentation.
34 Simeon.

26 Haggai.
27 Zechariah.
28 Malachi.

23 Nahum.
24 Habakkuk.
25 Zephaniah.

20 Obadiah.
21 Jonah.
22 Micah.

17 Hosea.
18 Joel.
19 Amos.

AMIENS.
Plan of West Porches.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF ART,

OCTOBER 29th, 1858.

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I SUPPOSE the persons interested in establishing a School of Art for workmen may in the main be divided into two classes, namely, first, those who chiefly desire to make the men themselves happier, wiser, and better; and secondly, those who desire to enable them to produce better and more valuable work. These two objects may, of course, be kept both in view at the same time; nevertheless, there is a wide difference in the spirit with which we shall approach our task, according to the motives of these two which weighs most with us—a difference great enough to divide, as I have said, the promoters of any such scheme into two distinct classes; one philanthropic in the gist of its aim, and the other commercial in the gist of its aim; one desiring the workman to be better informed chiefly for his own sake, and the other chiefly that he may be enabled to produce for us commodities precious in themselves, and which shall successfully compete with those of other countries.

And this separation in motives must lead also to a distinction in the machinery of the work. The philanthropists address themselves, not to the artisan merely, but to the labourer in general, desiring in any possible way to refine the habits or increase the happiness of our whole working population, by giving them new recreations or new thoughts: and the principles of Art-education adopted in a school which has this wide but somewhat indeterminate aim, are, or should be,

very different from those adopted in a school meant for the special instruction of the artisan in his own business. I do not think this distinction is yet firmly enough fixed in our minds, or calculated upon in our plans of operation. We have hitherto acted, it seems to me, under a vague impression that the arts of drawing and painting might be, up to a certain point, taught in a general way to every one, and would do every one equal good; and that each class of operatives might afterwards bring this general knowledge into use in their own trade, according to its requirements. Now, that is not so. A wood-carver needs for his business to learn drawing in quite a different way from a china-painter, and a jeweller from a worker in iron. They must be led to study quite different characters in the natural forms they introduce in their various manufacture. It is of no use to teach an iron-worker to observe the down on a peach, and of none to teach laws of atmospheric effect to a carver in wood. So far as their business is concerned, their brains would be vainly occupied by such things, and they would be prevented from pursuing, with enough distinctness or intensity, the qualities of Art which can alone be expressed in the materials with which they each have to do.

Now, I believe it to be wholly impossible to teach special application of Art principles to various trades in a single school. That special application can be only learned rightly by the experience of years in the particular work required. The power of each material, and the difficulties connected with its treatment, are not so much to be taught as to be felt; it is only by repeated touch and continued trial beside the forge or the furnace, that the goldsmith can find out how to govern his gold, or the glass-worker his crystal; and it is only by watching and assisting the actual practice of a master in the business, that the apprentice can learn the efficient secrets of manipulation, or perceive the true limits of the involved conditions of design. It seems to me, therefore, that all idea of reference to definite businesses should be abandoned in such schools as that just established: we can have neither the materials, the conveniences, nor the empirical skill

in the master, necessary to make such teaching useful. All specific Art-teaching must be given in schools established by each trade for itself: and when our operatives are a little more enlightened on these matters, there will be found, as I have already stated in my lectures on the political economy of Art, absolute necessity for the establishment of guilds of trades in an active and practical form, for the purposes of ascertaining the principles of Art proper to their business, and instructing their apprentices in them, as well as making experiments on materials, and on newly-invented methods of procedure; besides many other functions which I cannot now enter into account of. All this for the present, and in a school such as this, I repeat, we cannot hope for: we shall obtain no satisfactory result, unless we give up such hope, and set ourselves to teaching the operative, however employed—be he farmer's labourer, or manufacturer's; be he mechanic, artificer, shopman, sailor, or ploughman—teaching, I say, as far as we can, one and the same thing to all; namely, Sight.

Not a slight thing to teach, this: perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole range of teaching. To be taught to read—what is the use of that, if you know not whether what you read is false or true? To be taught to write or to speak—but what is the use of speaking, if you have nothing to say? To be taught to think—nay, what is the use of being able to think, if you have nothing to think of? But to be taught to see is to gain word and thought at once, and both true. There is a vague acknowledgment of this in the way people are continually expressing their longings for light, until all the common language of our prayers and hymns has sunk into little more than one monotonous metaphor, dimly twisted into alternate languages,—asking first in Latin to be illuminated; and then in English to be enlightened; and then in Latin again to be delivered out of obscurity; and then in English to be delivered out of darkness; and then for beams, and rays, and suns, and stars, and lamps, until sometimes one wishes that, at least for religious purposes, there were no such words as light or darkness

in existence. Still, the main instinct which makes people endure this perpetuity of repetition is a true one; only the main thing they want and ought to ask for is, not light, but Sight. It doesn't matter how much light you have if you don't know how to use it. It may very possibly put out your eyes, instead of helping them. Besides, we want, in this world of ours, very often to be able to see in the dark—that's the great gift of all;—but at any rate to see; no matter by what light, so only we can see things as they are. On my word, we should soon make it a different world, if we could get but a little—ever so little—of the dervish's ointment in the Arabian Nights, not to show us the treasures of the earth, but the facts of it.

However, whether these things be generally true or not, at all events it is certain that our immediate business, in such a school as this, will prosper more by attending to eyes than to hands; we shall always do most good by simply endeavouring to enable the student to see natural objects clearly and truly. We ought not even to try too strenuously to give him the power of representing them. That power may be acquired, more or less, by exercises which are no wise conducive to accuracy of sight: and, *vice versâ*, accuracy of sight may be gained by exercises which in no wise conduce to ease of representation. For instance, it very much assists the power of drawing to spend many hours in the practice of washing in flat tints; but all this manual practice does not in the least increase the student's power of determining what the tint of a given object actually is. He would be more advanced in the knowledge of the facts by a single hour of well-directed and well-*corrected* effort, rubbing out and putting in again, lightening, and darkening, and scratching, and blotching, in patient endeavours to obtain concordance with fact, issuing perhaps, after all, in total destruction or unpresentability of the drawing; but also in acute perception of the things he has been attempting to copy in it. Of course, there is always a vast temptation, felt both by the master and student, to struggle towards visible results, and obtain something beautiful, creditable, or saleable, in way of actual drawing: but the more I

see of schools, the more reason I see to look with doubt upon those which produce too many showy and complete works by the pupils. A showy work will always be found, on stern examination of it, to have been done by some conventional rule ;—some servile compliance with directions which the student does not see the reason for ; and representation of truths which he has not himself perceived : the execution of such drawings will be found monotonous and lifeless ; their light and shade specious and formal, but false. A drawing which the pupil has learned much in doing, is nearly always full of blunders and mishaps, and it is highly necessary for the formation of a truly public or universal school of Art, that the masters should not try to conceal or anticipate such blunders, but only seek to employ the pupil's time so as to get the most precious results for his understanding and his heart, not for his hand.

For, observe, the best that you can do in the production of drawing, or of draughtsmanship, must always be nothing in itself, unless the whole life be given to it. An amateur's drawing, or a workman's drawing—anybody's drawing but an artist's, is always valueless in itself. It may be, as you have just heard Mr. Redgrave tell you, most precious as a memorial, or as a gift, or as a means of noting useful facts ; but as *Art*, an amateur's drawing is always wholly worthless ; and it ought to be one of our great objects to make the pupil understand and feel that, and prevent his trying to make his valueless work look, in some superficial, hypocritical, eye-catching, penny-catching way, like work that is really good.

If, therefore, we have to do with pupils belonging to the higher ranks of life, our main duty will be to make them good judges of Art, rather than artists ; for though I had a month to speak to you, instead of an hour, time would fail me if I tried to trace the various ways in which we suffer, nationally, for want of powers of enlightened judgment of Art in our upper and middle classes. Not that this judgment can ever be obtained without discipline of the hand : no man ever was a thorough judge of painting who could not draw ; but the drawing should only be thought of as a means of fixing his

attention upon the subtleties of the Art put before him, or of enabling him to record such natural facts as are necessary for comparison with it. I should also attach the greatest importance to severe limitation of choice in the examples submitted to him. To study one good master till you understand him will teach you more than a superficial acquaintance with a thousand : power of criticism does not consist in knowing the names or the manner of many painters, but in discerning the excellence of a few.

If, on the contrary, our teaching is addressed more definitely to the operative, we need not endeavour to render his powers of criticism very acute. About many forms of existing Art, the less he knows the better. His sensibilities are to be cultivated with respect to nature chiefly ; and his imagination, if possible, to be developed, even though somewhat to the disadvantage of his judgment. It is better that his work should be bold, than faultless ; and better that it should be delightful, than discreet.

And this leads me to the second, or commercial, question ; namely, how to get from the workman, after we have trained him, the best and most precious work, so as to enable ourselves to compete with foreign countries, or develop new branches of commerce in our own.

Many of us, perhaps, are under the impression that plenty of schooling will do this ; that plenty of lecturing will do it ; that sending abroad for patterns will do it ; or that patience, time, and money, and goodwill may do it. And, alas, none of these things, nor all of them put together, will do it. If you want really good work, such as will be acknowledged by all the world, there is but one way of getting it, and that is a difficult one. You may offer any premium you choose for it —but you will find it can't be done for premiums. You may send for patterns to the antipodes—but you will find it can't be done upon patterns. You may lecture on the principles of Art to every school in the kingdom—and you will find it can't be done upon principles. You may wait patiently for the progress of the age—and you will find your Art is unprogressive. Or you may set yourselves impatiently to urge it

by the inventions of the age—and you will find your chariot of Art entirely immovable either by screw or paddle. There's no way of getting good Art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.

And truly this is a serious difficulty for us as a commercial nation. The very primary motive with which we set about the business, makes the business impossible. The first and absolute condition of the thing's ever becoming saleable is, that we shall make it without wanting to sell it; nay, rather with a determination not to sell it at any price, if once we get hold of it. Try to make your Art popular, cheap—a fair article for your foreign market; and the foreign market will always show something better. But make it only to please yourselves, and even be resolved that you won't let anybody else have any; and forthwith you will find everybody else wants it. And observe, the insuperable difficulty is this making it to please ourselves, while we are incapable of pleasure. Take, for instance, the simplest example, which we can all understand, in the art of dress. We have made a great fuss about the patterns of silk lately; wanting to vie with Lyons, and make a Paris of London. Well, we may try for ever: so long as we don't really enjoy silk patterns, we shall never get any. And we don't enjoy them. Of course, all ladies like their dresses to sit well, and be becoming; but of real enjoyment of the beauty of the silk, for the silk's own sake, I find none; for the test of that enjoyment is, that they would like it also to sit well, and look well, on somebody else. The pleasure of being well dressed, or even of seeing well-dressed people—for I will suppose in my fair hearers that degree of unselfishness—be that pleasure great or small, is quite a dif-

ferent thing from delight in the beauty and play of the silken folds and colours themselves, for their own gorgeousness or grace.

I have just had a remarkable proof of the total want of this feeling in the modern mind. I was staying part of this summer in Turin, for the purpose of studying one of the Paul Veroneses there—the presentation of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Well, one of the most notable characters in this picture is the splendour of its silken dresses: and, in particular, there was a piece of white brocade, with designs upon it in gold, which it was one of my chief objects in stopping at Turin to copy. You may, perhaps, be surprised at this; but I must just note in passing, that I share this weakness of enjoying dress patterns with all good students and all good painters. It doesn't matter what school they belong to—Fra Angelico, Perugino, John Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci—no matter how they differ in other respects, all of them like dress patterns; and what is more, the nobler the painter is, the surer he is to do his patterns well.

I stayed then, as I say, to make a study of this white brocade. It generally happens in public galleries that the best pictures are the worst placed: and this Veronese is not only hung at considerable height above the eye, but over a door, through which, however, as all the visitors to the gallery must pass, they cannot easily overlook the picture, though they would find great difficulty in examining it. Beside this door, I had a stage erected for my work, which being of some height and rather in a corner, enabled me to observe, without being observed myself, the impression made by the picture on the various visitors. It seemed to me that if ever a work of Art caught popular attention, this ought to do so. It was of very large size; of brilliant colour, and of agreeable subject. There are about twenty figures in it, the principal ones being life size: that of Solomon, though in the shade, is by far the most perfect conception of the young king in his pride of wisdom and beauty which I know in the range of Italian art; the queen is one of the loveliest of Veronese's female figures;

all the accessories are full of grace and imagination ; and the finish of the whole so perfect that one day I was upwards of two hours vainly trying to render, with perfect accuracy, the curves of two leaves of the brocaded silk. The English travellers used to walk through the room in considerable numbers ; and were invariably directed to the picture by their laquais de place, if they missed seeing it themselves. And to this painting—in which it took me six weeks to examine rightly two figures—I found that on an average, the English traveller who was doing Italy conscientiously, and seeing everything as he thought he ought, gave about half or three quarters of a minute ; but the flying or fashionable traveller, who came to do as much as he could in a given time, never gave more than a single glance, most of such people turning aside instantly to a bad landscape hung on the right, containing a vigorously painted white wall, and an opaque green moat. What especially impressed me, however, was that none of the ladies ever stopped to look at the dresses in the Veronese. Certainly they were far more beautiful than any in the shops in the great square, yet no one ever noticed them. Sometimes when any nice, sharp-looking, bright-eyed girl came into the room, I used to watch her all the way, thinking—"Come, at least *you'll* see what the Queen of Sheba has got on." But no—on she would come carelessly, with a little toss of the head, apparently signifying "nothing in *this* room worth looking at—except myself," and so trip through the door, and away.

The fact is, we don't care for pictures: in very deed we don't. The Academy exhibition is a thing to talk of and to amuse vacant hours ; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two, for mixed reasons, sometimes to fill the corner of a passage—sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner—sometimes because the painter is fashionable—occasionally because he is poor—not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting, as we have specimens of minerals or butterflies—and in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture ; meaning the same sort of fancy which

one would take to a pretty arm-chair or a newly shaped decanter. But as for real love of the picture, and joy of it when we have got it, I do not believe it is felt by one in a thousand.

I am afraid this apathy of ours will not be easily conquered; but even supposing it should, and that we should begin to enjoy pictures properly, and that the supply of good ones increased as in that case it *would* increase—then comes another question. Perhaps some of my hearers this evening may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times: but once must do for this evening. I have just said that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we delight in it: next I say, and just as positively, that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we resist our delight in it. We must love it first, and restrain our love for it afterwards.

This sounds strange; and yet I assure you it is true. In fact, whenever anything does not sound strange, you may generally doubt its being true; for all truth is wonderful. But take an instance in physical matters, of the same kind of contradiction. Suppose you were explaining to a young student in astronomy how the earth was kept steady in its orbit; you would have to state to him—would you not?—that the earth always had a tendency to fall to the sun; and that also it always had a tendency to fly away from the sun. These are two precisely contrary statements for him to digest at his leisure, before he can understand how the earth moves. Now, in like manner, when Art is set in its true and serviceable course, it moves under the luminous attraction of pleasure on the one side, and with a stout moral purpose of going about

some useful business on the other. If the artist works without delight, he passes away into space, and perishes of cold: if he works only for delight, he falls into the sun, and extinguishes himself in ashes. On the whole, this last is the fate, I do not say the most to be feared, but which Art has generally hitherto suffered, and which the great nations of the earth have suffered with it.

For, while most distinctly you may perceive in past history that Art has never been produced, except by nations who took pleasure in it, just as assuredly, and even more plainly, you may perceive that Art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. Surely this fact must have struck you as you glanced at the career of the great nations of the earth: surely it must have occurred to you as a point for serious questioning, how far, even in our days, we were wise in promoting the advancement of pleasures which appeared as yet only to have corrupted the souls and numbed the strength of those who attained to them. I have been complaining of England that she despises the Arts; but I might, with still more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather dread them than despise. For, what has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock or volcano-flame? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminacy, love of pleasure, fineness in Art, ingenuity in enjoyment. What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble: while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable: but let them become

sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod, fail from the golden sceptre. You cannot charge me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or as too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one practised in the arts. Watch how the Lydian is overthrown by the Persian; the Persian by the Athenian: the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth: and at the turning point of the middle ages, the liberty of Europe first asserted, the virtues of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.*

I was strangely struck by this great fact during the course of a journey last summer among the northern vales of Switzerland. My mind had been turned to the subject of the ultimate effects of Art on national mind before I left England, and I went straight to the chief fields of Swiss history: first to the centre of her feudal power, Hapsburg, the hawk's nest from which the Swiss Rodolph rose to found the Austrian empire; and then to the heart of her republicanism, that little glen of Morgarten, where first in the history of Europe the shepherd's staff prevailed over the soldier's spear. And it was somewhat depressing to me to find, as day by day I found more certainly, that this people which first asserted the liberties of Europe, and first conceived the idea of equitable laws, was in all the—shall I call them the slighter, or the higher?—

*I ought perhaps to remind the reader that this statement refers to two different societies among the Alps; the Waldenses in the 13th, and the people of the Forest Cantons in the 14th and following centuries. Protestants are perhaps apt sometimes to forget that the virtues of these mountaineers were shown in connection with vital forms of opposing religions; and that the patriots of Schwytz and Uri were as zealous Roman Catholics as they were good soldiers. We have to lay to their charge the death of Zuinglius as well as of Gessler.

sensibilities of the human mind, utterly deficient; and not only had remained from its earliest ages till now, without poetry, without Art, and without music, except a mere modulated cry; but, as far as I could judge from the rude efforts of their early monuments, would have been, at the time of their greatest national probity and power, incapable of producing good poetry or Art under any circumstances of education.

I say, this was a sad thing for me to find. And then, to mend the matter, I went straight over into Italy, and came at once upon a curious instance of the patronage of Art, of the character that usually inclines most to such patronage, and of the consequences thereof.

From Morgarten and Grutli, I intended to have crossed to the Vaudois Valleys, to examine the shepherd character there; but on the way I had to pass through Turin, where unexpectedly I found the Paul Veroneses, one of which, as I told you just now, stayed me at once for six weeks. Naturally enough, one asked how these beautiful Veroneses came there: and found they had been commissioned by Cardinal Maurice of Savoy. Worthy Cardinal, I thought: that's what Cardinals were made for. However, going a little farther in the gallery, one comes upon four very graceful pictures by Albani—these also commissioned by the Cardinal, and commissioned with special directions, according to the Cardinal's fancy. Four pictures, to be illustrative of the four elements.

One of the most curious things in the mind of the people of that century is their delight in these four elements, and in the four seasons. They had hardly any other idea of decorating a room, or of choosing a subject for a picture, than by some renewed reference to fire and water, or summer and winter; nor were ever tired of hearing that summer came after spring, and that air was not earth, until these interesting pieces of information got finally and poetically expressed in that well-known piece of elegant English conversation about the weather, Thomson's "Seasons." So the Cardinal, not appearing to have any better idea than the popular one, orders the four elements; but thinking that the elements pure would

be slightly dull, he orders them, in one way or another, to be mixed up with Cupids; to have, in his own words, "una copiosa quantita di Amorini." Albani supplied the Cardinal accordingly with Cupids in clusters; they hang in the sky like bunches of cherries; and leap out of the sea like flying fish; grow out of the earth in fairy rings, and explode out the fire like squibs. No work whatsoever is done in any of the four elements, but by the Cardinal's Cupids. They are ploughing the earth with their arrows; fishing in the sea with their bow-strings; driving the clouds with their breath; and fanning the fire with their wings. A few beautiful nymphs are assisting them here and there in pearl-fishing, flower-gathering, and other such branches of graceful industry; the moral of the whole being, that the sea was made for its pearls, the earth for its flowers, and all the world for pleasure.

Well, the Cardinal, this great encourager of the arts, having these industrial and social theories, carried them out in practice, as you may perhaps remember, by obtaining a dispensation from the Pope to marry his own niece, and building a villa for her on one of the slopes of the pretty hills which rise to the east of the city. The villa which he built is now one of the principal objects of interest to the traveller as an example of Italian domestic architecture: to me, during my stay in the city, it was much more than an object of interest; for its deserted gardens were by much the pleasantest place I could find for walking or thinking in, in the hot summer afternoons.

I say thinking, for these gardens often gave me a good deal to think about. They are, as I told you, on the slope of the hill above the city, to the east; commanding, therefore, the view over it and beyond it, westward—a view which, perhaps, of all those that can be obtained north of the Apennines, gives the most comprehensive idea of the nature of Italy, considered as one great country. If you glance at the map, you will observe that Turin is placed in the centre of the crescent which the Alps form round the basin of Piedmont; it is within ten miles of the foot of the mountains at the nearest point; and from that point the chain extends half round the city in one unbroken Moorish crescent, forming three-fourths of a circle

from the Col de Tende to the St. Gothard; that is to say, just two hundred miles of Alps, as the bird flies. I don't speak rhetorically or carelessly; I speak as I ought to speak here—with mathematical precision. Take the scale on your map; measure fifty miles of it accurately; try that measure from the Col de Tende to the St. Gothard, and you will find that four chords of fifty miles will not quite reach to the two extremities of the curve.

You see, then, from this spot, the plain of Piedmont, on the north and south, literally as far as the eye can reach; so that the plain terminates as the sea does, with a level blue line, only tufted with woods instead of waves, and crowded with towers of cities instead of ships. Then, in the luminous air beyond and behind this blue horizon-line, stand, as it were, the shadows of mountains, they themselves dark, for the southern slopes of the Alps of the Lago Maggiore and Bellinzona are all without snow; but the light of the unseen snowfields, lying level behind the visible peaks, is sent up with strange reflection upon the clouds; an everlasting light of calm Aurora in the north. Then, higher and higher around the approaching darkness of the plain, rise the central chains, not as on the Switzer's side, a recognizable group and following of successive and separate hills, but a wilderness of jagged peaks, cast in passionate and fierce profusion along the circumference of heaven: precipice behind precipice, and gulf beyond gulf, filled with the flaming of the sunset, and forming mighty channels for the flowings of the clouds, which roll up against them out of the vast Italian plain, forced together by the narrowing crescent, and breaking up at last against the Alpine wall in towers of spectral spray; or sweeping up its ravines with long moans of complaining thunder. Out from between the cloudy pillars, as they pass, emerge for ever the great battlements of the memorable and perpetual hills: Viso, with her shepherd-witnesses to ancient faith; Rocca-Melone, the highest place of Alpine pilgrimage;* Iseran, who shed her burial

* The summit of Rocca-Melone is the sharp peak seen from Turin on the right hand of the gorge of the Cenis, dominant over the low projecting pyramid of the hill called by De Saussure Montagne de Musinet.

sheets of snow about the march of Hannibal; Cenis, who shone with her glacier light on the descent of Charlemagne; Paradiso, who watched with her opposite crest the stoop of the French eagle to Marengo; and underneath all these, lying in her soft languor, this tender Italy, lapped in dews of sleep, or more than sleep—one knows not if it is trance, from which morning shall yet roll the blinding mists away, or if the fair shadows of her quietude are indeed the shades of purple death. And, lifted a little above this solemn plain, and looking beyond it to its snowy ramparts, vainly guardian, stands this palace dedicate to pleasure, the whole legend of Italy's past history written before it by the finger of God, written as with an iron pen upon the rock forever, on all those fronting walls of reproachful Alp; blazoned in gold of lightning upon the clouds that still open and close their unsealed scrolls in heaven; painted in purple and scarlet upon the mighty missal pages of sunset after sunset, spread vainly before a nation's eyes for a nation's prayer. So stands this palace of pleasure; desolate as it deserves—desolate in smooth corridor and glittering chamber—desolate in pleached walk and planted bower—desolate in that worst and bitterest abandonment which leaves no light of memory. No ruins are here of walls rent by war, and falling above their defenders into mounds of graves: no remnants are here of chapel-altar, or temple-porch, left shattered or silent by the power of some purer worship: no vestiges are here of sacred hearth and sweet homestead, left lonely through vicissitudes of fate, and heaven-sent sorrow. Nothing is here but the vain apparellings of

Rocca-Melone rises to a height of 11,000 feet above the sea, and its peak is a place of pilgrimage to this day, though it seems temporarily to have ceased to be so in the time of De Saussure, who thus speaks of it:

"Il y a eu pendant long-tems sur cette cime, une petite chapelle avec une image de Notre Dame qui étoit en grande vénération dans le pays, et où un grand nombre de gens alloient au mois d'août en procession, de Suze et des environs; mais le sentier qui conduit à cette chapelle est si étroit et si scabreux qu'il n'y avoit presque pas d'années qu'il n'y périt du monde; la fatigue et la rareté de l'air saisissoient ceux qui avoient plutôt consulté leur dévotion que leurs forces; ils tombèrent en défaillance, et de là dans le précipice."

pride sunk into dishonour, and vain appanages of delight now no more delightsome. The hill-waters, that once flowed and plashed in the garden fountains, now trickle sadly through the weeds that encumber their basins, with a sound as of tears: the creeping, insidious, neglected flowers weave their burning nets about the white marble of the balustrades, and rend them slowly, block from block, and stone from stone: the thin, sweet-scented leaves tremble along the old masonry joints as if with palsy at every breeze; and the dark lichens, golden and grey, make the foot-fall silent in the path's centre.

And day by day as I walked there, the same sentence seemed whispered by every shaking leaf, and every dying echo, of garden and chamber.

"Thus end all the arts of life, only in death; and thus issue all the gifts of man, only in his dishonour, when they are pursued or possessed in the service of pleasure only."

This then is the great enigma of Art History,—you must not follow Art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure. And the solution of that enigma, is simply this fact; that wherever Art has been followed *only* for the sake of luxury or delight, it has contributed, and largely contributed, to bring about the destruction of the nation practising it: but wherever Art has been used *also* to teach any truth, or supposed truth—religious, moral, or natural—there it has elevated the nation practising it, and itself with the nation.

Thus the Art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a religion they believed in: the Arts of northern sculpture and architecture rose, as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine: the Art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also mainly as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in pure human portraiture. The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have either been of portrait —Reynolds and Gainsborough; of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to

convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra, with that of Hogarth painting the "Marriage à la Mode," or of Wilkie painting the "Chelsea Pensioners," and you will at once feel the difference between Art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression.

But what you might not so easily discern is, that even when painting does appear to have been pursued for pleasure only, if ever you find it rise to any noble level, you will also find that a stern search after truth has been at the root of its nobleness. You may fancy, perhaps, that Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret were painters for the sake of pleasure only: but in reality they were the only painters who ever sought entirely to master, and who did entirely master, the truths of light and shade as associated with colour, in the noblest of all physical created things, the human form. They were the only men who ever painted the human body; all other painters of the great schools are mere anatomical draughtsmen compared to them; rather makers of maps of the body, than painters of it. The Venetians alone, by a toil almost superhuman, succeeded at last in obtaining a power almost superhuman; and were able finally to paint the highest visible work of God with unexaggerated structure, undegraded colour, and unaffected gesture. It seems little to say this; but I assure you it is much to have *done* this—so much, that no other men but the Venetians ever did it: none of them ever painted the human body without in some degree caricaturing the anatomy, forcing the action, or degrading the hue.

Now, therefore, the sum of all is, that you who wish to encourage Art in England have to do two things with it: you must delight in it, in the first place; and you must get it to serve some serious work, in the second place. I don't mean by serious, necessarily moral; all that I mean by serious is in some way or other useful, not merely selfish, careless, or in-

dolent. I had, indeed, intended before closing my address, to have traced out a few of the directions in which, as it seems to me, Art may be seriously and practically serviceable to us in the career of civilization. I had hoped to show you how many of the great phenomena of nature still remained unrecorded by it, for *us* to record; how many of the historical monuments of Europe were perishing without memorial, for the want of a little honest, simple, laborious, loving draughtsmanship; how many of the most impressive historical events of the day failed of teaching us half of what they were meant to teach, for want of painters to represent them faithfully, instead of fancifully, and with historical truth for their aim, instead of national self-glorification. I had hoped to show you how many of the best impulses of the heart were lost in frivolity or sensuality, for want of purer beauty to contemplate, and of noble thoughts to associate with the fervour of hallowed human passion; how, finally, a great part of the vital power of our religious faith was lost in us, for want of such art as would realise in some rational, probable, believable way, those events of sacred history which, as they visibly and intelligibly occurred, may also be visibly and intelligibly represented. But all this I dare not do yet. I felt, as I thought over these things, that the time was not yet come for their declaration: the time will come for it, and I believe soon; but as yet, the man would only lay himself open to the charge of vanity, of imagination, and of idle fondness of hope, who should venture to trace in words the course of the higher blessings which the Arts may have yet in store for mankind. As yet there is no need to do so: all that we have to plead for is an earnest and straightforward exertion in those courses of study which are opened to us day by day, believing only that they are to be followed gravely and for grave purposes, as by men, and not by children. I appeal, finally, to all those who are to become the pupils of these schools, to keep clear of the notion of following Art as dilettantism: it ought to delight you, as your reading delights you—but you never think of your reading as dilettantism. It ought to delight you as your studies of physical science delight you—but

you don't call physical science dilettantism. If you are determined only to think of Art as a play or a pleasure, give it up at once: you will do no good to yourselves, and you will degrade the pursuit in the sight of others. Better, infinitely better, that you should never enter a picture gallery, than that you should enter only to saunter and to smile: better, infinitely better, that you should never handle a pencil at all, than handle it only for the sake of complacency in your small dexterity: better, infinitely better, that you should be wholly uninterested in pictures, and uninformed respecting them, than that you should just know enough to detect blemishes in great works,—to give a colour of reasonableness to presumption, and an appearance of acuteness to misunderstanding. Above all, I would plead for this so far as the teaching of these schools may be addressed to the junior Members of the University. Men employed in any kind of manual labour, by which they must live, are not likely to take up the notion that they can learn any other art for amusement only; but amateurs are: and it is of the highest importance, nay, it is just the one thing of all importance, to show them what drawing really means; and not so much to teach them to produce a good work themselves, as to know it when they see it done by others. Good work, in the stern sense of the word, as I before said, no mere amateur can do; and good work, in any sense, that is to say, profitable work for himself or for any one else, he can only do by being made in the beginning to see what is possible for him, and what not;—what is accessible, and what not; and by having the majesty and sternness of the everlasting laws of fact set before him in their infinitude. It is no matter for appalling him: the man is great already who is made well capable of being appalled; nor do we ever wisely hope, nor truly understand, till we are humiliated by our hope, and awestruck by our understanding. Nay, I will go farther than this, and say boldly, that what you may have mainly to teach the young men here is, not so much what they can do, as what they cannot;—to make them see how much there is in nature which cannot be imitated, and how much in man which cannot be

emulated. He only can be truly said to be educated in Art to whom all his work is only a feeble sign of glories which he cannot convey, and a feeble means of measuring, with ever-enlarging admiration, the great and untraversable gulf which God has set between the great and the common intelligences of mankind: and all the triumphs of Art which man can commonly achieve are only truly crowned by pure delight in natural scenes themselves, and by the sacred and self-forgetful veneration which can be nobly abashed, and tremblingly exalted, in the presence of a human spirit greater than his own.

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